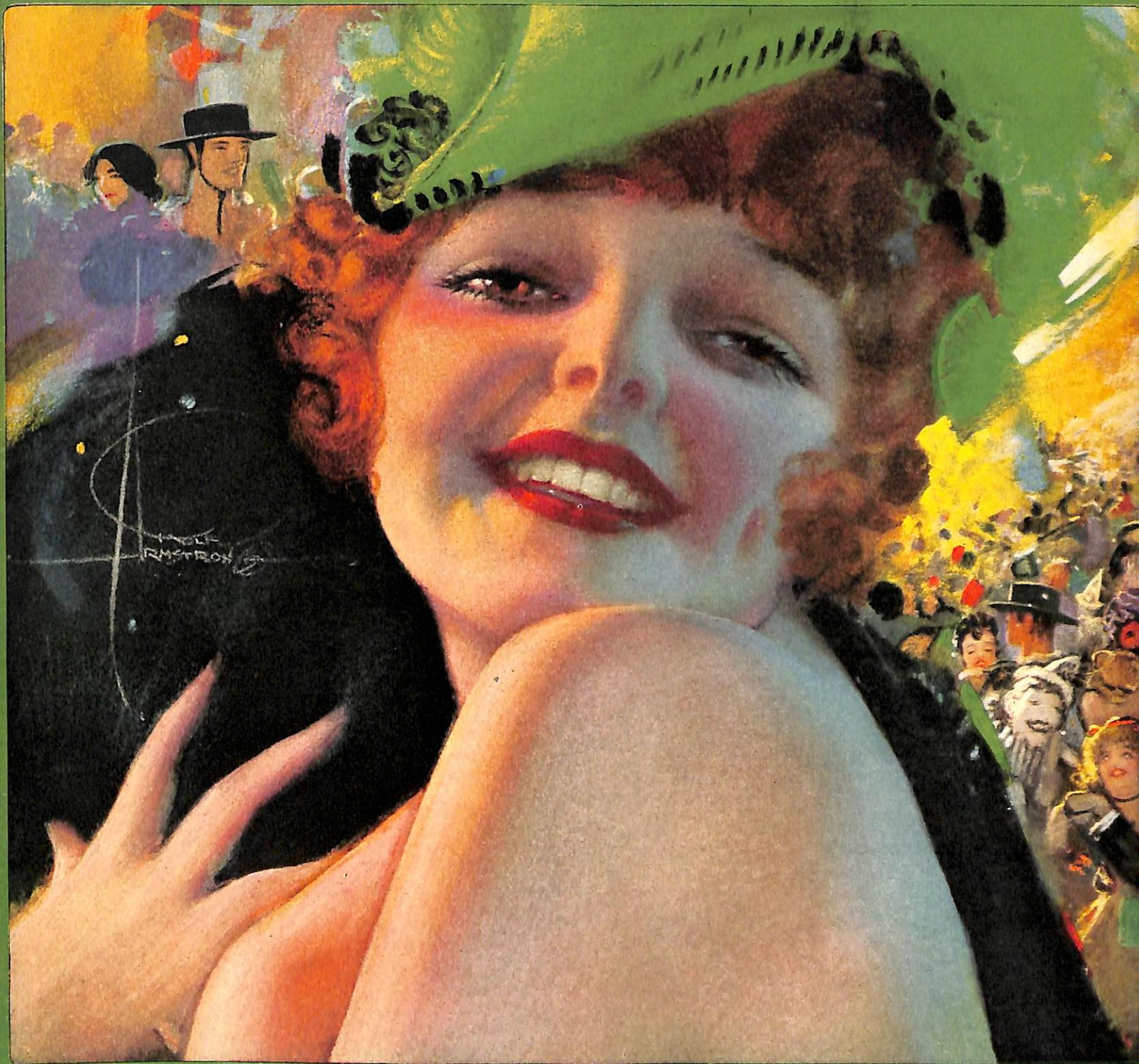


MARCH  
1928

# The SHRINE

MAGAZINE

25  
CENTS



**W**HAT CAREER *willyou* CHOOSE?

By EARL CHAPIN MAY

ALSO

SAMUEL MERWIN . . . STANLEY JONES  
MARGARET E. SANGSTER *and* OTHERS



## Your Dollar buys them More Protection in ACACIA

YOUR loved ones are your most precious possessions. For them you will give all. Their happiness is your goal, their careers your ambition, their success your finest achievement. No man holds a greater, nor more cherished privilege. Not for one moment would you think of shirking it.

Yet that splendid privilege is only half fulfilled until they are completely assured that when Dad, the good provider, has gone—his good provision for dear ones will not cease. Their opportunities for lives blessed with advantages that you yourself perhaps never had, must not be swept away.

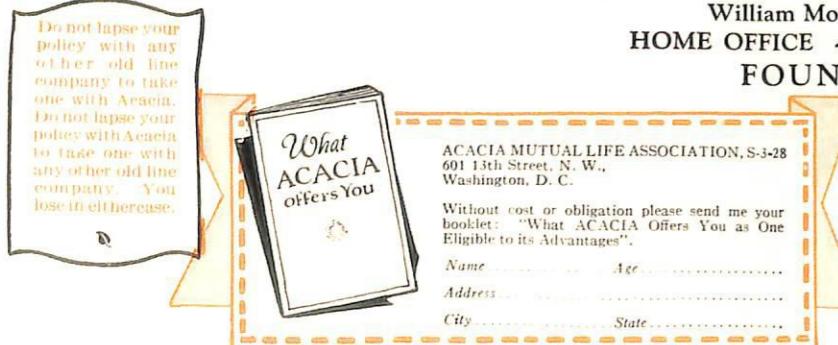
There is one unfailing service, well within the reach of every husband and father, that is a trustworthy partner in making family dreams and hopes come true. Men call it Insurance. It is good, whether provided by one strong company or another.

But like all other services, Insurance varies with the varied organizations that offer it. Most

men do not fully appreciate the important differences until they are completely assured that when Dad, the good provider, has gone—his good provision for dear ones will not cease. Their opportunities for lives blessed with advantages that you yourself perhaps never had, must not be swept away.

ACACIA

MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION  
William Montgomery, President  
HOME OFFICE - WASHINGTON, D. C.  
FOUNDED 1869



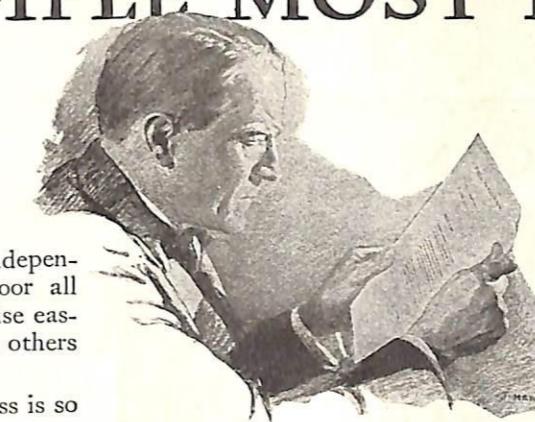
*Excerpt from the Act of Congress incorporating this Association reads:*

... "membership in this Association shall be limited to Master Masons . . . the Association shall forever be conducted for the mutual benefit of its members and their beneficiaries, and not for profit . . ."

MARCH, 1928

# THE SECRET OF BUSINESS PROGRESS IS SO SIMPLE MOST MEN MISS IT

*Here it is:*



WHY do some men become independent while others stay poor all their lives? Why do some men rise easily to highly paid positions while others slave and get nowhere?

The secret of business progress is so simple most men miss it. That secret can be compressed into a few words. Here it is: You need to know only a *little more* than the average man in order to make a *lot more* out of your life.

This may surprise you, but it's perfectly true. You need to be only a few inches taller than the average man in order to stand out in the crowd.

The man who makes twice as much money as you has nowhere near twice as much brains as you have. The man who makes \$10,000 a year hasn't five times the brain power of the man who makes only \$2,000.

Thousands of intelligent, hard-working men never get into executive positions. Why? Because they are just average. Because there are so many, many men just like them. These men miss success by inches.

### Why some men never get promoted

Put yourself in the shoes of the President of your company. Look at the promotion question from his point of view for a minute.

You have hundreds of men working for you. A vacancy higher up occurs. Which man will you promote?

All your employees seem to be average men—intelligent, hard-working.

the road to more rapid progress. 38,803 corporation presidents have taken the Institute's Modern Business Course and Service.

This Course gives you the necessary fundamental facts of *all departments* of business. The Institute gives you ideas which you can exchange for a larger income. They are gathered from successful men in business everywhere.

Only a training which is authoritative and practical could have the endorsement of these men who constitute the Advisory Council of the Alexander Hamilton Institute:

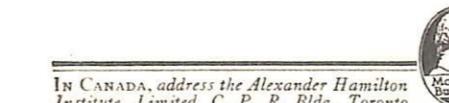
T. COLEMAN DU PONT, the well-known business executive; PERCY H. JOHNSTON, President of the Chemical National Bank of New York; DEXTER S. KIMBALL, Dean, College of Engineering, Cornell University; JOHN HAYS HAMMOND, the eminent consulting engineer; FREDERICK H. HURDMAN, Certified Public Accountant and business advisor; DR. JEREMIAH W. JENKS, the statistician and economist.

### Forging Ahead in Business

The famous booklet "Forging Ahead in Business," tells all about the Modern Business Course and Service. It tells what the Institute has done for other men. It tells what the Institute can do for you. It is a helpful book—a worthwhile addition to any business man's library. It is yours for the asking. Send for it.

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## More Shrine Service for Our Readers



ONTINUING our policy of direct service to our readers we are adding two more Shrine Service Departments: Plays of the Month and Books of the Month. In the guide to the theater there will be plays for those seeking entertainment only, as well as plays for those who wish something more than just diversion.

In the list of Books we will recommend there will be

some "light reading" and books with a more serious note. Our Shrine Service Departments—Homemaking in all its branches, the Travel and Shopping Bureaus, and the Aid to Investors—have been so enthusiastically received that we feel certain our readers will be glad to take advantage of this additional service. For this month's guide to Plays and Books turn to page 16.

THE EDITOR.

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Sewell Haggard, Editor

Fred O. Wood, Executive Director

Robert P. Davidson, Business Manager

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MARCH, 1928

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## FOR INVESTORS

By Jonathan C. Royle

**T**O MAKE money in the stock market, it is necessary to have convictions. This does not refer to the criminal courts but to the mental state of the speculator. Moreover it is necessary to have the courage of one's convictions. Any man who deals in stocks and who has convictions is bound to be declared wrong by many people a good part of the time. Unless he has the courage of his convictions, he is just one of the herd, to be driven or led without regard to his will or opinions.

Nobody will quarrel with or dispute the motto that "the time to buy is when every body else wants to sell." But unless the speculator has the courage of his convictions he becomes just one of those who "wants to sell." He may make some money going along as a member of the mob and following the mob tendency, but it is sure he will not gain big profits from such a policy and the chances are he will be driven into the shearing corral and shorn of his fleece with the rest of the sheep.

Having convictions and even the courage of them does the speculator no good unless they are based on sound concrete facts. Convictions must have reasons behind them and the best reasons on which to base convictions with regard to stocks are earnings, past, present and future. Merely having a "feeling" that a stock should advance or decline, is not enough. To operate in any stock market on such a basis is merely playing hunches.

This latter lesson was learned recently by one big speculator from the lips of a negro "buttons" in one of the broker's clubs. The Wall street man had celebrated a deal which had brought him \$25,000 profits in a day, not wisely but entirely too well. The cold gray dawn had smacked him with all the verve and vigor of a well tipped rubber in a Turkish Bath. He had dragged through a terrible day determined to "suffer it off" since he never took a drink in business hours.

He reached his club about five o'clock feeling almost human and determined to stick to the total abstinence trail for the remainder of his life. To that end, he ordered a bottle of mineral water.

To the little negro boy in buttons who brought it he confided;

"Well, Archie, this after all is the only real drink. It's all a man needs and if he only knew it, it's all he wants. Water, clear, cold, sparkling water is worth more than all the vintages in France."

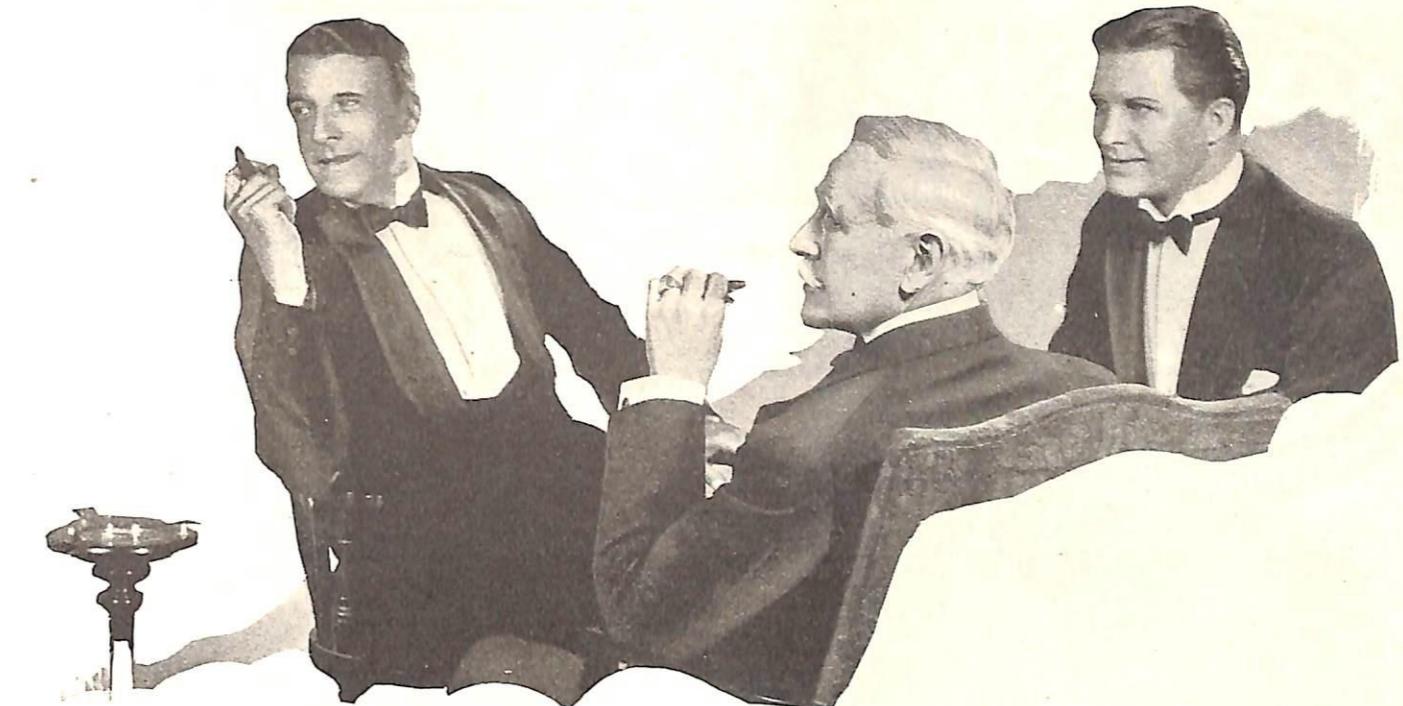
"Yes suh, yes suh," agreed Archie. "Watah sho' am one fine beverage. But it's powerful hard to stick to suh!"

### Service for Investors

Accurate, reliable, unprejudiced information is the basis of all successful investment. The Shrine Magazine is prepared to furnish its readers with information of that sort on investment securities. Send your inquiries WITH SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE to Jonathan C. Royle, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

**Frank Adam**  
ELECTRIC COMPANY  
ST. LOUIS  
OFFICES IN TWENTY-FIVE CITIES

None the less, the man who has a firm conviction he is right and the courage to



## "Jim Rhodes is the busiest man I know

... yet he seems to be posted about everything'

**W**HAT I'd like to know is how he ever finds the time to keep in touch with books, art, music, history and philosophy. He seems to know about everything—

"He must devote hours to reading."

"Not Rhodes!" some one said. "He's too busy, just been made junior partner of his firm, you know."

"Then how does he keep so well-read? He knows more about what great men thought and said than any one I ever knew. Just tonight I heard him quoting from Carlyle, and Shelley and Hugo."

"I knew him three years ago. He was just a straggler at the edge of society. How did he ever become so important?"

Tom Kingsley smiled at our apparent discomfiture. He had been quietly listening to our conversation. Tom and Jim Rhodes were good friends, we suddenly remembered with embarrassment.

### Tom Kingsley Explains His Secret

"I think we all should know the answer to that," Tom said. "He made himself interesting."

"Jim Rhodes used to be handicapped by lack of knowledge. When he'd hear other men speak he felt uncomfortable. He didn't enter a discussion for fear he'd reveal—not his ignorance exactly, but his lack of knowledge. He became shy and self-

conscious, and of course people are sorry for a man who is self-conscious, but they don't enjoy him.

"Jim wasn't getting anywhere—in business or among the people he liked and admired. So at last he did the sensible thing.

He got himself a copy of that famous book of ideas and inspiration—The Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book. It showed him the way to make himself interesting. Soon he was sure of himself, and he acquired that marvelous new poise and self-possession.

I admire Jim Rhodes. He made himself successful in business, and the most popular man in this club, through sheer perseverance."

"And you really think that the Hubbard Scrap Book helped?"

"Certainly! It was the spark that set his own imagination afire—that gave him the cultural background he missed by not going to college—that gave him vision and knowledge. Why, it took Hubbard a lifetime to find the things that were gathered into that Scrap Book. It is a digest of the finest thoughts of the last twenty-five hundred years. I have a copy myself—and I keep it handy so that I can read a page or two whenever I'm feeling mentally tired. It's like a tonic!"

### The Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book

Elbert Hubbard set about deliberately to make himself a master in many fields. When still quite young, he started reading the greatest thoughts of the greatest men of all ages. He read everything—searched the literature of every age and every country—to find ideas. He selected only what he thought was inspiring and great.

He turned to these things constantly—they helped him win fame as a writer and orator. These selections became Hubbard's greatest source of ideas—the fruit of a whole lifetime of discriminating reading:

The Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book contains ideas, thoughts, passages, excerpts, epigrams—selected from the master thinkers of all ages. It contains choice selections from 500 great writers. There is not a commonplace sentence in the whole volume.

This Scrap Book is a fine example of Roycroft book-making. The type is set Venetian style—a page within a page—printed in two colors on fine tinted book paper. Bound scrap-book style and tied with linen tape.

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You may send me for five days' free examination Elbert Hubbard's Scrap Book in cloth-lined butcher paper binding. Within the five-day period I will return the Scrap Book without obligation, or keep it and send only \$2.90, plus few cents postage, in full payment.

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# Wanted—Your Services

## As a Real Estate Specialist

Make big money—I made \$100,000 in less than 5 years. Learn how I did it. Use my successful system. Begin at home—in your spare time. Make money my way. Start now. Free book tells how.

Are you in the same hole I was in? Are you stuck in the rut of *hard work and poor pay*?

Are you dissatisfied with your job, your *income* or your *prospects*?

Are you having a struggle to make both ends meet?

Are you putting up with the *crumbs* of life while others are getting all the *cake*?

Then you are the man I want to talk to. Listen!

When I made up my mind to get started in the real estate business, in my spare time, I was receiving a salary of \$100 a month.

I was doing work I was not fitted for and which I thoroughly disliked.

I was living in a gloomy boarding house, wearing cheap clothes, striving to keep out of debt, and getting mighty few of the good things of life.

In less than two years after I started to specialize in real estate, I was making nearly *one thousand dollars a month*. And in less than five years, I cleaned up a net profit of *over one hundred thousand dollars*.

To get the whole story of my success in real estate, and how you, too, can succeed, write at once for my free book, "How To Become a Real Estate Specialist." It contains *my history and your opportunity*.

### Follow in My Footsteps

If you want to learn the secret of my success—if you want to use my money-making methods—if you want to follow in my footsteps—this is your chance. And *now* is the time to get started.

I have studied real estate conditions in this country very carefully, and my investigations convince me that the next ten years are going to be banner years for real estate.

Furthermore, my experience satisfies me that there is no better business to get into. It is more healthful than most indoor jobs—you can start in spare time—you can begin with little or no capital—it does not require years of study like medicine, pharmacy, dentistry, law, engineering, electricity, architecture, etc.—the beginner is paid the same rate of commission as old-timers—the business is practically unlimited—it is estimated that there are thirty million properties in the country and that ten million of them are always on the market—it is a permanent business, not affected by fads or fashions—it is constantly growing as population increases—it puts you in touch with the best people—it is a dignified, pleasant

and worthy occupation with great possibilities for big profits.

If you want to make big money as a Real Estate Specialist—if you want to use my amazingly efficient system—let me hear from you at once. I will send you—*without cost or obligation*—my free book, which fully explains how you can get started—in your spare time—just as

own a Chrysler Sedan, up-to-date office equipment and have increased my bank account."—Alfred J. Bennett, Mich.

"Your System is wonderful. Without giving up my job as stationary engineer I made \$900 in three months in my spare time."—Matthew J. Stokes, Penna.

"I have sold many thousand dollars' worth of Real Estate and have deals pending that will go beyond the \$300,000 mark. Owe all my success to your comprehensive System."—Carrie Marshall, Miss.

There isn't room here for any more such letters, but send for my free book, "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist." It is filled with stories of success. And it makes plain how you—too—can use my money-making methods to build a profitable independent business of your own—just as others are doing.

### Act Promptly

Investigate this splendid business opportunity at once. Learn how easy it is to follow my methods and get big money for your services as a Real Estate Specialist.

The business needs you. It offers rich rewards for trained men.

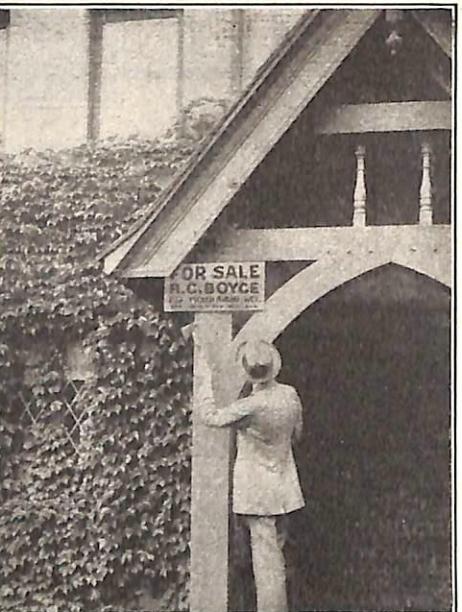
So, mail the coupon *now*—before you lay this magazine aside—and receive, without cost or obligation, a copy of my new book, "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist." From it you will learn how you can use my successful system to make money my way—how you can get started right at home—in your spare time—without capital or experience—and establish yourself as a Real Estate Specialist, in a high grade, money-making business of your own.

Be prompt! Your opportunity is here and now. "Wise men act while sluggards sleep." Write your name and address on the coupon and mail it at once to American Business Builders, Inc., Dept. 52-3, 18 East 18 Street, New York. You will then have the satisfaction of knowing that you have opened the way to a profitable business career for yourself as a Real Estate Specialist.

"It may astound some to know that I have made between \$8,000 and \$10,000 over a three-month period, which may be directly attributed to your splendid Real Estate System."—A. W. Fosgreen, New York.

"One year ago my husband died, leaving me as the breadwinner for a daughter and mother. Have paid all my bills and have supported my family, thanks to your wonderful instructions which showed me the way."—Mrs. C. L. Reeves, Ohio.

"I was a Ford salesman earning \$300 a month. Your Real Estate System increased my earning power 200%. I now



*Put Your Name Before the World*

I did—in a new kind of real estate business that is as far ahead of the old, moss-covered methods of the average real estate agent as the automobile is ahead of the ox cart of our forefathers. And *now* is the time to get started.

What Others Are Doing

As positive proof of the success of my modern methods, read the following brief extracts from some of the letters that come to me from those who are using my scientific system—following in my footsteps—making money my way:

"It may astound some to know that I have made between \$8,000 and \$10,000 over a three-month period, which may be directly attributed to your splendid Real Estate System."—A. W. Fosgreen, New York.

"One year ago my husband died, leaving me as the breadwinner for a daughter and mother. Have paid all my bills and have supported my family, thanks to your wonderful instructions which showed me the way."—Mrs. C. L. Reeves, Ohio.

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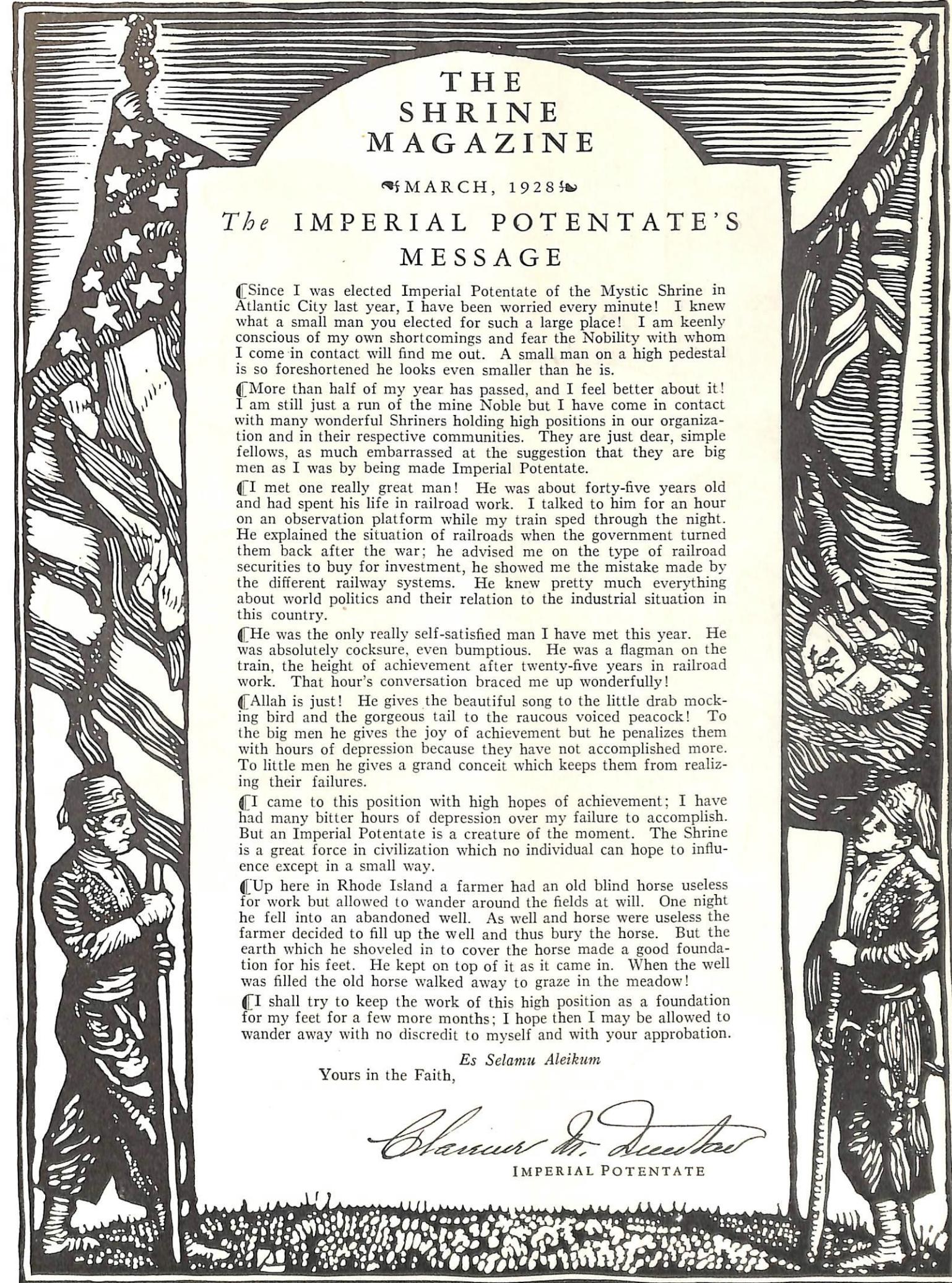
Dept. 52-3, 18 East 18 St., New York

Send me—without cost or obligation—your free illustrated book "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist."

Name ..... Please print or write plainly

Address .....

City ..... State .....



## THE SHRINE MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1928

### The IMPERIAL POTENTATE'S MESSAGE

Since I was elected Imperial Potentate of the Mystic Shrine in Atlantic City last year, I have been worried every minute! I knew what a small man you elected for such a large place! I am keenly conscious of my own shortcomings and fear the Nobility with whom I come in contact will find me out. A small man on a high pedestal is so foreshortened he looks even smaller than he is.

More than half of my year has passed, and I feel better about it! I am still just a run of the mine Noble but I have come in contact with many wonderful Shriners holding high positions in our organization and in their respective communities. They are just dear, simple fellows, as much embarrassed at the suggestion that they are big men as I was by being made Imperial Potentate.

I met one really great man! He was about forty-five years old and had spent his life in railroad work. I talked to him for an hour on an observation platform while my train sped through the night. He explained the situation of railroads when the government turned them back after the war; he advised me on the type of railroad securities to buy for investment, he showed me the mistake made by the different railway systems. He knew pretty much everything about world politics and their relation to the industrial situation in this country.

He was the only really self-satisfied man I have met this year. He was absolutely cocksure, even bumptious. He was a flagman on the train, the height of achievement after twenty-five years in railroad work. That hour's conversation braced me up wonderfully!

Allah is just! He gives the beautiful song to the little drab mocking bird and the gorgeous tail to the raucous voiced peacock! To the big men he gives the joy of achievement but he penalizes them with hours of depression because they have not accomplished more. To little men he gives a grand conceit which keeps them from realizing their failures.

I came to this position with high hopes of achievement; I have had many bitter hours of depression over my failure to accomplish. But an Imperial Potentate is a creature of the moment. The Shrine is a great force in civilization which no individual can hope to influence except in a small way.

Up here in Rhode Island a farmer had an old blind horse useless for work but allowed to wander around the fields at will. One night he fell into an abandoned well. As well and horse were useless the farmer decided to fill up the well and thus bury the horse. But the earth which he shoveled in to cover the horse made a good foundation for his feet. He kept on top of it as it came in. When the well was filled the old horse walked away to graze in the meadow!

I shall try to keep the work of this high position as a foundation for my feet for a few more months; I hope then I may be allowed to wander away with no discredit to myself and with your approbation.

Es Selamu Aleikum  
Yours in the Faith,

*Chamberlain D. Deedster*

IMPERIAL POTENTATE

# MURDER IN 3 ACTS

By  
Bartlett  
Cormack

Illustrations  
by Will  
Perrin



## ACT 1

*In the Lieutenant's office there was a sudden  
scream of agony. In-  
stantly the station was quiet again. Captain  
McQuigg was giving  
the young gangster the third*

**T**HE Johnson-Scarsi killings rear out of the refuse that years of reporting have left in my head as the story that, for once, was beautifully complete.

It acted itself out as dramatically, inevitably, as a perfect play. Situation, action, result. Act I, Act II, Act III. It even observed the unities, like a sudden, short-lived storm. There was a premonitory rumble in the Tenth District police station at the edge of the city that night, followed almost instantly by thunder and two stabs of lightning, and—it was over. Killed, two.

Even to the inclusion of young Ames in the cast, the thing might have been deliberately staged. Ames, grinning charmingly in tight moments that should have given him, an untried, untrained cub, cold chills; and boiling enthusiastically over

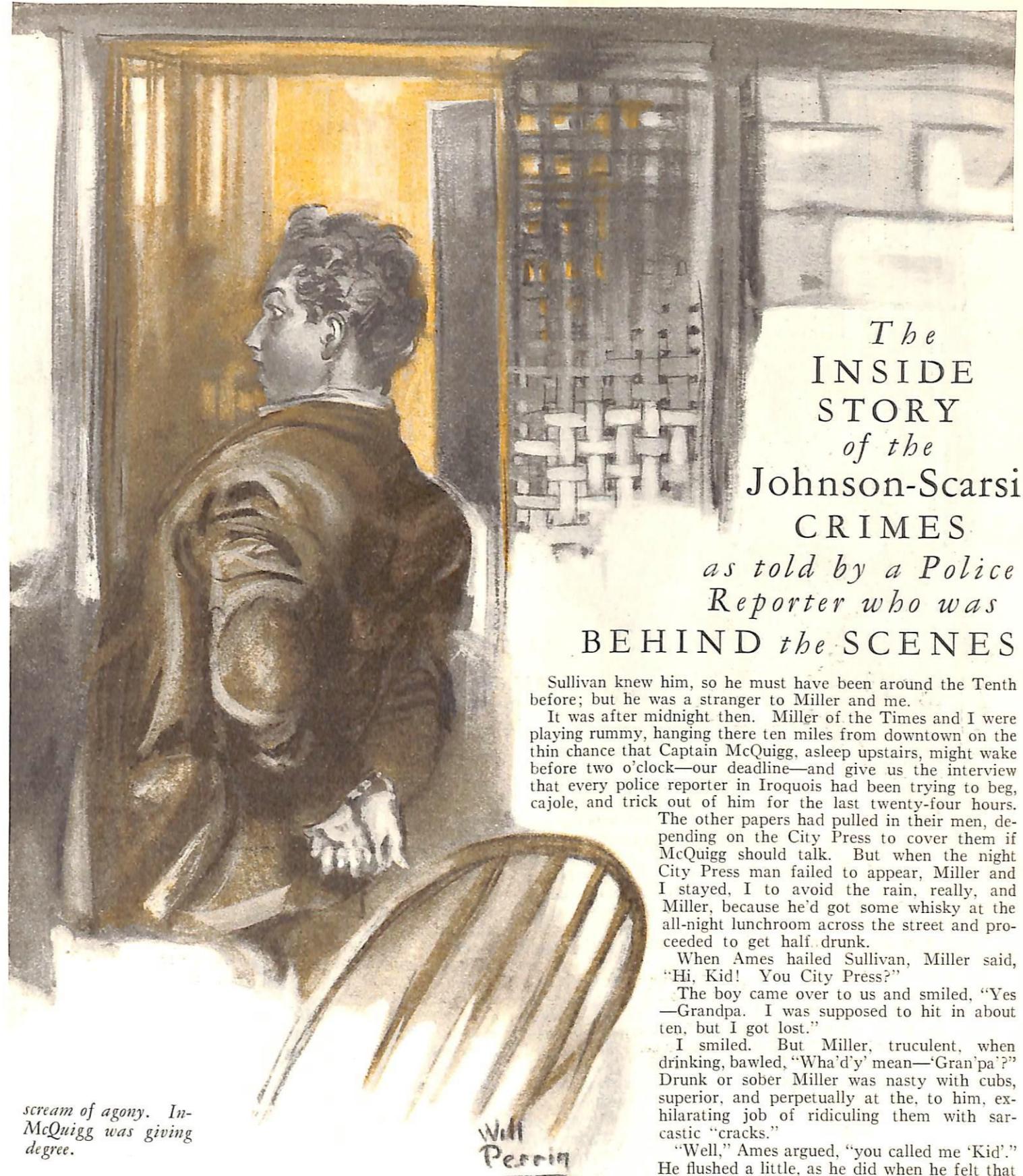
happenings so ordinary that they would not have been noticed by the Iroquois Herald! He gave the story its romantic touch, by being so ignorant of the realities on which it was built, and by meeting those realities with such eager, young surprise!

Surprise is the only romantic emotion left nowadays. And we're all so desperately sophisticated that it is extremely rare. But Ames was not sophisticated. He was himself. Freshly sensitive to material that the rest of us took as stale matter of course, he reacted—and the story flushed glamorously to life.

Ames' gay and boyishly indignant surprise was ringing when he came slapping the rain from his hat into the Tenth District station nine nights ago.

"Where does this town get its weather, anyway?" he grinned.

10



*scream of agony. In-  
stantly the station was quiet again. Captain  
McQuigg was giving  
the young gangster the third*

Now Iroquois' weather is an international scandal, like its gang wars, but no one ever thinks of it, any more than he thinks of the gang wars, after he's lived here six months. He has been frozen and roasted into accepting and forgetting it by then.

Obviously the boy in the dripping yellow slicker was new. He shed his slicker, and gave Sullivan, the desk sergeant across the room, the police reporter's hail: "Hi, Sarge. Anything doing?"

"No," Sullivan grimaced. Sullivan had seen action as a policeman in the frontier days of Iroquois, and now, old though he was, took the petty complaints of the householders of the placid Tenth as personal insults. "So you put it over, eh?" he called to the boy, who grinned and nodded.

*The  
INSIDE  
STORY  
of the  
Johnson-Scarsi  
CRIMES  
as told by a Police  
Reporter who was  
BEHIND the SCENES*

Sullivan knew him, so he must have been around the Tenth before; but he was a stranger to Miller and me.

It was after midnight then. Miller of the Times and I were playing rummy, hanging there ten miles from downtown on the thin chance that Captain McQuigg, asleep upstairs, might wake before two o'clock—our deadline—and give us the interview that every police reporter in Iroquois had been trying to beg, cajole, and trick out of him for the last twenty-four hours.

The other papers had pulled in their men, depending on the City Press to cover them if McQuigg should talk. But when the night City Press man failed to appear, Miller and I stayed, I to avoid the rain, really, and Miller, because he'd got some whisky at the all-night lunchroom across the street and proceeded to get half-drunk.

When Ames hailed Sullivan, Miller said, "Hi, Kid! You City Press?"

The boy came over to us and smiled, "Yes—Grandpa. I was supposed to hit in about ten, but I got lost."

I smiled. But Miller, truculent, when drinking, bawled, "Wha'd'y' mean—'Gran'pa'?" Drunk or sober Miller was nasty with cubs, superior and perpetually at the, to him, exhilarating job of ridiculing them with sarcastic "cracks."

"Well," Ames argued, "you called me 'Kid'." He flushed a little, as he did when he felt that he was being laughed at or criticized by anyone he had taken for granted was a friend.

He turned to me. "My name's Dave Ames. I'm supposed to get an interview with Captain McQuigg on his being transferred out here. They said downtown he was sleeping here till he gets moved. What's he like?"

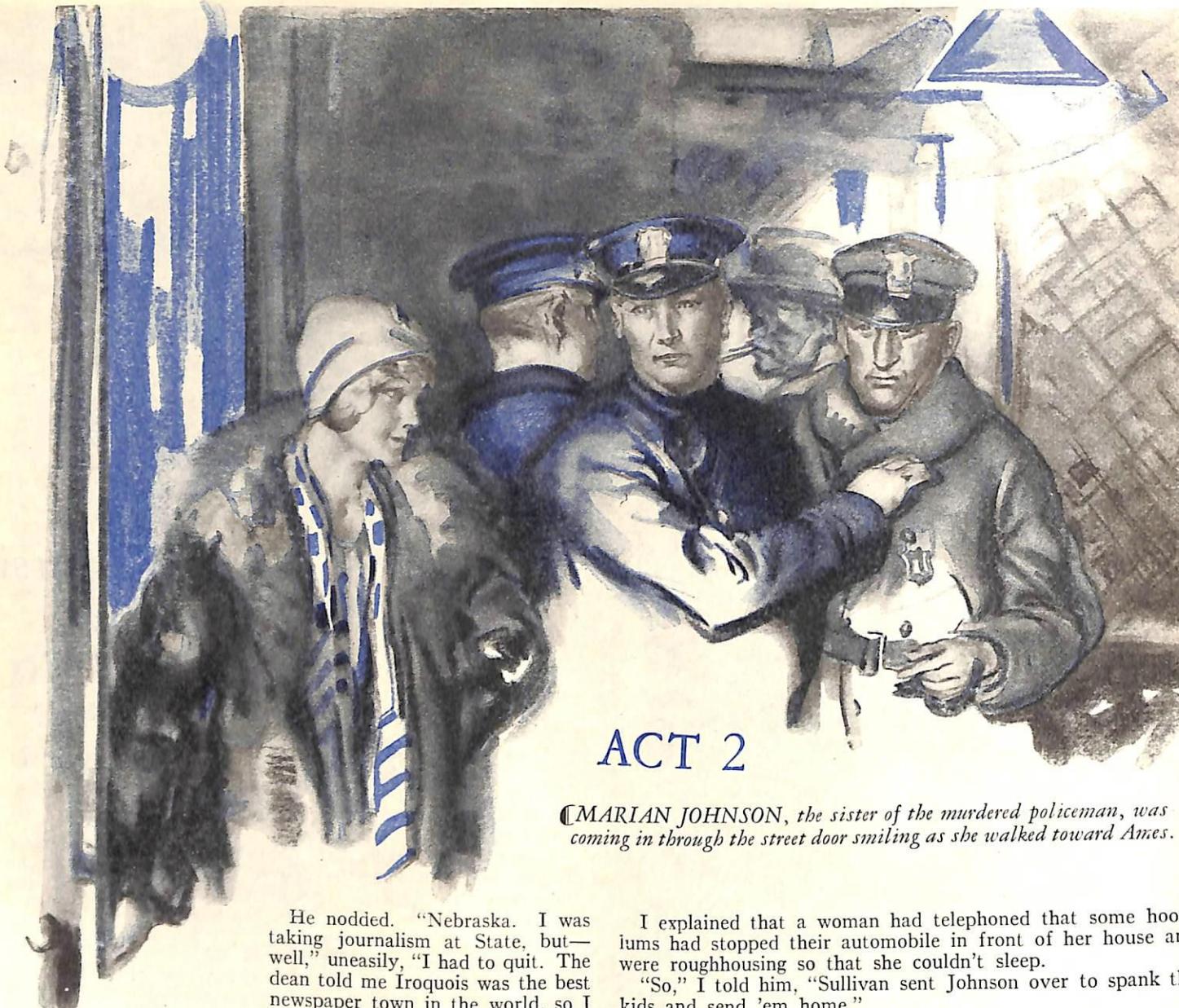
"Well, David," Miller drawled, "he's kind o' like Goliath. So you beat it upstairs an' wake him up an' slay him with your q-questionnaire."

"Lay off me, will you?" Ames broke in. He was disconcerted and hurt.

I asked him if it didn't rain where he came from.

"Sure." He smiled companionably. "But there's hot sun, too."

"West?"



## ACT 2

**MARIAN JOHNSON**, the sister of the murdered policeman, was coming in through the street door smiling as she walked toward Ames.

He nodded. "Nebraska. I was taking journalism at State, but—well," uneasily, "I had to quit. The dean told me Iroquois was the best newspaper town in the world, so I thought I'd stop over here for training for a couple of years."

"You've got a destination in mind, then?" I snickered inside, for I knew what his answer would be.

"You bet! New York."

"Well, your dean was about right. The racket's pretty hard-boiled here."

He wanted to know if there was a chance of McQuigg's talking that night, and why the Captain had been transferred.

"No, McQuigg won't talk," I told him. "Before he went upstairs he pulled a line about the transfer being for the good of the department. But that's applesauce. They eased McQuigg out here because he had one of Nick Scarsi's mob booked for rape, which was the right charge, instead of for contributing to the delinquency of a minor, which was the charge they had fixed to go through—right on through the judge. They need Scarsi to help 'em win the primaries next Tuesday. And while you can get out on probation on a contributing to delinquency charge, you can't on a charge of rape. See? The Captain—they called him 'Mule' McQuigg when he was a sergeant on the homicide squad ten years ago—got his back up, and Scarsi's man was booked for rape. That's why he got transferred. He knows it; we know it; and each knows the other knows it. But he won't talk—yet. You'll catch on."

"Well, for—Gee!" said Ames. Then he grinned. "There wasn't anything in our Municipal Government textbooks at school about that!"

Miller was torpid on a bench against a wall. Outside, the rain hit through the trees and against the station like buckshot.

Once, Sullivan grumbled something about Johnson, one of the patrolmen, being "a long time on that Western avenue call"; and Ames jerked up like a terrier sniffing a scent.

She was a night operator in the telephone exchange nearby, Miller had said, and after going off duty at midnight stopped at the station to go home with her brother, whose shift also

I explained that a woman had telephoned that some hoodlums had stopped their automobile in front of her house and were roughhousing so that she couldn't sleep.

"So," I told him, "Sullivan sent Johnson over to spank the kids and send 'em home."

"Oh." He was disappointed. "No story in that—is there?"

I assured him that there was not, and he relaxed, only, however, to come back at me about McQuigg again.

"But as long as fixing and—well, all that, seems to be usual, why did Captain McQuigg buck 'em and let himself in for the sticks out here?"

"Scarsi and his mob 've been getting too cocky, that's all. It's sometimes all right to get away with murder, but it isn't often all right to brag loudly about it in public. There's about a 1,660 percent profit in hard liquor here now, and that's Nick's racket. He got out of beer when the government insisted on keeping the breweries locked. Now he's got a rich territory, a scrappy gang, and with that 1,660 percent profit, plenty money for graft and defense funds. Accordingly, he's protected, strong. But he got too cocky for McQuigg, and when that captain gets mulish he is. You'll see."

Ames saw. But he did not immediately see anything but the girl who came running from the rain into the station just then, and of her he apparently saw only her eyes. Her eyes, however, he must have seen to their dark depths, for he stood gripping her hands, and, with an utterly silly expression, gazing into her eyes for what impressed me as a breathlessly long time. What he saw must have caressed him, for he heaved a sigh at last, and gulped, "I did it! I'm the regular South Side night man now."

The girl's eyes laughed, affectionately, I was sure, but she coolly withdrew her hands—without coquetry—and called to Sullivan, "Sully, did Carl go on home?"

Carl? Yes! the patrolman out on the Western avenue call. The girl was Johnson's sister then, Marian. Miller had called her in mentioning her to me earlier that night.

She was a night operator in the telephone exchange nearby, Miller had said, and after going off duty at midnight stopped at the station to go home with her brother, whose shift also

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ended then. Miller had told me—in his own language—that she was beautiful, and added insinuatingly that he was "certainly going to take her out on a party some night."

But Miller had missed Johnson's sister completely! The instant I realized who she was I thought, "That husk's got about as much chance of going on a party with that girl as I have!" She was beautiful. But under her beauty and giving it tone there was sure character that no one but an insensitive egoist—Miller—could have missed.

So Johnson's sister was why Miller had hung on. I glanced at him, and—thinking of the rapturous Ames—felt some dread when I saw that he was awake and sitting up, his eyes as the sleep wobbled out of them fixed on the girl. I rose. Nebraska was quite likely to punch Miller's nose if he used night-club technique on this girl—unless the girl punched it first.

But Johnson's sister was clever. As Miller started unsteadily toward her and Ames she caught the kid's hand and pulled him after her to the door, laughing. "All right, then—a cup of coffee! Sully, darling, tell Carl I'm in the lunchroom, will you?" They ran out—ran out on Miller.

I LAUGHED. Sullivan laughed. Miller was furious, and began swearing at Ames and me.

I told him where to go, and was about to leave when the Lieutenant came out and suggested that we have a bite with him across the street.

Miller refused. The Lieutenant and I got to the door.

And the door was kicked open in our faces. It was Johnson, the patrolman. He was panting, and gripping a young fellow who was handcuffed.

Johnson's catch was twenty-some, dark, and—a typical outwardly Americanized foreigner. He was breathing hard, but remarkably defiant under the circumstances. Johnson's face was scratched, but he was happy.

"Hot car, Lieutenant," the officer reported, jerking up his belt. "That Rolls that come in over the ticker this afternoon. Eighty-first and Western. Had a dame and another guy with him. Fightin' about the dame, I guess. Woke up the whole block. The dame and the other guy blew when this baby began arguin' with me."

He pushed the prisoner over to Sullivan for booking.

"That Taylor car?" I cried.

Warren K. Taylor, the millionaire head of the biggest contracting firm in the city, and as prominent in civic affairs as his wife was in social—the Villaborough Taylors—had reported his Rolls-Royce limousine stolen that afternoon.

"Yeh, that's the one," Johnson said. "This baby must be a amateur to grab one of them cars, with only thirteen of 'em in town."

This was a story. I ducked over to the telephone booth in the corner. Miller was on the wire calling his office. "Get his name and interview," he called out to me. "Plenty of time for the Final."

Even for a contemporary, an Iroquois, crook, the prisoner was extraordinarily cocky, generally giving the impression that he would be out o' this jam in no time, no time at all.

He was searched. Nothing to identify him was found. Johnson had taken his gun and now turned it over to the Lieutenant. The Lieutenant jerked out the filler, emptied the bullets into his hand, and said, "Come on, now, let's have a name, and all about it!"

"Yeh, Captain McQuigg's new district—the Tenth," Miller was crying into the telephone. "Officer name of Johnson grabbed him at—" His voice turning in the story to a rewrite man droned on.

I was watching the prisoner, and saw him suddenly stiffen and start.

"My name's Joe Caproni," he abruptly said. His head was lowered, his arrogance had shrunk to a rigidly controlled fear.

Wilted, and in ten seconds. I stared at him.

"Address?" Sullivan asked. Caproni gave an address on Artesian street, and began a rushing, almost inarticulate account of how and why he had stolen the Taylor car. He was, suddenly, frightened sick.

"Shut up!" the Lieutenant shouted. "Wait a minute, Sullivan. Johnson, take this Caproni in my office and keep him there."

AMES gasped as he saw the girl, then he jumped to the door of the Lieutenant's office and leaned against it, panting.



Johnson took Caproni away.  
"Did you see him?" the Lieutenant queried me.

"Throw a fit when Miller mentioned McQuigg's name over the 'phone?" I finished for him. "Yes. Scared sick of McQuigg. Well, he's not Scarsi, anyway."

"No, but he may be one of Nick's mob. He'll know somethin'. I'm going to get the Captain."

He ran for the stairs, turning to call, "Nothin' of this to the papers, now! They'd have that kid out in a hour!"

"Check," I cried. There would be no chance of holding Caproni or whoever he was if his gang learned that he was under arrest.

I went to the telephone booth and told Miller, "Name's Joe Caproni, 60 Artesian street. He—"

"Yeh?" Miller intoned. "I'll tell 'em." He pulled shut the booth door.

Captain McQuigg strode in then with his ears cocked and his tongue out, so to speak. In shirt sleeves, uniform trousers, and shoes that he had not stopped to lace, he stood in a slight crouch, intent on what the Lieutenant was whispering to him—a heavy-set, powerful man, with close-cropped iron grey hair and extraordinarily steady eyes; brutally hard under necessity.

The Lieutenant finished his report. Captain McQuigg called a hello to me, and asked "Who's in the booth?"

I told him. He reiterated the Lieutenant's request to disregard the possible Scarsi angle of the auto theft story until he had talked with the thief.

"Miller turned it in yet?" he asked.

"No. I gave him the name of Caproni. He didn't hear us talk about the Scarsi angle."



"Any other boys around? There ought to be, the way they been buzzin' around me since I went suburban."

"City Press. He's in the lunchroom across—"

"As long as Miller's turned it in, I suppose you'll have to. But lay off the Scarsi angle."

Miller's remaining shut in the telephone booth was bothering me. The Times was yellow. If Miller had heard the Lieutenant and me suggest that this Caproni might belong to the Scarsi mob, I would have been certain that the Times was at that moment replating for a headline SCARSI GUNMAN CAUGHT. But even the Times wouldn't replate on the recovery of the Taylor car alone. And I had time to give my paper that.

The Captain and the Lieutenant strode on into the office where Caproni was held.

Johnson, the patrolman, came out. Sullivan told him that his sister was waiting for him in the lunchroom, and he started for the door. I asked him to tell Ames to hike back for the story.

"How long's Johnson been on the force?" I asked Sullivan, principally to keep the nagging thought of Miller and the Times out of my head. "He looks young."

"Two years. His old man was Tommy Johnson o' the Sixth. Got it in that runnin' battle with them \$500,000 mail bandits two years ago."

"Killed?"

"Yeh. He was a Lieutenant, but he always liked to go out with the boys on a stiff job."

I watched the door behind which McQuigg and the Lieutenant were questioning Caproni—if he was Caproni, and felt a tingle along my spine.

14

### ACT 3

*Scarsi turned. Instantly there was a shot from Captain McQuigg's office, and another. Then Scarsi collapsed in his tracks.*

cried to his desk. "'Mule' McQuigg's in there now giving him the third degree."

Miller emerged from the booth—what had he been talking about for so long?—looking extraordinarily pleased with himself.

He saluted us, rather jeeringly, it struck me, and said he thought he'd go over to the Greek's for coffee. He went out, leaving open the door to the street.

The cool, washed air blew in, and I noticed that the rain had stopped.

In the Lieutenant's office then, there was a sudden scream of agony, followed by a dull crash. Instantly the station was quiet again. The buzz of the arc light outside seemed deafening in the nervous quiet.

"Now what about that third degree?" whispered the irrepressible Ames.

"It's a good job Miller didn't hear that," I told him. I was jumpy inside. "The Times'd be out in twenty minutes with 'Police Slit Nick Scarsi's Throat' across the front page!"

"My—is he in there?"

"No. But—No! Of course, he isn't! But—I'm darned if I know who's in there!"

"You know what I think? This," seriously, "is liable to develop into a big story!"

It was two o'clock. My city desk was crying "Deadline!" in the office now. I had a sickening feeling that somehow or

Ames came in agog with excitement. He listened to me telephone the auto theft story in to my office, then telephoned his.

"There may be something new on it," he

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other I'd been scooped. I thought of Miller's pleased look. "Here they come," Ames whispered, and jumped back to stand respectfully beside Sullivan's desk.

Captain McQuigg came out, closing the door behind him.

"Nothin' new, boys," he said. "Caproni is right. Full confession. Wanted the car to take his girl joy-ridin'. Book him, Sullivan, and report recovery of the car. He got so excited describin' that Rolls he fell off his chair and let out a yelp. Maybe you heard it."

"Yes, and his chair fell over, too, didn't it, Captain?" I inquired as sarcastically as I could.

"Yeh," said McQuigg, his eyes pinching mine. "Come to think of it, it did."

The grind of an automobile getting under way outside cut him short.

"Two o'clock flivver squad going out," he explained, stiffening, and gazing at the door.

I turned. A girl had come in, an under twenty flapper with all the accessories, including a tight, short dress below her loose coat, too much rouge, and a huge patent-leather handbag.

"What can we do for you?" McQuigg grunted.

"I'm supposed—" She shrank for an instant, but then straightened defiantly, and explained, "Mr. Scarsi told me to meet him here. I'm a friend of his."

"Yeh?" the Captain threw at her. "Who d'y'mean—Scarsi?"

The girl's flip assurance began to break. "Some policeman came up to ask him about his automobile and he told me to beat it and that if he had to go to the station to come over and meet him in an hour. He—he said he knew everybody, and he'd fix—I mean, explain—it all right."

I edged toward the telephone booth.

But McQuigg caught me. "Lay off this till I tell you to shoot!" he bawled.

I stopped. Ames' eyes were popping.

"But that wasn't Nick, Captain!" I argued. "I know Nick Scar—"

"If you mean the kid with the Rolls-Royce," McQuigg was telling the girl, "he gave you a bum steer. His name's Caproni."

The girl dropped her flapper air. Immediately she was sullen, hard. "You're a liar," she said. "What'd you do with him?"

"Come on into the office," ordered McQuigg. He seized her arm.

She wrenched away. "I'm likely to! Maybe you framed him, but you're not framing me."

McQuigg abruptly picked the girl up and carried her, kicking, and gasping ugly words, to the Lieutenant's office, pushed her inside, and slammed and bolted the door.

Then he returned and faced Ames and me.

"That kid with the Taylor car was Joe Scarsi, Nick's young brother," he said. "Now, I'm going to get him on this auto theft. If it gets out we're holding him, I won't be able to keep him an hour. They'll spring him, and then fix the courts. I'm watchin' you boys till we get this case set. Then you 'phone your heads off. Where's Miller?"

"Here he comes," Ames said.

Miller came in whistling jazz.

"Hello, Cap," he greeted McQuigg. "How's Joe Scarsi taking it? Bread on the waters, that guy tumbling into your hands! Baby! And we're playing it big, too, believe—"

"What?" I stammered. Scooped clean!

"You heard me, smart boy! The Times ought to be on the street downtown now. I made that 'Caproni' of yours for Nick's kid brother the minute Johnson brought him in."

McQuigg cursed. Ames and I dashed to telephones. Miller laughed. Act I . . .

Joe Scarsi had been taken from the Tenth to the Identification Bureau to be measured and photographed that night, we learned the next day. But by noon he was free on bail. The girl who'd come to the station for Joe had been let go. As far as the papers were concerned, the story was dead until young Scarsi's case was heard.

I was sent back to the Tenth the next afternoon, however, my city editor speeding me with "Maybe somethin'll happen this time that you won't miss!" The Times had beaten every other morning paper by an edition on the story of Joe Scarsi's arrest.

"Say," Ames cried when I came into the station. "I near got fired! The desk told me that next time I got scooped I'd be through." He grinned. "I'm certainly getting experienced fast. Nothing doing today, except the alderman of this ward—Kub-something's his name—he's around waiting to see Johnson. Johnson comes on at four."

"Kublacek. I know him. As soon as he loses an election he can go to work for Ringling Brothers, jumping through hoops. He'll have had plenty practise. But he's got a fat chance to fix Johnson. Johnson's a square cop."

The word to get young Scarsi off was out, then. It was Kublacek's misfortune that Young Influence had been caught in his ward, that was all. "They," downtown, had pointed out the hoop, and here was Kublacek ready to jump through.

"Gee," said Ames, "if he's going to try to fix Johnson you'd think he'd do it in private. The way he talked I thought he was going to give him a distinguished service cross."

"He will, for publication. But he'll see Johnson alone, all right. Our only chance for a story'll be if, after he's made his private speech, Johnson pokes him in the nose."

"She tell you?" Ames blushed. "Uh-huh. Isn't she marvelous?" "Uh-huh," I mimicked him. "How long have you known her? I thought you were new here?"

"Two weeks next Monday. But longer, really, because we've been together more than the average. We've had a lot of good talks—oh, about New York, and places."

The boy's perpetual elation made my sulks worse. The atmosphere of secrecy beginning to press through the station was stifling.

BUT with McQuigg in a cold rage and out for Scarsi blood, and the Scarsi influence beginning to operate, anything might happen.

"You know," Ames suddenly said, "if this thing gets vicious enough on both sides there may be a show-down and some lids blown off—exposés and all that."

"It's vicious enough right now, under the surface. Johnson's better stay indoors till this case—"

"He is. McQuigg shifted him to station duty beginning today. Marian—you know: she—well, she told me Johnson's raving. He says nobody's got a bullet that'll fit a hole in him, and—"

"Yeh? McQuigg's smart. If Johnson went out on a beat today he'd be on a slab by morning."

Alderman Kublacek came reconnoitering that afternoon, and the rumble of the storm grew audible. Everything that happened at the Tenth in the next twenty-four hours, I did not learn until the story was over. But then, composing the scattered details picked up from Ames, policemen, McQuigg, other reporters, politicians, I related them to what I myself had seen and heard, and got Acts II and III.

Kublacek reconnoitered, and Johnson, to put it briefly, told him where to go. "And tell 'em I told you!" the big patrolman added. Johnson was young, too.

I managed to get in to McQuigg finally and ask him if Taylor, the owner of the stolen automobile, was going to prosecute.

"Why the devil shouldn't he prosecute?" McQuigg bawled. His temper was irascible that day. "You scribes," he roared, "quit rockin' this boat till she gets ashore—or sinks! That smart aleck Miller's already tied me plenty."

"Taylor may not prosecute simply because he's the contractor who does most of our street and alley paving," I explained.

I knew of Mr. Taylor and of his connections downtown. Not that Mr. Taylor or his business was not respectable. They

were, to the swollen chorus of huge profits. But inasmuch as the business was contracting and Mr. Taylor a good business man, and since the City Hall oversees city paving and building, there were connections. Mr. Taylor was a heavy contributor to local political campaign funds, giving like amounts to all factions of both parties.

McQuigg called Ames and me into his office at six o'clock and told us that Taylor had run out on the case.

"His lawyers just called up," he said. His eyes were pinched almost shut and extraordinarily cold. "They said they'd been in conference with the gentleman and that in view of his—his 'precarious health'—the Captain mimicked sarcastically—"he wouldn't be able to prosecute. He's going to Battle Creek on his doctor's orders t'morrow. And he's sendin' Johnson a hundred bucks, 'in appreciation,'" McQuigg quoted again. "Go on, turn in the story."

When I telephoned in the Taylor story I got another assignment, and so I left the Tenth before the storm broke and the lightning stabbed.

Ames met Marian Johnson at the telephone exchange nearby at seven-thirty and took her to dinner.

When he returned to the Tenth, Sergeants Delaney and Clark, a pair of the station detectives, were escorting a woman into McQuigg's office.

The woman was a large blonde, and must have once been flamboyantly beautiful in a physical way, with the tight, revelatory, expensive clothes of her class, too much make-up and too many jewels.

"Here's Mae, Captain," Delaney announced. The door of the Captain's office closed after them, shutting out Ames.

Mae was Mae Gordon, Nick Scarsi's girl. The whisper that Scarsi had tossed Mae aside for a fresher, slimmer girl and that Mae was bitter with wrath, had reached McQuigg; and he had sent Delaney and Clark to bring Mae in for a talk.

Ames, of course, did not know the woman, and the Tenth having clamped down on information he could not find out. So the kid sat down for the dull wait until midnight, when

Johnson's sister would come in to the station as usual. Mae soon left the station, and Ames watched her drive off in the big limousine that had been waiting outside.

He telephoned his office that she had left. The assistant on the desk momentarily beat out his enthusiasm by snickering, "All-right, Sherlock. Maybe she was Queen Marie."

The big, half-lit room cleared preparatory to the coming on of the dog watch at midnight. Sullivan gave Ames the usual batch of routine items that had been eddying in since afternoon, and went into the Lieutenant's office to make his report.

Ames was left alone. He started hurriedly for the telephone booth in the corner to turn in his stories before Johnson's sister arrived, and bumped into a man who'd just stepped in from outside.

"'Scuse me," the kid absent-mindedly said, and went on to the booth.

The man stopped him with, "Patrolman Johnson around?"

"Yeh, downstairs." Ames stuck his head in the door to the squad room, called Johnson, and went on into the booth.

The voices of the visitor and Johnson suddenly rasping loud attracted him. But the rewrite man he was reporting to jerked his attention back to his job, and it was not until he heard Johnson cry, "Afraid o' what, you yellow—!" that he looked around again.

The man who'd come in—a short, heavy-set fellow in a dark, form-fitting overcoat, and a gray soft hat that was pulled down shading his face, was standing with his face almost shoved against Johnson's about ten feet away from the booth.

It looked like a fight, and telling his rewrite man to wait a second, Ames crouched back into the booth, facing the scene afraid that if he were noticed his presence might stop the argument outside.

Suddenly Johnson's hand came up and slapped the man before him in the face.

The visitor's right hand, buried in his overcoat pocket, jerked up. There was a faint hiss. Johnson's mouth gaped. He staggered, then tumbled forward. [Continued on page 85]

## SHRINE SERVICE RECOMMENDS TO OUR READERS

### BOOKS of the Month

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** No claim is made that this list includes all new books worth mentioning. We offer it as a list that may be of assistance to those seeking helpful and entertaining books. We will be glad to buy any of these books for readers. Address Shrine Book Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York.

**Claire Ambler.** By Booth Tarkington. Doubleday, Doran & Co. \$2.50. The life and soul of a typical American flapper between the ages of 16 and 25, caught in three crucial episodes. Lightly and cleverly rendered in terms of action, with side plots.

**A President Is Born.** By Fannie Hurst. Harper & Bros. \$2.50. The childhood and boyhood of David Schuyler, a son of the Middle West, who becomes President, told in papers left by an elder sister. A novel rich in detail and human sympathy, reflecting author's conception of Presidential qualities.

**Cursed Be the Treasure.** By H. B. Drake. Macy-Masius. \$2.00. Mystery, adventure and imagination in a novel from England which calls for comparison with some of the best of Stevenson and Conrad.

**The House of Dr. Edwards.** By Francis Beeding. Little, Brown & Co. \$2.00. A grisly, hair-raising novel, recalling "Dracula," wherein a criminal lunatic and devil worshiper takes over a private sanitarium and leads its insane inmates in devilish rites. For those who like that sort of thing.

**The Bridge of San Luis Rey.** By Thornton Wilder. A. & C. Boni. \$2.50. The lives of five people traced back from the moment they fall to their deaths through a bridge in South America, showing the ways in which their lives touched and suggesting destiny in an accident.

**Our of the Ruins.** By Sir Philip Gibbs. Doubleday, Doran & Co. \$2.50. Nine long short stories, the situations in most of which arise from the war. Drama of action and of character. Gripping and romantic.

**Disraeli.** By Andre Maurois. D. Appleton & Co. \$3.00. Life of the great English statesman and author is told with a fine feeling for story values. The author emphasizes the dramatic conflicts in Disraeli's life, with his own flaws as well as those of his enemies.

**The American Songbag.** By Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$7.50. A collection of the words and music of many native songs collected by the poet in tours through many states. There are in it songs of the sea, of jail, of the lumber camp, of the railroad, as well as some Negro "spirituals" not previously collected.

**The Winged Horse.** By Joseph Auslander and Frank Ernest Hill. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$3.50. The story of poetry and of the poets throughout the ages. The way in which the authors tell the life stories of the most famous names in literature takes the book out of its specialized class. They quote generously from the great poets. Although intended for the young reader it has an appeal for older people as well.

### PLAYS of the Month

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** This list of New York theater offerings is published to give Shrine readers a suggestion as to what is best. We will gladly arrange for seats to any theater, provided it is understood that we have no inside ways of getting preferential seats. Address Shrine Theater Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York.

**Behold, the Bridegroom.** By George Kelly. Cort Theater. With Judith Anderson in the leading role. A relentless study of the modern girl. The dramatist strips his heroine of all her shallowness. Scintillant satire and deep tragedy.

**Marco Millions.** By Eugene O'Neill. Guild Theater. With Alfred Lunt as the Venetian Babbitt. Brilliantly imagined, opulently pictured. The story of Marco Polo's adventures in the spirit of a traveling salesman. Alternates weekly with a bright revival of Shaw's "The Doctor's Dilemma."

**Paris Bound.** By Philip Barry. Music Box Theater. In the originality and gentle satire of this play, the American Barry suggests the British Barry. By the same author, in collaboration with Elmer Rice, is "Cock Robin," a mystery play.

**Show Boat.** By Edna Ferber. Ziegfeld Theater. Those who have read the novel, and are familiar with Flo Ziegfeld's producing methods, will guess beforehand what a colorful musical rendition this is.

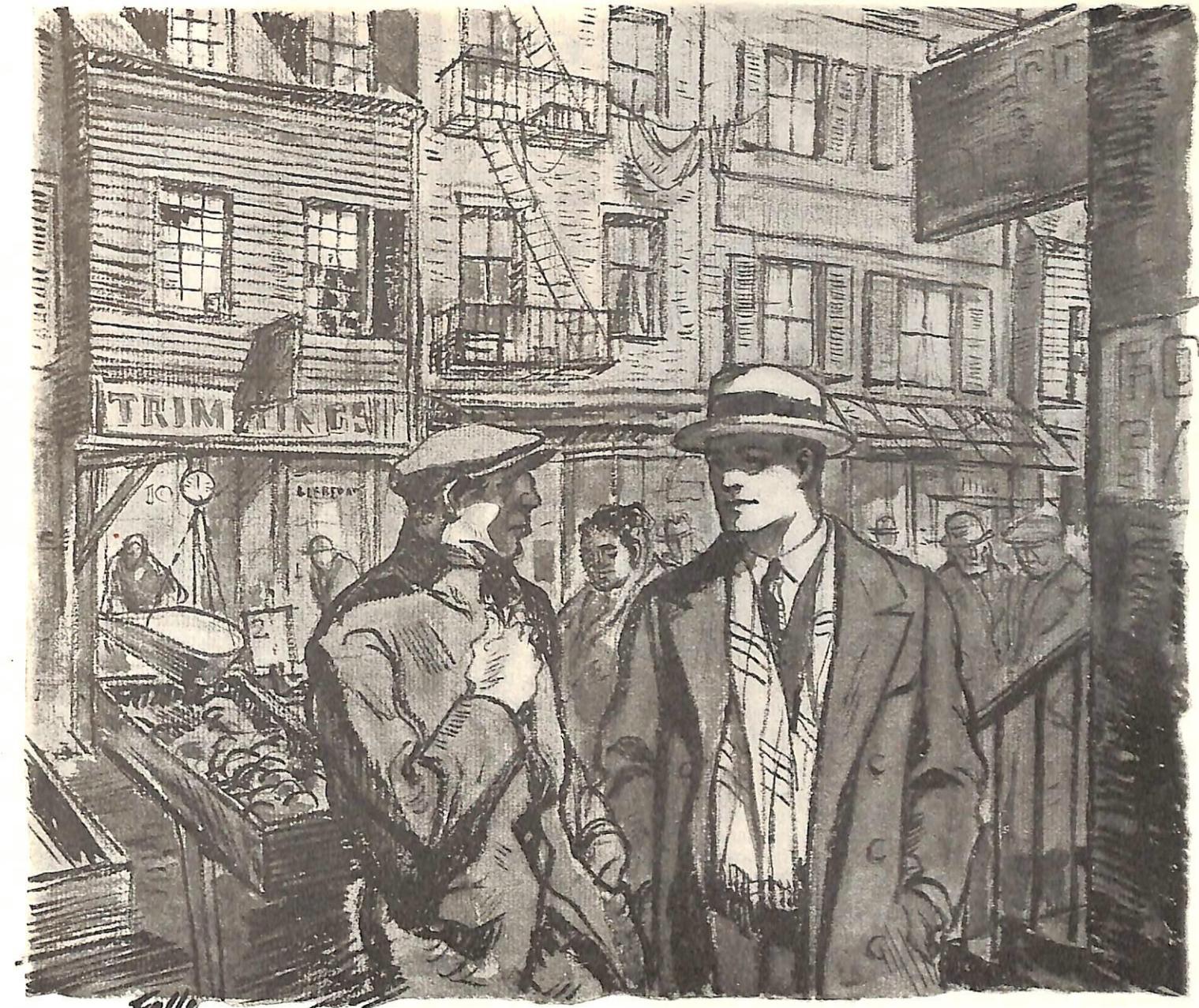
**The Royal Family.** By George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber. Selwyn Theater. A dramatization of the Barrymore and Drew family; a theatrical record thinly disguised. Given with a notable cast including Haidee Wright, Otto Kruger and Sylvia Field.

**Diversion.** By John Van Druten. Staged by Jane Cowl. 49th Street Theater. A youthful dramatist gives his analysis of the emotions of the younger generation. Featuing Cathleen Nesbitt.

**Rosalie.** Starring Marilyn Miller. New Amsterdam Theater. A good Ziegfeld entertainment, with Gershwin music.

**The Patriot.** By Alfred Neumann. Adapted by Ashley Dukes. Chanin's Majestic Theater. A play of the life and times of Tsar Paul I. A distinguished cast including Leslie Faber, Madge Titheridge and Lyn Harding. Settings by Norman Bel Geddes.

Of plays still running, one is advised to see Galsworthy's "Escape," Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew" in modern dress, Helen Hayes in "Coquette," A. E. Mathews in "Interference," Jane Cowl in "The Road to Rome," Bayard Veiller's "The Trial of Mary Dugan." There are also Walter Hampden in "Caponsacchi," George Arliss in "The Merchant of Venice" (an Ames production), the Irish Players in the incomparable and stirring "Plough and the Stars" by O'Casey. Of the musical entertainments, noteworthy are "A Connecticut Yankee," "Artists and Models," "Funny Face" and "Hit the Deck."



Illustrations  
By C. B. Falls

## What CAREER Will You CHOOSE?

There are plenty of chances for those who will exercise a little common sense

By Earl Chapin May

FATHER and Mother Madison were having a conference of the family powers. With their seventeen-year-old son, Henry, in the Plainboro high school graduating class and their daughter, Alice, approaching her sixteenth year, the parents had something serious to talk about.

Like almost any middle westerners in moderate circumstances they wanted their two children to get more out of life than life had given to the family heads. Natural and justifiable ambition spurs all such families on, and Henry and Alice had pronounced ideas of their own. But this conference of the father and mother of the little flock was held in confidence.

"Our preacher said not long ago," Father Madison reminded his life partner, "that a man can make anything he wishes out

of himself if he is willing to pay the price. Perhaps I wasn't willing to sacrifice myself or others enough to get where I wanted to. So I'm anchored as a general storekeeper in this town when, maybe, I could have been another Marshall Field. But, anyhow, we've saved enough to give our boy and girl the kind of start they want, if they can decide where they're going, once they're on their way."

"Alice thinks she'd like to be a librarian," Mother Madison rejoined thoughtfully. "She says I've had too much trouble raising her to make her look toward matrimony."

"Henry wants to study law." This from the small town keeper of a general store. "At any rate each of them must have four years in college."



*Father*  
Estimating the cost of college and the higher education is only one of the problems parents face in getting their children settled in their appointed niches.

So Henry and Alice, after they graduated from the Plainboro high school, entered and graduated from the state university. Henry followed his university commencement with three years in a good law school. Alice, after completing her university career, took a year of special training in librarian work. Five years after Henry had begun the practise of law in Plainboro his income was about \$3,000 a year. Five years after Alice got her first librarian's job she was earning \$2,000 annually. Then, with their two precious children each established in life's chosen niche, Father and Mother Madison began to estimate the overhead.

With Father and Mother Madison this was not supremely difficult. Father Madison had made his business pay him an average of \$5,000 annually because he was keen on keeping books. Mother Madison had been a thrifty hence successful housekeeper because she watched her budget carefully. She knew just how her household money had been spent. Hence, after some careful tabulating, they produced this statement of what it had cost to rear each Madison child from birth to the beginning of the eighteenth year:

Bringing the new born into the world	.....	\$ 250
Food	.....	2,500
Clothing, shelter and public school education	.....	3,400
Health maintenance	.....	285
Recreation	.....	130
Insurance	.....	34
Sundries	.....	570
		\$7,169

This amount, chargeable to bringing each child from babyhood up to the beginning of its university career was, if Father and Mother Madison had known it, a triumph in management, because the average family income in the United States is only \$2,500 and yet the average \$2,500-income family spends \$7,000 to take care of a child for seventeen years, and such expenditures usually increase with increased incomes. But the \$7,169 rather staggered the parents of Henry and Alice.

Then they began to figure on the expense of higher education. Roughly, including fraternities and other extras in and out of the halls of learning, it had cost about \$1,000 a year to keep each child in the university. Three thousand dollars more had put Henry through his law school and another \$1,000 had

What career will your boy or girl elect to try for? What will your boy or girl accomplish when thrown into the maelstrom of commercial or professional life? When and at what expense of time and money may you expect your Henry or Alice to reach an eminence to which you point with pride? There are plenty of average records in this busy world of ours but the high scores are made by individuals.



given Alice her special year in librarian work. The bill of expense therefore looked like this:

Henry, to his eighteenth year	.....	\$7,169
Henry's university education	.....	4,000
Henry's law school education	.....	3,000
	<hr/>	\$14,169
Alice, to her eighteenth year	.....	\$7,169
Alice's university education	.....	4,000
Alice's one year of special work	.....	1,000
	<hr/>	\$12,169
Total, including upkeep during vacations	.....	\$26,338

"We're unusually lucky in one thing," declared Father Madison as he scratched his graying head. "Both of our children were self-supporting after they once got on the job." Then he added, half regretfully, "Of course, if Henry had come in with me after he left high school at seventeen, or if he'd gotten an average job, he would have earned about \$7,500 during the seven years I was fixing him to be a lawyer. But," he concluded triumphantly, "at his present age of twenty-nine he'd be only earning, on an average, \$2,000, instead of his present \$3,000 a year."

"As for Alice," the proud mother chimed, "she might not have earned a single cent if she hadn't fitted herself for a librarian's career, although there are almost as many careers for women as for men. Anyhow we've done our duty by them and they've made good. Now we can take that trip to Europe we've talked so long about."

Father and Mother Madison could justly celebrate with a trip because their children had stuck to the careers they started on. Too many high school and college graduates hop about like human fleas for many years before each lands in his appointed niche in life. Millions of parents annually face the problem of guiding the energies and ambitions of their growing kids and no one has yet found a rule of thumb which can be followed with security. Success just seems to happen to most of them.

In spite of myriad examples of how they got there, mystery still surrounds the whys and wherefores of success. And so we are inclined to fall back on the law of averages.

Veering into the field of public utilities one naturally runs across a telephone. Fifty thousand calls are made each minute in the United States and while these calls do not strain our seventeen million telephones they do give some work for the operators, who continue to have huge economic importance in spite of automatic devices here and there. Telephone operators may begin at about \$15 a week or less. Some of them never rise above that, but many of them do move upward into jobs as supervisors, clerks assigned to special forms of traffic work, training-school instructors, and chief operators who may earn \$50 a week or more. It is entirely possible for a lineman to become general manager or even president.

Such a youngster may graduate from a switchboard to the work of plant engineering or plant operation; he may go into traffic supervision or commercial management. Other profitable fields are manufacturing, installation of central office equipment, sales, warehousing, distribution, accounts, statistics and finance.

Although individual salary is based not on length of service but on capacity and responsibility, the average progress of the principal officers of the various operating telephone companies embraced in one System shows that most men begin work at twenty-two and that the average age at which these employees

Do you know that there are more than 20,000 different tasks from which a young man may choose a career? Young women have about half as wide a range. Each year job seekers find awaiting them 500,000 opportunities to own stores, farms, mines or factories; 53,000 chances to become professionals; 11,000 to become executives; 100,000 to become rail transport workers; 150,000 to become clerks; minor executives, office or other store workers, and 250,000 chances to become skilled mechanics.



become division superintendents is thirty-seven; general superintendents of departments forty-one; general managers of companies forty-seven and presidents, forty-eight.

For the average professional career, success is predicated on large investment of time, talent, energy and money. In most states one can not practise medicine until he has had at least two years pre-medical academic work, four years in a medical college and two years experience as a hospital interne. If one gets his M. D. before he has spent \$6,000 on his academic and technical education he is fortunate. His interne-ship may cost him nothing but his time. But he gets nothing out of it except experience, and, maybe, a bit of a drag with hospital patients who later let him privately practise on them. At any rate, after investing eight years of time and the \$6,000 in cold and probably hard earned cash and then paying \$3,000 or more for office equipment and a motor car, he may at the end of ten years hustling build up a general practise of \$15,000 a year, of which he collects \$8,000 because the doctor generally gets his money last.

But if he has a gift for surgery and can study abroad and in other ways spend money on himself he may and often does increase his income to \$30,000, largely because he finds surgery fascinating.

The law has its large returns, for whoever may have genius for jury trials. It also offers rich rewards to specialists in corporation law, but these rewards are more often in stock holdings than in straight fees. The big business attorney participates in fat profits after he has given good advice or won a court decree. But most lawyers who spend from \$3,000 to \$6,000 to be admitted to the bar are up to the average legal income if they can call \$5,000 a year their own by taking cases, acting as rental agent, writing insurance and turning an honest penny at auctioneering.

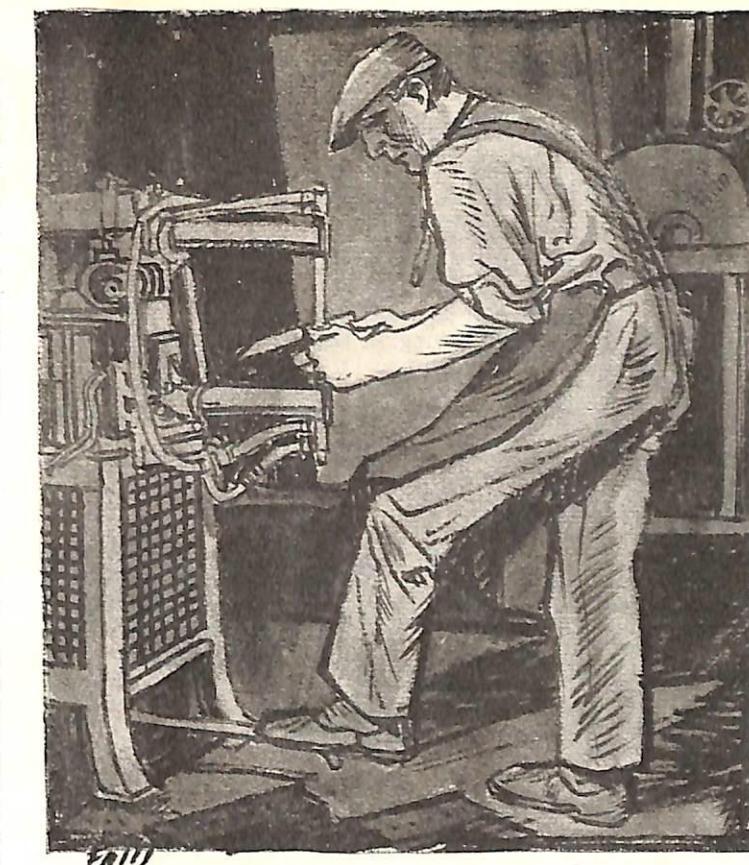
The skyscrapers soaring heavenward in Manhattan have caused a craning of necks among those who, searching for some profitable career, determine upon being architects. Once they prepare acceptable plans they draw from five to ten percent of the building's cost, just for supervising it.

All a practising architect has to do is to sell himself and his ideas to the owner of the proposed building, after which he sees that the owner is not cheated by his contractors. A merry job, good gentlemen!

Of course, as in the case of a certain government building, the architect had to be content with a commission of three percent because the government had its own supervisor, at a salary, on the job. Of course where large blocks of buildings are erected from the same plans by an owner-contractor the architect's commission shrinks astoundingly. And occasionally an architect may fall off a building and break his neck. But didn't Cass Gilbert, after establishing his fame in far Saint Paul, come to New York and design the Woolworth Building?

It takes all kinds of a man to make an architect. His mission is to create beauty as well as stability in this world. But to do this he must not only be a person of strong character, he must also have a vivid self-selling personality. Incidentally he must be a technician, a diplomat. So, as a rule, in order to pass examinations required in many of our states, the architect must, before he begins practising, have had four to six years in a technical school or college, a year or two of travel and "an extended apprenticeship in an established office."

This last is quoted from a pamphlet issued by the American



*A youth may start work humbly in a machine shop and never leave it, or he may rise swiftly to a higher place—depending greatly on the individual.*

Institute of Architects, established in 1857 and exercising an effective supervision over the American members of the craft. Although the Institute's censorship is moral rather than legal it has done much to raise the standard and remuneration of all architects. And so the hopeful architect who in olden days began in some established office as a draughtsman at \$30 a week, now gets from \$40 to \$80, and, if he's lucky, may rise to a firm membership or to a staff and office of his own.

The beginner in newspaper work, who approaches the city editor with some idea of what it is all about, is worth from \$150 to \$200 the first month. He can run that figure up to \$400 before the year is over if he possesses and exercises a sensitive nose for news, and writes with dramatic effect. Or, he can go to the copy desk at \$250 if he shows editing ability and headline sense.

The master merchandisers who build up big mercantile houses believe in the long period of preparation for any job of responsibility. Rarely does the house of Marshall Field go outside for its department heads. They begin at the bottom and by the time they arrive at prominence they are steeped in the traditions of the house.

The late John Shedd did not become chairman of the board and directing head of Marshall Field & Co. until he had gone through a long apprenticeship in general stores at Bellows Falls, Vt., and Alstead, N. H., and when he went West in 1872 and entered the employ of the Chicago retail drygoods firm of Field, Leiter & Co. he was pretty close to the bottom of the ladder of success.

But most youths who seek employment in the world's largest wholesale and retail drygoods concern because they have heard that one of its buyers earns \$25,000 a year, do not know what they are up against.

Although the managers of many stores, like that of Lord & Taylor which has been selling merchandise in Manhattan for a century, assert the impossibility of laying down promotion rules which shall include the time spent in reaching any rung in their employment ladder it is easily possible, I believe, to help beginners visualize their opportunities by telling them what they must go through. But I'm not so sure it is practicable to lay down any law of averages. In fact the modernists among our sociologists proclaim the passing of the average man.

"We have to resort to averages," [Continued on page 58]

**The story of a Boy who had to go Down  
into the Shadows before his Wife and  
Mother consented to Share his Love**

**R**UTH CAREY had protested at the very first (although faintly) against living in the same house with Ben's mother. "Of course, I'm crazy about her," she had said slowly, "she's an utter dear. But—well, we're just starting out. We'll have problems to settle and trials to meet. And—yes—" Ben's kiss had almost silenced her here—"squabbles to be patched up! And, somehow, it seems as if it would be easier to do it all alone. Just—" here she had returned the kiss, almost fiercely, "just the two of us!"

Ben hadn't answered for a moment. The magic phrase, "just the two of us," had caught at his heart. Had brought the tears curiously close to his happy eyes. For a moment he hadn't answered. And then:

"If there were anyone else," he said slowly, "who could stay with her. Anyone in all of the world! But she's so—so solitary. So sort of helpless. I was an only child, you know, and—" laughingly he reversed things—"and I've spoiled her. If—"

Ruth had interrupted.

"We could have a nice little apartment close by," she said. "We could—you could—run in every day. Perhaps she'd like being the only mistress in her own home."

But Ben's head had shaken vehemently.

"She wouldn't," he had answered. "She's always had me; not having me would be too hard for her. She's grown to depend on my company. I was only twelve when father died!"

And so—rather negatively—it was settled.

Of course, Ruth, discussing her marriage-to-be with her friends at the office, viewed the matter from a slightly different angle. Pride entered into it, at the office. Not that the friends—each wise in her own set of reactions—didn't understand.

"Yes, we will stay with Ben's mother," Ruth told them—nervously slipping the narrow betrothal ring on and off of her slim finger. "I'm really tickled to death to have it that way. I've never possessed any family of my own, you know. I was almost born in a boarding-school! And I understand absolutely nothing about the running—the mechanics of a home! Ben's mother will take all the detail off my shoulders. It's going to work out rather wonderfully . . ."

It was the blonde girl with the green eyes—the one who would take Ruth's place as private secretary to the president of the company. It was she who asked the spiteful question that the rest were thinking.

"Wouldn't it work out more wonderfully," she queried, "if you could be left to find out a few things for yourself?"

Ruth's laughter had held a note deeper than its surface gayety.

"There are so many things one must find out for oneself," she murmured, "that it will be a relief—" she left the sentence unfinished.

**A**ND so, in the misty aisle of a little church, sun-splashed with the glow of the late afternoon, they were married. While a few close friends of the family watched them, and Ben's mother, white of hair and white of cheek, sat stiffly erect in the front pew. All through the short ceremony Ruth was more conscious of her nearness than she was of Ben's. Was more conscious of the artificial violets in the old woman's toque than she was of the fragrant corsage of valley lilies pinned against the lapel of her own charming coat. It was her mother-in-law's stifled sigh that came closer to her heart—closer than the minister's gentle benediction, closer even than Ben's voice, whispering—

"My wife!"

After the ceremony? Oh, it was all a hurry, a flash, a rush of getting away. Ruth knew only that, through the maze of congratulations, cold lips had rested, for a moment, against her warm young cheek. That fingers chill, even through their



**Ben found Ruth dissolved in an agony of tears on the bed. "Take me away! Anywhere," she sobbed. "I'd rather a room in a tenement!"**

immaculate gloves, had pressed her fingers. And then she was in a taxicab with Ben, and they were whirling down an avenue toward the station. And, heedless of the heavy traffic at that hour, heedless of the whole watching world, if need be, Ben was kissing her lips. In their first married kiss.

And then two weeks in a tiny inn, shut away among blue mountains, beside a still, blue lake. Two weeks of honeymooning that made cities and offices and everything else seem remote. Even homecomings . . . And mothers-in-law.

And then, at last, the honeymoon technically over, the ride back to the city in a reluctant train. And a taxi taking them to the door of the staid brownstone house in which Ben and his mother had lived for so many years. And Ben's voice, glad with a gladness that Ruth found very hard to echo.

Ben's voice saying one word—

"Home!"

And then, as the door opened, another word—

"Mother!"

As they swept together—on the waves of an emotion in which she had no share—Ruth, for the first time since her marriage day, felt the blinding doubt that had been a part of her engagement. Ben—why, at the moment Ben had quite forgotten her! And his mother—looking almost incredibly small, incredibly ancient, against the bulky tweed of Ben's coat! His mother had never even remembered her! Shyly—like a little girl who has happened, uninvited, into another child's party—Ruth stood upon the brownstone steps. Watch-

# IN-LAW



ing while the old woman wept frankly upon Ben's shoulder. Upon the shoulder that, for two weeks, had been her especial property. To lean against. To snuggle upon closely. When the evening came, and the stars were very near. Suddenly, almost without meaning to, Ruth heard her own voice speaking. In a curiously cool, stilted way.

"I'm here, you know!" were the words that the voice said, slowly. Not at all what Ruth had planned to say as a greeting.

The embracing couple almost magically swept apart. And Ben, laughing boyishly, was bounding down the steps toward his waiting bride.

"I plumb forgot you, dearest," he chuckled—"you see, I just happened to meet my first sweetheart and it sort of took my breath away!"

Smiling through her tears the old woman was speaking. With her thin, wrinkled hands outspread.

"Welcome home, Ruth!" she said, as the fingers of her son's wife touched her own. Was it only imagination upon the girl's part that read a certain gleam of triumph into the brightness of that tearful smile?

**By Margaret  
E. SANGSTER**

**Illustrations by  
Addison Burbank**

Supper was waiting upon the table, ready to the last detail. So Ben's mother was saying, as she fluttered ahead of them to the room that they would occupy. Mary—Mary was the maid, as ancient, almost, as her mistress—had made the biscuits that Ben loved. There was honey, too. And—he'd never guess! Yes—buttercotch pie—his favorite. Would they hurry just a bit? So that the fried chicken wouldn't get dry, on the back of the stove? It was so hard to keep fried chicken—

They hurried. Ruth barely took time to rub the soot of the train from her hands, to run a comb through her short mass of bright hair. Ben hurried, too, dousing water against his cheeks. As he rubbed the rough towel (Ruth was to discover, in time, that Ben would have none of the initialed damask that had been the pride of her hope chest) across his face, he talked. His tones came in a muffled way.

"Mary's an old tyrant," he was saying—"she insists on a regular dinner hour, and when I say 'regular,' whew! I don't mean five minutes late. But—dear, she's some cook. She fries a wicked chicken. She's been with mother ever since mother was first married."

Was it wistfulness or was it sarcasm, or both, that made Ruth's answering voice so sharp?

"Your mother must have enjoyed having her own home, her own maid, when she was a bride!" said Ruth slowly.

Both the sarcasm and the wistfulness were lost upon Ben.

"Well," he chuckled, "I can't say much about mother's bride days. I wasn't one of the family till a good bit later. Ready, darling? Then give us one

till a good bit later. Ready, darling? Then give us one

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The house ran with an ease that was quite amazing. It was as if the dusting were done by invisible hands, as if the meals ordered themselves. It was only by an extreme firmness that Ruth gained the point of caring for her own room—Mary was jealous of every detail of her work. It was almost with a struggle that she managed to win the darning of Ben's socks, away from his mother.

"Ben's feet are tender," the older woman said, upon the day when the first week's laundry was brought up, "a rough or lumpy place in a stocking would torture him, my dear. You'd better let me do them—"

But Ruth had spoken with a forced lightness and her hands had clutched hard upon the shapeless woolen things (even in summer Ben wore woolen socks!) that had suddenly come to symbolize her wifehood.

"I spent some of my little girl years in a convent," she answered. "The nuns were famous for their mending. They taught me—"

And then, too, their hours alone. When she and Ben would steal away to their own room, leaving an old woman at her knitting.

"If only," Ruth said once, "she went to bed earlier! I hate always to leave—first."

But it wasn't exactly that she hated to leave. It was because the frail figure, bent above her work, had a certain sense of reproach in its every line. It was as if Ruth were being accused, but silently, of playing truant.

ONE month, two months. Three months and four months. The day when Ben and Ruth telephoned home to say that they were dining downtown. Because—they didn't explain this, over the telephone—because it was the anniversary, the half yearly anniversary, of their wedding day. They didn't explain—but, then, they didn't have to. For there was a tremble in the old voice that spoke over the wire.

"My dears—" said the voice, "you mustn't. Why, it's six months, today! We remembered, Mary and I. Mary made a maple mousse for dessert. It would break her heart—"

Ben turned, rather helplessly, from the telephone. "I guess," he told his wife, "that we'll have to go back to the house for dinner, after all. They've planned special things, you know. Mother says it would break Mary's heart—"

Ruth's voice was suddenly bitter. (Don't think her unfair. Put yourself, for just a moment, in her place!)

"Oh, by all means," she said, "don't break Mary's heart!"

And that was all that she did say during the long ride to the waiting brownstone abode, and during the equally long dinner. She excused herself directly after the mousse, which she had barely tasted, on the plea of a headache. And went to her room. Ben, following her, found that she had dissolved into an agony of tears upon the foot of the great old walnut bed. When he tried to take her into his arms to comfort her she turned her face away from him and shrugged her slim body aside.

"I'm getting so that I hate it," she sobbed. Ben? After all, he was only a man.

"Hate what?" he questioned, and his tone was blank. Ruth was sobbing uncontrollably.

"The house," she wept. "Mary. Dinners. Maple ice cream and fried chicken. And your—mother."

Ben was flushing an angry scarlet.

"Ruth," he said slowly, "you're not being just, dear. Mother—how can you hate her? When she so loves you! So loves having you here! Why—" he paused, startled by the wild look in his wife's eyes, "why, honey—"

But Ruth was speaking—

"Loves having me here," she shrilled, "yes, she does! Just as much as I love being here. Oh, Ben—take me away! Anywhere. To a home of my own. I'd rather one room in a tenement."

The red in Ben's cheeks had deepened.

"You're being silly!" he said curtly. And went from the room with swift, decisive steps. When he came slowly back,



an hour later, Ruth was apparently asleep and the light was so low that he could not notice the dark circles under her eyes, nor the puffiness of their lids.

It became harder after that. Although the discomfort of the anniversary was forgotten, or ignored, by the two people apparently most concerned with it. Ruth and Ben started over again, with an at least surface clean slate, on the morning after that dark first quarrel. But, somehow, perhaps because of the words that had been left unsaid in her presence, Ben's mother retired into a little house of semi-silence. At meals she was quiet. Not exactly plaintively quiet, but at least noticeably so. And, when Mary came forward with suggestions:

"Shall it be candied sweets, ma'am, or baked potatoes?" she was referred, subtly, to Ruth. To Ruth who found this

the remark that her erstwhile employer made. And she triumphed because the regretful note in his voice was so very real.

"You were the perfect secretary," he told her, "if only you could come back. It would certainly solve my problem."

Ruth interrupted.

"You know," she told him, "I wish, almost, that I might have my old job again. Of course, I don't need the money. My husband—" still she thrilled to the sound of that word!—"my husband does very well, indeed. But to be perfectly frank I'm getting fidgety. I'm used to being busy. And I haven't a thing to do, nowadays. My husband's mother manages the house so well that I feel like a boarder most of the time. My husband's mother lives with us, you see."

Ruth's employer was looking at her levelly, from under quizzical eyebrows.

"Yes, I see!" he agreed. "At the old salary then, eh? And to begin on Monday?"

Ruth's heart was throbbing as it had not throbbed in many a day. Not exactly with happiness. With pride, rather, in the formidable gauntlet that her hand had flung.

"On Monday," she repeated. Just that.

And, in the evening, she told them of her decision, as they sat together in the spacious living room.

"I'll be getting fat if I sit around doing nothing but eating Mary's delicious meals," she told them with an effort after lightness. "And I'll grow fat, too, mentally, if I don't get out more. I wasn't created to be a lily of the field—" not too mirthful was her laughter. For neither Ben nor his mother, leaning forward in their respective chairs, was reflecting her lightness.

"But, my dear," it was the mother who spoke first, "what will people say? Won't they be apt to think that Ben isn't supporting you properly? Or that," her questioning face was just a trifle hard, "or that you're not happy?"

Ruth cast a despairing look at her husband. And saw that he, as well as his mother, was waiting for an answer. So she made it—trying very earnestly to be honest.

"No one, knowing Ben," she said, "would accuse him of failing to support me. So that's out. But—well, if folks said I wasn't happy, they'd not be far wrong. No one can be happy when they're bored. And I've been bored! It's really a last effort to keep happiness, this business of going back to work."

"But," Ben's face was sincerely puzzled and more than a trifle hurt, "but I thought, dearest, that I'd always be enough for you, to keep you interested—"

Desperately, rather, Ruth tried to make clear her meaning.

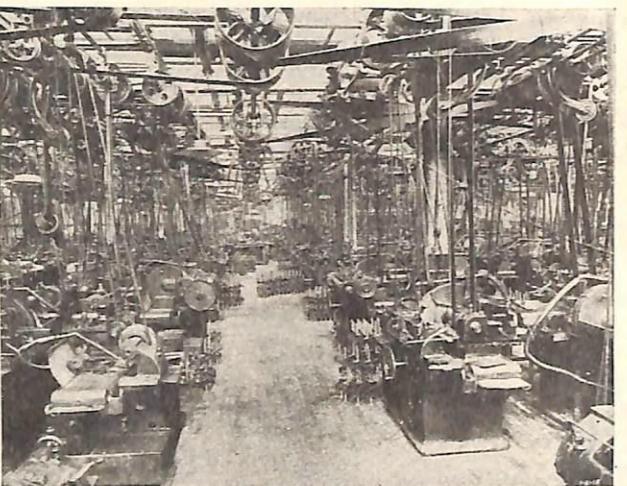
"You are enough," she said, "my dear, indeed you are enough, when you're here. But during the day—well, it's just one hour following another hour. It would be different—" she stopped abruptly just in time [Continued on page 80]



¶ "It's really a last effort to keep happiness, my going back to work," Ruth explained.

"But," Ben's face was puzzled and hurt, "I thought, dearest, that I'd always be enough for you, to keep you interested!"

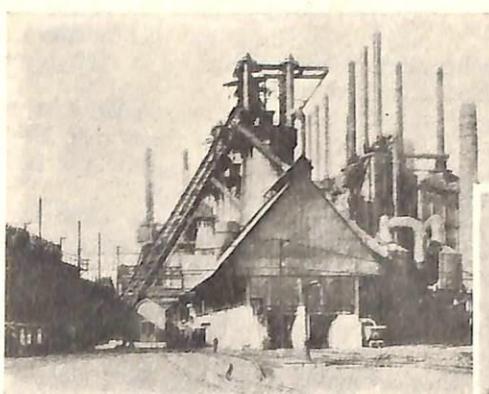
**(Right)** There may have been 15,000,000 Fords of the old type model and there may be thousands of mail orders for the new marvel, but there is only one Ford, the magician who converted "tin Lizzy's" into gold.



**(Above)** In process of evolution, a Ford car passes through long vistas of multitudinous machinery. To make the new car, \$100,000,000 worth of changes were made in the factory.



**(Above)** Commodore Vanderbilt fought for the supremacy of the New York Central against Jay Gould's Erie.



**(Above)** The evening glow at Bethlehem, Pa., reveals black smoke, red kilns, mother-of-pearl fireworks of chemicals. Carnegie was its heart.

**(Right)** Carnegie Corporation, Foundation, Peace Endowment—thus the son of a master weaver, himself a bobbin boy, is immortalized.



**(Below)** The first factory is always the hardest!



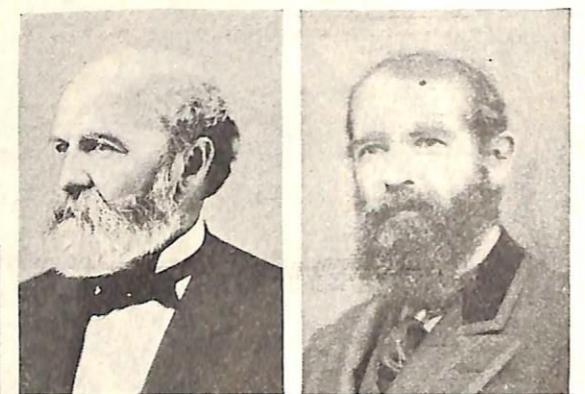
**(Below)** The first Ford, driven by Ford, is a curiosity, like the New York Central's first train, and the old Robert Fulton steamboat.



Photos from Brown Bros.



**(Above)** To J. J. Hill, "Westward ho!" meant the opening of a vast continent through railway systems. By the exercise of vision and energy, he made himself head of the Great Northern.



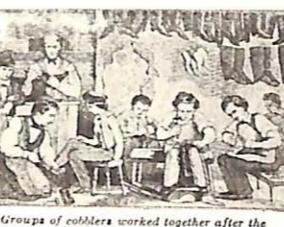
**(Above)** Collis P. Huntington began life in humble circumstances. The railroad magnates of his day put into being plans which deprovincialized the country.



**(Above)** Carnegie Libraries dot the surface of these United States. They are like the public buildings—show places with noble façades.



*The early American pack peddler had an amazing assortment of goods.*



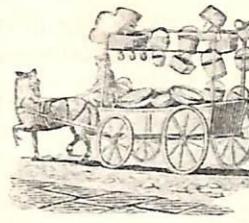
*Groups of cobblers worked together after the initial era of itineracy.*

## HISTORY AS TOLD IN PICTURES

### *The Growth of Industry*

**C**The seventh article in a series which show changes in our ideas governing morals, manners, city and country ways, skylines and industries, travel, sport and entertainment

Arranged and Commented upon by  
**MONTROSE J. MOSES**



*The basket peddler had to have a horse and cart.*



*Danbury, Conn., was the first great center of hat manufacturing.*

Reprints Courtesy of Richardson Wright, Esq.

ship, the modern slogan, "Just as good," has been raised.

Since the Civil War, this child, Industry, has grown with rapid strides. It has been reared by the most astute brains the country could assemble; for it inventors have been busy night and day perfecting the machinery of its being. Its tottering footsteps have grown into strides that stretched across country, opening up territory and creating intricate systems of intercourse. One can't deny this child vision. Its playthings were cotton, wheat, oil, iron, ore and coal. These it held in its lap, and said: "They are mine to do with as I wish." Others might dispute the title, but the child's grip has become a man's possession.

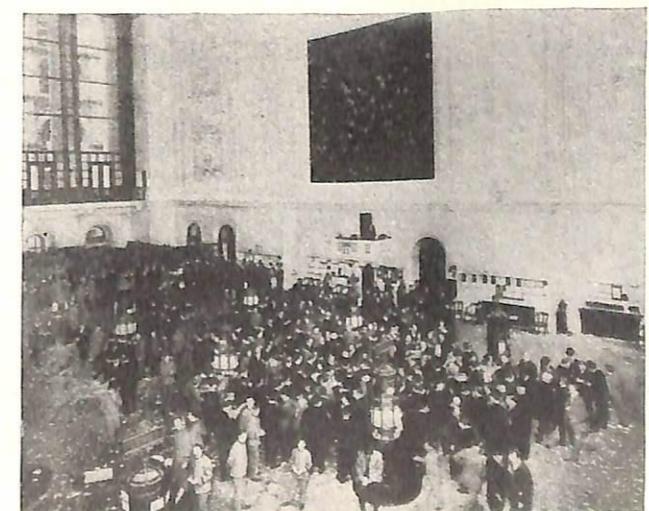
There was a time when the traveling peddler kept us supplied with the commodities we could not make ourselves. These peddlers were specialists in their way, whether they had pins to give us or prayers to offer up in their circuit riding. They brought us the news of the neighborhood and the significant omens of political movements, and it was a gala event when they were expected. But today each block of city life is a miniature village in itself. The peddler has bowed before the chain store system. Occasionally we hear his call, as an umbrella mender or a scissors grinder wails his yodel and rings his bell; there is a semblance of him left in the corner cobbler, while the dressmaker continues to have a bit of the ambulatory usefulness of bygone days. But the old system of trade and barter is departed and in its place is the Giant System that smiles out from the blackened smokestacks and from the hum of myriad factory wheels.

Industrial Development is a lusty youth. Within the lifetime of a single man, it has stretched its limbs and its big hand has taken what it needed. It has created wants in us that pamper us with comfort but I doubt whether, under the Industrial System, we are as happy, or whether we get as perfect things or as pure things as we got under the hand loom. They are made in an easier way, in larger quantities, and probably they serve us just as well. But the fact remains that nowadays, when we attend an auction, we see chairs whose structure is the poetry of good workmanship, we see highboys that suggest individual care rather than mass production, and they bring good prices in the antique market. Against such evidence of real craftsman-

ship, one talks of the growth of Business, one enters an interlacing field of human motive and expert organization. The possession of one commodity meant the interplay of varied interests, and called forth a chain of activities bound to affect public welfare. Follow the development of the Oil industry, the growth of the Steel corporation, and see what a shadow along the land grew with the blackening of the sky by the smoke of its being. Huge production meant huge labor bodies, and Industry has created in this country the menacing discontent of the Worker.

The reasons for the presence of these problems at an early stage of the life of Industry are easily explainable. This country was large and undeveloped. There were periods when the right of way and the possession of land could be had for the mere asking. In this respect the Government was not as far sighted as were the men seeking to create new markets and to corner the markets they already had. Railway systems were created through the ease with which they could get the right of way across continent.

There was also a flamboyant belief that this was a land for the oppressed and our immigration mistakes were begun just when cheap labor was needed to work our mines, to drill our oil wells, to sweat forth ribbons of steel from our mills. One cannot but say that Business interests were much more acute than Government interests; they saw their potential power and eagerly worked toward the time when full strength would tell both the Government and the people what they must do. Too late for easy adjustment, the Government began to legislate



*The New York Stock Exchange represents the rise and fall of fortunes. The Bedlam of Business here flourishes upon struggle. Nerves are bolstered or broken on the wheel of Speculation.*

## HISTORY AS TOLD IN PICTURES

against Industry and in the interests of the people. And again, Industry, fattened with prosperity, could afford to employ the best legal authority, and even to tamper with the integrity (or the lack of it) of the people's representatives in Congress. The child, Industry, grew until its hand could squeeze and shake the people into obedience.

The growth of Industry has been within the lifetime of one man. If Rockefeller would speak, what a picture of this country he could draw from the time the first oil well worked! It's a curious thing how much vision there was in the men who might be called the "fathers" of this intricate system by which we live: Rockefeller for oil, J. J. Hill and Harriman for the railroads, McCormick for the Harvester, Carnegie for steel, Armour for the packing interests, Morgan for banking. Did these men go out definitely to get the people within their powerful grip, or did they enter for the adventure in it, and afterward find the temptation too great for their human nature to bear? Or was there inherent in organization the necessity for over-riding in order to obtain the ends in view? Or, did these men get tangled up in the network of unlooked-for interlocking?

History will show that private interests inevitably come in conflict with public good, and these men were carried in the tide of their own creating beyond a point where they could do anything with the engine. They either had to crush it or see it through. And the methods they adopted to see it through resulted in the raising of Public Problems, resulted in the battle of Legislation.

**I**N A rudimentary way, the peddler met with competition on the road. His prices were undercut, and in a primitive fashion he tried to circumvent the struggle by combination. In Richardson Wright's fascinating "Hawkers and Walkers" (Lippincott) which unfolds a colorful history of the itinerant trades in this country previous to the Civil War, we catch glimpses of the babyhood of the paper industry, the clock business, the brass activity of the Naugatuck Valley of Connecticut, the hat trade of Danbury, Connecticut, and the silverware of Meriden. No greater romance can be drawn than from the rise of such Industries; they reveal the very countenance of social and economic history. Their tenderness—the tenderness of all industrial beginnings—gave rise to the agitating question of Tariff. Orators on the stump drew tears for our "infant industries." Agriculture looked on and pleaded for free trade, so that the market might be cheaper; Agriculture looked on and saw the good roads going to the industrial centers, while the farm wagons stuck in the mire of unattended thoroughfares. It was Industry, if the truth must be known, that helped the Congressional discrimination which brought about the Civil War. It was not the whole cause but one of the many causes.

The child grew in every way, not only in stride, but in girth, until the cartoonist drew his picture in the menacing form of the Trust, the Corporation. These men with vision proceeded to try to own the earth. They combined their interests, they sought for the controlling stock in related interests, so they might crush the recalcitrant competitor who wouldn't abide by dictation. And one could best strike a competitor mortally by crippling his channels of communication. So the National Vocabulary had added to it railroad "preferential rates." The method was one in which the right hand pretended not to know

what the left hand was doing; it was a method of robbing Peter to pay Paul. Rates were presumably paid and rebates followed. The ostrich buried its head in the sand and thought itself hid. There followed legislation.

If one reads the second volume of Mark Sullivan's "Our Times," (Scribner) one sees the sweep of Intention, one sees how this network of Industry has tried to poison the wellsprings of Government by its powerful hold on the land gained at a time when the Government gave land away, and sought for private capital to open up undeveloped territory. Whatever the ills accruing, we owe much to private capital and private initiative. If one reads the Beard's "Rise of American Civilization," (Macmillan) one gets the commendable zeal with which these industries started and the evils which inevitably arose because of the weakness of human nature. Industry on a large scale means organization on as perfect a plan as possible. Business has developed the machinery of production and distribution to a marvelous degree; it has created artificial wants in order to further its own interests. In fact, natural laws no longer work in our modern civilization. Production no longer has to wait for demand, but demand is brought into larger being by a system of telling the people what they want and making them believe that it is so. Such is the magic of advertising.

It is a stupendous development that we here suggest, the scientific threading of business to the furthest fireside.

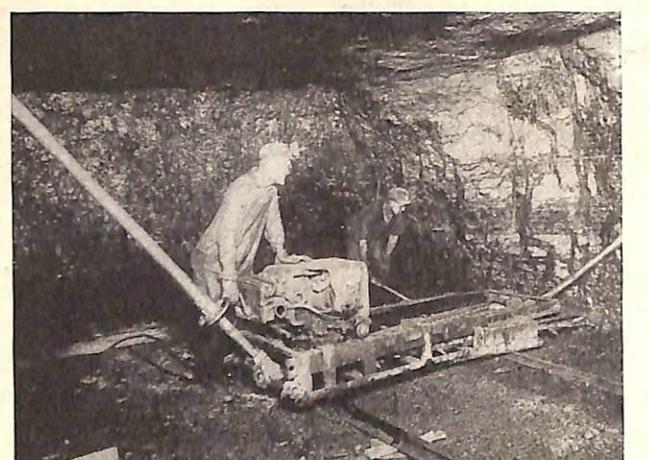
Though a tomato may grow at our very door, we are dominated by canned goods; though a cow may graze in the meadow yonder, the cold storage brings his carcass from many miles away and we have to pay the price of its evolution from the hoof to the table. In days gone by we knew that the sun reddened our tomato; today we rely on the Pure Food stamp to assure us that the red is not put on the tomato as rouge is put on my lady's lip. Our meat has the purple stamp of a government inspection which guarantees that disease is not frozen into the flank of some Western cattle that graces the board of a Maine homestead. The human temptation has at one

time or other proven more than Industry could carry, and Legislation has had to step in after long fighting.

It is a curious and fascinating thing to note the progress of this Industrial System. Started by individuals of humble origins, calling forth in them gigantic powers of concentration and relentless energy, these men accumulated immense wealth. Wealth meant unexpected responsibilities, which often the limited culture of these men could not meet. It was found that wealth grew without much effort, but that the great effort lay in the problem what to do with it.

But the curious thing about Industry was not the matter of private fortune, but the vast increase in corporate capitalization which meant that Industry could set prices where it would, water stock as it wanted. There was a period when the financing of these huge combines was precarious. It did not depend so much upon the yield of the factory as upon the state of the stock market. A new organizer rose to make or break business, he ordered combines of interests for the sake of maintaining the value of stock or of floating stock. Until today Industry is no longer a question of individual power but rather of corporate solvency.

We enter an era of greater combine. Some day the farmer will combine and tell Industry it has forgotten something: that civilization is still dependent on the soil!



Deep beneath the surface of the earth men—mostly foreign emigrants—handle machinery, drilling to the eventual end of the coal supply. The miner's lamp glows upon ebon surfaces.



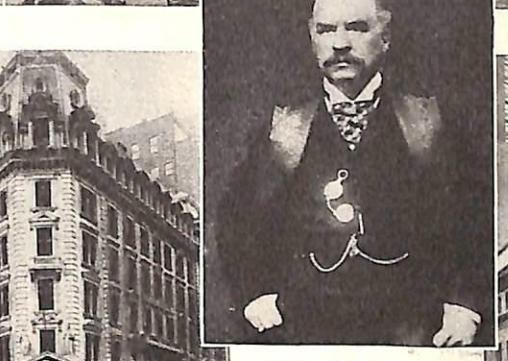
The two John D. Rockefellers—the one who built the Standard Oil, the other who has shown wisdom in distributing the Rockefeller millions. Science has advanced through the opportunities offered by Rockefeller Institute



(Below) The skeleton superstructures of oil wells measure the vast oil resources that have been tapped. The earth's surface is often "sopped" with the flow. Oil, with its by-products (which are of great commercial importance) is the fuel competitor of coal.



(Above) The oil industry began from a patent medicine ad. Edwin Drake, in the 50's, sank the first oil well at Titusville, Pa.



(Above) J. Pierpont Morgan, the modern Medici, dictator of high finance, promiscuous buyer of art.



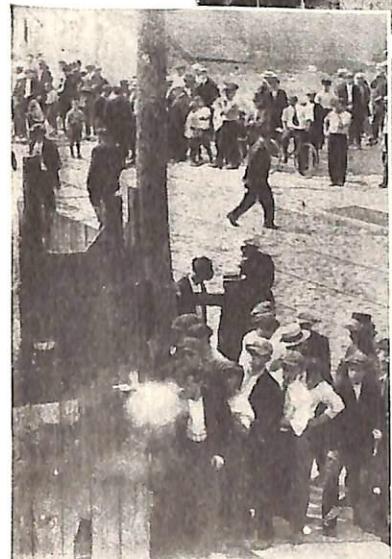
(Left) The modern House of Morgan, presided over by the son of the great "J. P." The money interest of the world centers on Wall street, and here is the vital pivot.



The Chicago Stock Yards have always been among the characteristic phenomena of modern industry. From the pens to the refrigerator cars to the consumer—a network of meat supply from the abattoir, along steel rails, to the kitchen.



(Left) Philip D. Armour, the Great Packer of the World—an organizer on a large scale. Swift, his competitor, revolutionized the fresh dressed-beef business. The fight for the control of the meat-packing industry was a long and bitter one.



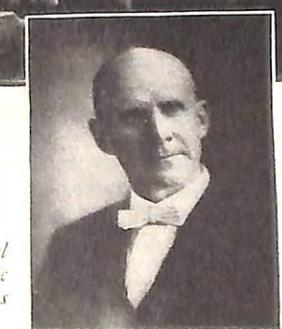
(Above) Labor's one great weapon against Capital is the strike. Captains of Industry have resisted being dictated to by the wage-earner. There's the rub.



(Above) Samuel Gompers' name epitomizes the history of the American Federation of Labor. He was not a Revolutionary. He sought to procure Labor an equal rating with Capital in Business.



(Right) Eugene V. Debs, radical union man and Social Democratic nominee for President, when he was not in prison.



# AMBASSADORS of ILLUSION

By Stanley  
JONES

*How a Gallant Old Man rode high  
to Glory on the carefully preserved  
Structure of his own Illusion*

Illustrations by Austin Eugene Briggs

**T**O ME, taking my politics as casually as your next American, the atmosphere of this lodging-house on Gramercy Park was electric. For among Mrs. Carstairs' tenants were three or four men from one of the Balkan states. Rumania, I believe, though it may have been Serbia. At any rate, the first time I heard the hubbub from the dining-room, I hurried down hoping to get there before the shooting started.

"You are crazy—and a fool!" cried young Weitzel, smiting the table so that the dishes danced. "Trying to say anything good of a monarchy!"

"And you—you," stuttered old Julian Volney, jabbing a finger across at the angry black eyes. "A puppy like you—to mouth your cant of a half-baked socialism. His Majesty did well—aye, and right—to kick you out, and others like you."

"Me, I suppose?" shouted Jan Broun, shaking his yellow mop belligerently. "Yes, they kicked us out, Paul and me. And a lot of others—"

"But we carried the torch," yelled Weitzel. "And it will burn, have no fear of that. It will burn until the last bit of gold braid has melted down in the white flame of justice!"

"Justice!" snapped Julian, terrapin head out-thrust. "Yes, justice from riffraff. Hah, it would be funny, were it not tragic! One's country in the hands of porters and clerks. Hah!"

Young Weitzel hunched across the table like a coiled spring. "You yap so stoutly for his Majesty, Julian. If he had done so well—if the country I love as much, aye, more, than you, is reaping just rewards, why did you leave? Tell us that."

I watched from the doorway, my pipe cooling, while the old sculptor wet his thin, sardonic lips. What a bizarre figure he was, to be sure. Always the same dark, rumpled suit. Always the white vest, with its barbaric buttons of turquoise, rimmed with gold. The choker collar—which never seemed to touch his thin neck—the worn crimson tie. And when he stepped out, summer or winter, that old-fashioned opera cloak and weather-beaten hat, which had made him a landmark around the Park for years.

Now he was hissing, in his harsh, resonant voice, with its tinge of the guttural, "I left, yes, and you know why. For the only reason that any man leaves his home. To make a better living elsewhere. An artist—despite talk one hears—must still eat and drink."

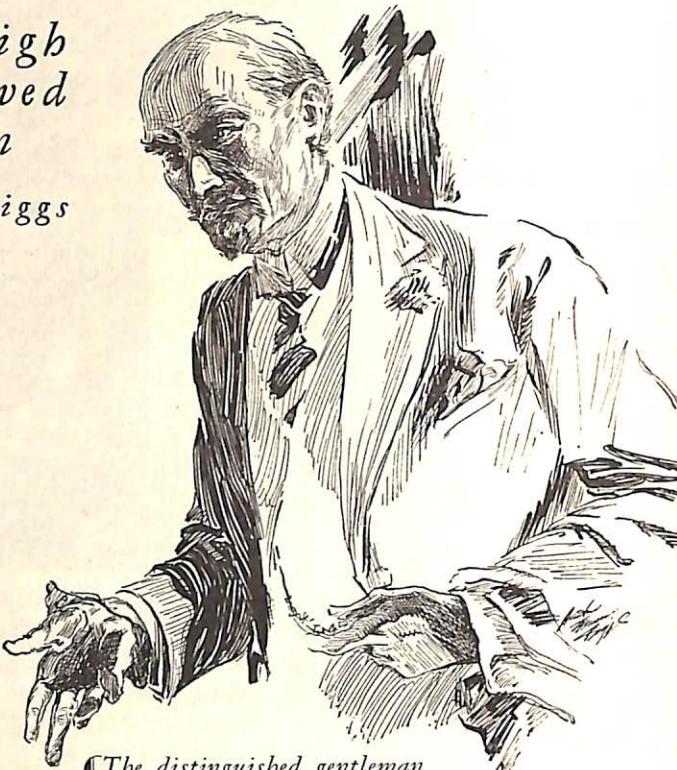
"Must beg crumbs from the tables of capitalism, eh?" sneered Paul.

Julian's black eyes snapped beneath his white bang.

"We must sell to those who can buy. If your childish plans could reorganize society in the interest of the masses, artists would cheer. But acceptable silk purses are not made—and never will be—out of ah, other materials."

The implication was so obvious, so intended, that even Myra Lynes, who reported murder trials with ennui, stretched her eyes at me and nodded approvingly. If they attacked his gods, Beauty and the Appreciation Thereof, let them beware. Anything else; but to question, nay, to disparage, the only pure and universal emotion left to mankind—that was to strike at the soul itself. He faced them across the stained white cloth, fingers clenched, and only the tremolo of his breathing betrayed the tax which these clashes exacted from age.

28



*The distinguished gentleman had leaned over old Julian's bed and told him how distressed His Majesty was to bear of his illness.*

The tall young man flushed. Hot words rushed to his lips. It struck deeper than the surface conflict of personalities. Deeper even than the inevitable chasm between youth and maturity. It was—to me particularly, being average American, with an inborn suspicion of ideas in the abstract—a strange but thrilling collision of forces whose existence I only sensed from time to time.

"You are blinded," snapped Paul angrily, "blinded to honest worth by the glitter of decorations. And you are deaf to the thunder of those marching feet which will one day unite the Socialists of the Balkans forever."

"To that day!" cried Jan, and thumped the table with his fist.

"Bosh," scoffed old Julian, impatiently. "All this talk of having the end of struggle between men and nations—bosh! All you have are the materials for first-rate social chaos!"

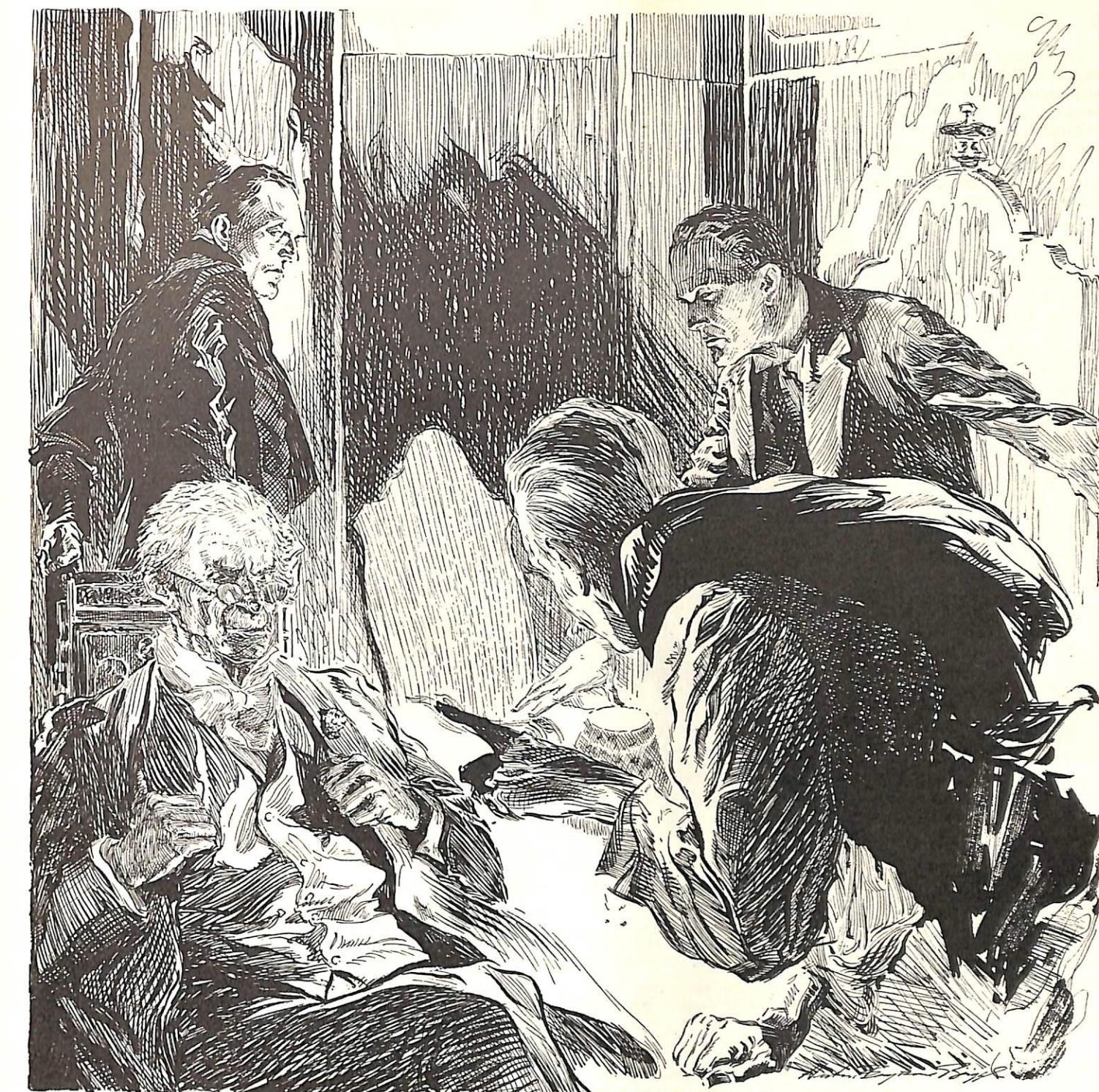
From where I stood, I caught a shrewd flicker in Weitzel's narrowed eye. He nudged Jan's foot beneath the table, then stretched out a long arm and flipped the gold and black rosette in Julian's buttonhole.

"One who would accept such rubbish," he said, shaking his head, "is beyond hope of reason, Jan. A bangle from the royal master in exchange for one's intelligence. Rubbish!"

That did it. For a tense moment, old Julian stared at the contemptuous hand, mouth stupidly open. Then he struck it, blindly, fiercely—as one strikes some evil thing which threatens holy ground. The sharp impact re-echoed in the startled silence. A silence in which Julian's stertorous breathing eddied the blue smoke curling beneath the lights. His fingers fluttered, in anxious, loving trembling, to his worn lapel, patting the rosette. Paul paled, regarding his hand, a strained smile imprinted on his face. So they stood, conflict in every line, as though carved from stone.

"Good for the old man," murmured Myra lazily. "Those kids go too far."

Others thought so, as well, for big Otis Hunt, the painter,



stepped up to the three stubborn figures and laid hold of young Weitzel's arm.

"Come on, Paul," he said firmly, "call off your dogs. Julian is in no shape to battle you youngsters now. He's not well."

The young man laughed shortly. "He's sick in the head, all right. Acting as if a bit of ribbon was the holy breath of life in his nostrils. Come on, Jan."

They strode out past us, with a curt bow to Myra. As proud, as stiff with all of youth's pinfeather dignity as two young turkey cocks. Old Julian sank back into his chair, sputtering explosively after them until they disappeared into the dim hallway. His hand still fluttered about his lapel, as one reassuring a child which has suffered the shock of fright. Then he coughed abruptly, a long, choking spell, which seemed as though it must rack his slight figure until it should burst free. Otis looked up at ample Mrs. Carstairs, who had hustled in just too late, and shook his head.

"Those boys," she scolded, clenching her pink fists. "I declare, Mr. Volney, I won't have 'em picking at you. Out they go, first thing in the morning. First thing!"

Julian, still coughing, held up a hand in quick protest.

"No," he gasped, catching his breath at last. "No, they are quite all right, Aunt Emma. Good boys, but young yet, and

"One who would accept such rubbish," said Weitzel, as he stretched out a long arm and flipped the gold and black rosette in Julian's buttonhole, "is beyond hope of reason. A bangle from the royal master in exchange for one's intelligence!"

carried away by wild ideas. I myself, once—but they are good at heart. Yes, on many things we agree perfectly—they are good company. They stimulate one. Only when they strike an old man in his pride do I forget that they are young. For now—I have to live in my past, you see."

"Rats," drawled Myra Lynes, squashing out her cigarette in a dish, "you've got years of fine work ahead of you yet, Mr. Volney. You'll do another group—even finer—than 'War Gods.' And that," she turned to me, being still a comparative newcomer, "has been copied all over the world, you know. It's in Washington."

"I've admired it," I said warmly. "An inspiring conception. It is an honor to know its creator."

Old Julian beamed through his gold-rimmed glasses. His brown, seamed face creased into a veritable walnut shell of gratification. Impulsively, he thrust out a hand, and the easy tears of age glistened for a moment in his eyes.

"It is fair," he sighed, with the eternal depreciation of the true artist, "fair, but it might be better. Yet," and he straightened slightly, touching the gold and black rosette, "it brought me this, from His Majesty."

Otis Hunt nodded at me. "The Order of Merit," he explained. "The highest award the King can confer. He saw a reproduction of 'War Gods' in Italy, learned that Julian was a fellow-countryman, and sent him the decoration with a signed certificate, at once. It carries all sorts of special privileges, too—tell us again, Julian. I have forgotten."

The old man's face flushed with pleasure, and he cackled down inside the ridiculous high collar in momentary embarrassment. Never has it impressed me more forcibly—the amazing spiritual good which kindly approval may flower so instantly in creative soil. Old Julian fairly expanded. His eye fired, the expressive hands darted and curved.

"One who wears the Order," he said, striving to make it appear a trifle, and failing utterly, "is entitled to an audience with His Majesty at any time."

"Suppose he's in the bath?" muttered Harry Kent, the young actor.

"What's that?" demanded Julian, whose hearing was not always of the best.

"Nothing, Mr. Volney," said Myra, treading firmly on Harry's feet. "The young gentleman was talking to me. Please go on."

"Where was I? Oh, yes. Yes. All one has to do is to go to the palace, tell the Chamberlain that you wish an audience, and it is arranged at once. Isn't that wonderful?"

We all agreed that it was. It certainly was. Julian's eyes switched from face to face, lighting with a strangely boyish eagerness at each expression.

"It entitles me to a salute from the military, too," he said impressively, with an illustrative flourish.

"Try and get it," murmured Harry, followed by "Ow! Look out, Myra, I'll quit!"

"Of course," smiled Julian, with a wave, palm upward, "that is merely so much nonsense to Paul, and Jan Broun, and their friends. They are sworn never to wear a uniform, you know. Nor to allude, other than slightly, to His Majesty, his officials, or his government."

"Oh, that's just a pose," smiled Otis Hunt, folding his arms.

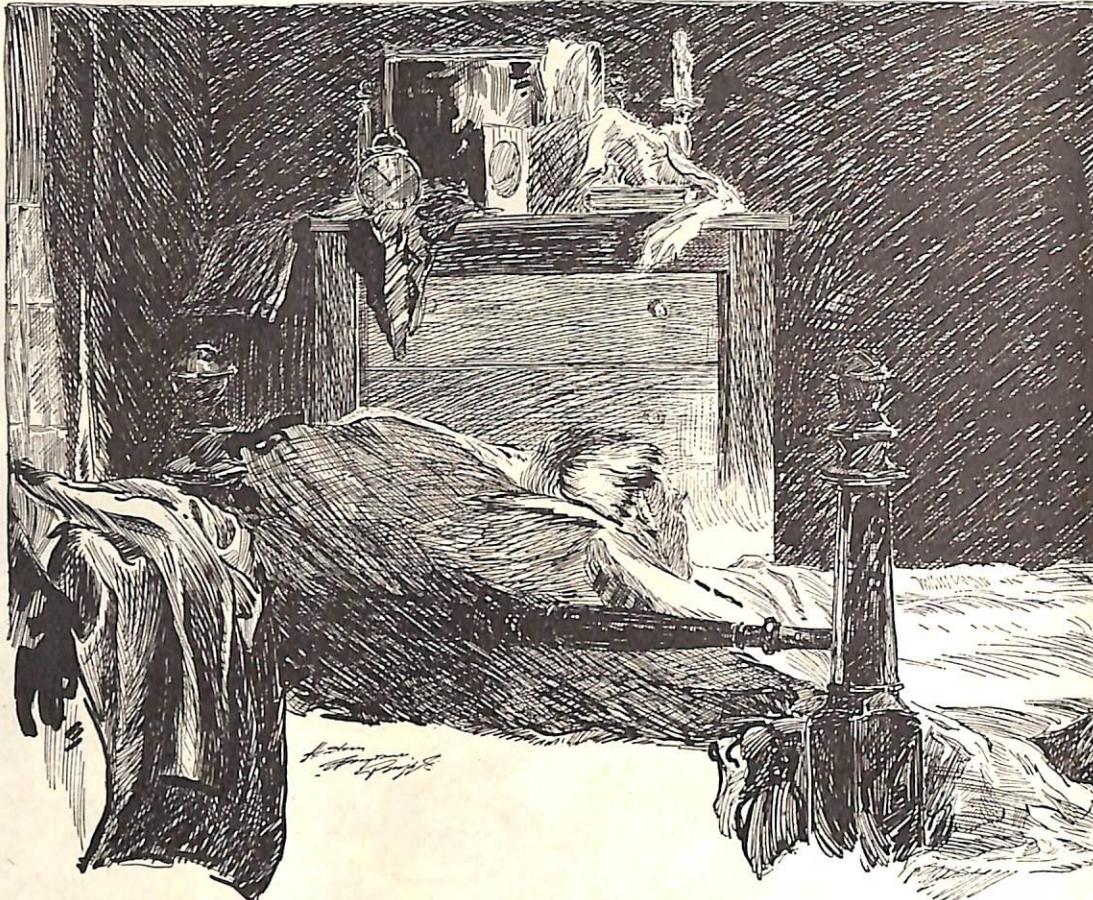
"No, no," objected the old man vigorously. "They believe in it absolutely. Make no mistake, my friends. With us—with Europeans—politics is a vital matter. From day to day, crowded in together as we are. Not," he smiled again, "a rather casual subject to get tremendously excited over once in every four years. With us—politics and creeds are serious as life. They are life, for many. It is hard to understand, here, is it not? Where an interested handful run millions?"

"Run" is the word," nodded Harry, subsiding at my frown. "And what else does the Order get you, Mr. Volney?"

"Ah, yes," recalled the sculptor, rubbing his thin, arched nose. "Two more things I can remember. I need not remove my hat when in the presence of His Majesty—though I dare say I should, anyway. And if I die in my native land, a military escort at my funeral."

He drew himself up proudly, his quick, bright glance darting from one to the other of us.

"Pretty nice, I'd say," approved Hunt. "Makes a fellow feel he's somebody, even when he may be about through, doesn't it?"



She shooed us all out, waving her pink, plump arms behind the stragglers.

"Gee, Aunt Emma," protested Harry, "you're an awful tyrant. I don't see how you keep lodgers, herding 'em 'round the way you do. You're worse than those imperial monarchs Paul and Jan are always frothing about."

"Some one," retorted Aunt Emma crisply, "has got to herd those who don't know enough to herd themselves. And that means you, Harry Kent. Now then, Mr. Volney, you go right on up, and I'll send Betsy along with the hot water right away."

In the weeks that followed—warm, lazy weeks, with the flame of tulips in the fresh green of Gramercy Park—I wondered at the spirit of the old man. He was losing weight, which his ascetic frame could ill spare. Doc Wyman, frowning down the winding stair, shook his head at our anxious faces. "Darned if I can figure it out," he would say, biting his lip. "He's just sort of sagged—know what I mean? He's weak, even for a man his age, and the worst of it is—he doesn't seem to care."

"I know," nodded Hunt. "Just sits by the window, looking out over the Park. His eyes haven't got that old attack any more."

"Go on," said Harry, "how about last night? Didn't he nearly tear the hide off Paul and Jan? They had to get up and beat it, they got so sore."

"Yes," nodded Doc, "sometimes I think it's the only thing that keeps him going. Then again, I suspect they run up his temperature. Funny bunch, aren't they? Ready to cut each other's throats over some asinine political question one minute. Then, next minute I see 'em helping Julian downstairs, gentle as if he was made of glass."

"Yes," smiled Hunt, knocking out his pipe, "but they'd die before they'd give in an inch on their beliefs. And if Julian started on them, halfway upstairs they'd throw him down be-

fore you could bat an eye. In some ways, I envy their passion for an idea—or maybe it's an ideal, I don't know."

"They're crazy," declared Harry, tossing away his cigarette, "crazy as two ticks! Ideas are all right, and all that, but when they take hold of you so's they blind you to the hurt you do other people—time to shift 'em, I say. Riding that sick old

thin sardonic face had faded. Even the mobile hands—so sure and deft—rose but seldom from the quilt, and then in short listless flight. Paul Weitzel and Jan Broun to my surprise went up every night. Tiptoeing in, to press Julian's hand with one of their absurd, stiff little bows. To make heroic efforts to achieve that insincere cheeriness which we feel bound to assume in the sickroom. My respect for their courage in braving the openly hostile eye of Aunt Emma, intrenched at the foot of the ancient four-poster, was somewhat increased. The more so with their knowing that they would be summarily ousted, bag and baggage, in the event that . . . well, that anything happened. They only remained long enough to wish the sick man well, to express a few carefully picked banalities; then the absurd little bows, footsteps tip-toeing down the maple treads.

"Did you catch the look in Paul's eye," inquired Otis Hunt, "when he saw that certificate from the King over Julian's bed?"

"No," I said, "though I had noticed the thing. Covered with hand lettering and gold seals. How did Paul look?"

Otis smiled. "Oh, his lip started to curl up in the old disdainful way, then he became aware of Julian watching him. He couldn't, of course, make some nice, pleasant remark about it, which one of us might have managed—under the circumstances. But he didn't, at least, insult it, which he would have delighted to do at any other time."

"What did he do?" "Turned away and pretended to see something out the window. Julian caught it all, though—I noticed the steely glitter in his eye." Otis smiled, "Funny bunch, all right. Like kids, somehow."

Despite Doc Wyman's efforts, old Julian continued to sag. Doc used to swear his patient threw his pills out the window the minute his back was turned, but Harry Kent remarked that every "Sawbones" had to have an alibi, and this was a pretty weak one. Doc Wyman threw up his hands wearily.

"We can only do so much. Beyond our help there must be an inner flame, a spirit that says, 'I won't be licked! There's a pile of things I want to do yet, and I'm going to do 'em!' See? If that's gone, that inner flame—if a fellow imagines he's sort of outlived his usefulness, it's all off. And that's about the way the old man is now. If he doesn't snap out of it, I give him about a week."

He clapped on his disreputable felt hat and strode down the steps, leaving us silent, each busy with his own thoughts. Only Myra murmured, "Cold fish, these medics, aren't they?"

"No," said Paul thoughtfully, after [Continued on page 56]



*The doctor was puzzled about old Julian's condition. "Darned if I can figure it out," he would say. "He's just sort of sagged—and the worst of it is—he doesn't seem to care!"*

man the way they do—it's really a shame!"

Nevertheless, the clashes continued. Until, one day, Doc Wyman came down to say that old Julian could leave his room no more. Paul and Jan shook their heads, with the rest of us, and tried to appear unconscious of the glances. But in a few minutes they stood up from the worn porch railing, muttered something about engagements, and left.

"Two heartless scamps," sniffed Aunt Emma. "Why didn't some of you great boobies stop them last night when they got going so? They put Mr. Volney on his back—and if he never gets up again it's part your fault!"

"Don't be silly, Aunt Emma," came Myra Lynes' cool drawl through the dusk.

But the tip of her cigarette pulsed redly, and the rest of us shifted in our squeaky rockers. It was an uncomfortable feeling. At another time, we knew that Myra, or Harry Kent, would have teased Aunt Emma about being sweet on her star boarder. I had wondered, myself, if the maternal concern which she showed to the lonely old sculptor had been merely that guarding sense which years crystallize into the habits of human beings. It is difficult to say—so many sides to woman, so many kinds of love, so many ways of concealing it.

Anyway, the succeeding ten days saw decided change for the worse in the old man. Aunt Emma carried his meals to him, and if one of us let a book drop, or a door slam—well, we heard from it, right away. We tiptoed in to see him, after, and were saddened. For the vivid play of emotion across his

# JAZZLAND

**C**It took Love to shake Stella Bagot's confidence in her ability to master Life

**C**What Has Gone Before—

**L**OVELY old Ackland Center—with its dignified New England background of century old elms and carefully preserved white houses—was being invaded. At first it was the speed-mad motorists who flashed through on the direct road from New York to Boston, and stopped to buy farm products from the Bagot wayside stand, with pretty Martha Bagot, a product of quiet old Ackland's high school, serving them. Her older sister, Stella, a handsome highspirited girl, had broken away from home ties, going first to college and then to New York where she had made quite a brilliant place for herself on the editorial staff of a magazine.

Gradually "hot-dog" stands and filling stations began to seep in, disfiguring the main street, but the last straw came when the town found one of its fine old mansions being turned into a roadhouse. "Jazzland," its bootlegging gang of owners called it. "Ackland's sore spot" was what Ham Pew, editor and owner of "The Ackland Age" called it in his vigorous editorials against it and all it stood for, not only despoiling the town, but reaching into its homes—it was no secret that girls of the town were lured there. The Pews, Ham and Homer, had inherited the paper from their father who, before his death, had made the Age famous. With his lovely little sister to worry about,



Ham's hatred of the roadhouse was all the fiercer, especially after detecting the fumes of liquor on her breath. Homer, the younger brother, did not quite see how Ham could hope to win out singlehanded as most of the townspeople, especially Joe Harmer, their most prominent citizen, were gradually becoming philosophical about it.

Ham decided that as long as Homer didn't see this matter in the same light as he did, it would be a good time for him to run down to New York and have a "try" at it, as Homer had always wanted to do. Homer was delighted but worried because of a threatening telephone message demanding that Ham stop his attacks on the roadhouse. In New York Homer

got in touch with Stella Bagot, whom he had known in school at Ackland, and was surprised to find how lovely she had grown. He told her about Ham's fight with the roadhouse crowd and she decided there was a magazine article in it. The next morning she was stunned to receive word that Ham had been murdered and that Homer was on his way home.

Stella Bagot had received the commission from her editor to go to her home in Ackland and write the article about Ham Pew and his fight against the Jazzland invasion of his town. Among the interesting literary people she had met in New York there was a famous author by the name of Ernest Hallam. Stella, flattered by the attentions of this fascinating man of the world, this "free soul" who scorned the conventions, uncon-

By SAMUEL MERWIN

Illustrations by R. F. Schabelitz

**C**"Stella! Where have you been? We thought they'd killed you!" her mother's voice stopped her as she started upstairs.  
"Oh, they—kept me with them over night." The fewer words the better, thought Stella.

assailants, except that he recognized the voice of one of them as being the same that threatened him over the telephone. He and Stella had both heard it then.

Stella was terribly unnerved after seeing Homer. She wondered if she were falling in love with him, and then she thought of Ernest Hallam telephoning her from Boston and insisting on seeing her. She realized that she must meet the situation somehow, and at once. So she called him up and made an appointment for that evening. After that she went to call on Homer and found Wilbraham the detective on the murder case with him. From Wilbraham they learned that Joe Harmer was financially involved in the Jazzland roadhouse and was no doubt protecting the owners because of this. Homer wanted to use the information at once but the detective and Stella agreed that they hadn't enough actual evidence yet and that to make any accusations against Harmer at this time would only turn Ackland in his favor. As Wilbraham left them he gave Stella a look that said: "Take care of him."

**H**OMER, you simply must try to look at this situation rationally," Stella said, after Wilbraham had gone.

"You really agree with Wilbraham, Stella? About Joe Harmer?"

"I do, Homer. It's so clear. He's the biggest personality in town. People aren't going to change their opinion of him overnight, just because you ask them to. They believe in him, and the blunt truth is, they don't believe in you."

Homer started to bite his lip. "No," said he, "they don't. They don't."

"Oh, they're sorry enough. They've got feelings. But they're not excitable people, you know. Not our Ackland folks. They're steady and patient and inclined to wait things out. They mistrusted your brother's judgment. They mistrust yours still more."

"Yes, I suppose they do."

"It's the truth, Homer. They feel that you're embarrassing Mr. Harmer in this Jazzland matter by forcing his hand. Their way would be just to leave it to him, and the police. They're a practical lot, you know."

The boy . . . he seemed now no more than a boy . . . was caught in a slight convulsive shiver. "But Ham was murdered!"

"Come over here," she said; and led him, still resistant, to the couch. "You lie right down and try to get hold of yourself. You're carrying altogether too much of a burden to waste energy in brainstorms."

In a rather bewildered manner, he obeyed. "I suppose that's sense. But this lying around the house, unable to do anything,



sciously began echoing his extremely modern ideas. When he suggested that he drive her up to Ackland, stopping off overnight somewhere, she demurred, but asked that he drive her straight home and give her time to think things out.

Stella found Homer Pew grim and determined to carry on for his murdered brother. A disturbing visit from the important townsman, Joe Harmer, under the guise of strong friendship, was rightly interpreted by Homer as an effort to buy the Pew newspaper, *The Age*, as a means of stopping its attacks on Jazzland. After Harmer's departure from the *Age* office another threat came over the wire. Homer, leaving Stella and the office staff, started for home, and a few minutes later a police call came into the office from Homer's house.

When Stella and young Asbury reached the Pew home they found Homer unconscious with the Doctor bandaging his head. He had been severely beaten as he was putting his car away, but he soon regained consciousness. He had not identified his

has driven me just about wild today. Really it's awfully decent of you, Stella . . ."

"It may seem to you that I'm lacking in sympathy myself, but . . ."

"Heavens, no! Look at all you're doing!"

"I'm not doing as much as I'd like to. One thing is growing clearer to me every minute, Homer, and that is that you stand alone. You're going to need every last ounce of strength and judgment. Do you think I don't see what you've got on your hands . . . not only the paper, editing it, I mean, but the job work too and all the business tangles and questions of policy, and the estate to handle. And your household here. That's right on your shoulders. And all this besides the police business and your fight with the town. You've got to keep your balance, Homer. You can't let yourself be driven wild. You can't!"

"No," said he. "Of course. I can't."

"It's like war. You may be wounded, but you carry on." "Of course."

**A**S A matter of fact, I seem to be in the war myself. Deeper in than I'd have thought possible. I've run into a queer situation at my house that . . . but, of course, that's . . . I mean it has brought home to me what your brother meant."

"Nothing serious, I hope, Stella."

"Maybe. I don't know yet. It's my little sister. She's only eighteen."

"She's a pretty child. I've seen her about here with Kitty."

"Yes, she's attractive. Mother's been trying to protect her from my fate—" a mirthless chuckle—"by keeping her shut up at home. Shut away from the world. But it can't be done. I've seen that. And it hurts. When it's your own little sister."

"Yes," said Homer, thinking of Kitty, "that's bound to hurt."

"It's queer." Again that nervous chuckle. Stella was not so calm herself now. She was sensitively aware of the finely proportioned old room. Of the attractive boy stretched out on the couch. Of her own unexpected plunge into intimacy. Probably she ought to go.

"It's queer," she began again. "I find my notions of life getting upset. All this so terribly real. In New York, the way you live and get to thinking about things, you're inclined to forget that village life can be vital."

"It can," said Homer. He'd been gazing up at the ceiling. Now, abruptly, he moved his head and narrowing his brows, looked straight at her. She felt her color rising.

"I used to think I wanted to get into that New York life," said he.

She laughed again. And hated herself for it. In her own ears it sounded tinnily self-conscious. He was still looking at her. She had to say something. "You don't think you'd like it now?"

"No."

"It's tremendously stimulating, of course. It's where all the big things happen. And it's the only place in America, I suppose, where the individual can feel free to express himself."

"That's it," said he, shortly.

She didn't understand. It was strange that they should be coolly discussing New York. Of course she ought to go.

"I don't know about the great genius," said he. "Probably such a person has to go it alone. Just frankly be disruptive. The trouble with New York is that it's full of little geniuses and persons with nothing at all to express letting their egos loose all over the place. I've come to see that Ham meant. And I've come to see that I'm not a genius. I'd rather try to build some one little thing. Right here, for instance. That's a tough enough job for anyone. It's what my father did." His eyes roved thoughtfully about the fine old room. "And it's what Ham was doing when they . . . killed him. It's what your father and mother have tried to do."

That was a stab. She drew in her breath quickly. Did he mean it as a stab? Apparently not. He was talking thoughtfully on. "One little constructive job is a tough enough proposition for any ordinary human being to tackle. It takes all you've got of courage and faith. It takes a lifetime. I see that now. Ham saw it."

She was silent. She didn't want to talk abstractions. She couldn't, at the moment, even think them. "I'm just emo-

tional," she thought, bitterly, eyeing him . . . "like a woman."

"It's what they laugh at in New York, Stella. It's precisely what they laugh at. The millions of Orientals that swarm over the city. And all the little strutting egos. They ridicule our Anglo-Saxon culture. They're forever hacking at it. And that happens to be the finest thing we've got. It's really just about all we've got. Yes, Ham was right. It's a war. And here's the battle line, right here in Ackland. In any little American town that has a tradition that's worth fighting for. You have to take sides in war, you know. Find out which side you belong on, and stand squarely there. I've found my place, thank God! It's here. Here's where I stand."

"But the world is changing so, Homer. Concepts, standards, everything. Haven't we got to change with it?"

"All the more reason to fight for our little real remnant of what hasn't changed? Oh, to the cosmic eye, if there is such a thing, it probably looks comic. A little town against a crazy world. And the town itself too bewildered to think clearly. Invaded, overrun, just as Ham used to say. But why isn't it the first job of the few who have faith to rouse them, rally their forces?"

How boyish he was! But how stirring! Stella couldn't look at him now. She folded her hands in her lap and looked down at them. There was a lump in her throat.

"Well," said he, "even so, there's no sense in preaching at you, you're with us, God knows."

"I wonder if God does know."

"You certainly appear to be."

"Yes, but—after all, Homer, I'm New York. It has meant everything to me."

"You don't seem New York. You're a fighter. And you're the only person in the world, apparently, that I can talk with right now."

She didn't answer that, nor did she lift her eyes.

"I certainly thought you were with me, Stella. It has seemed so, today."

"I am, Homer. But—" color flamed into her face—"but I'm New York, just the same. I live with those little strutting egos. They're my friends. I've laughed at Ackland. I'm one of them. I'm disruptive, too, without even being a genius. I broke away from my family. Went out on my own."

"But you are gifted, Stella."

"No. Just restless. I wanted my life to myself. Martha taunted me with it last night—this morning—I caught her sneaking in from a ride and climbing up the woodshed to her room. She'd been drinking. She's just a wild little flapper. And defiant about it. She said the family had tried to keep her shut up to balance what I'd done to them. I've learned one thing. You can't protect a girl at home. Your brother was right. The world reaches in . . . Well, I really must go."

**O**H, NO, Stella! Look here, Wilbraham's likely to drop in again. He may bring news. Why don't you just stay on and have a bite with us. You can call up your folks."

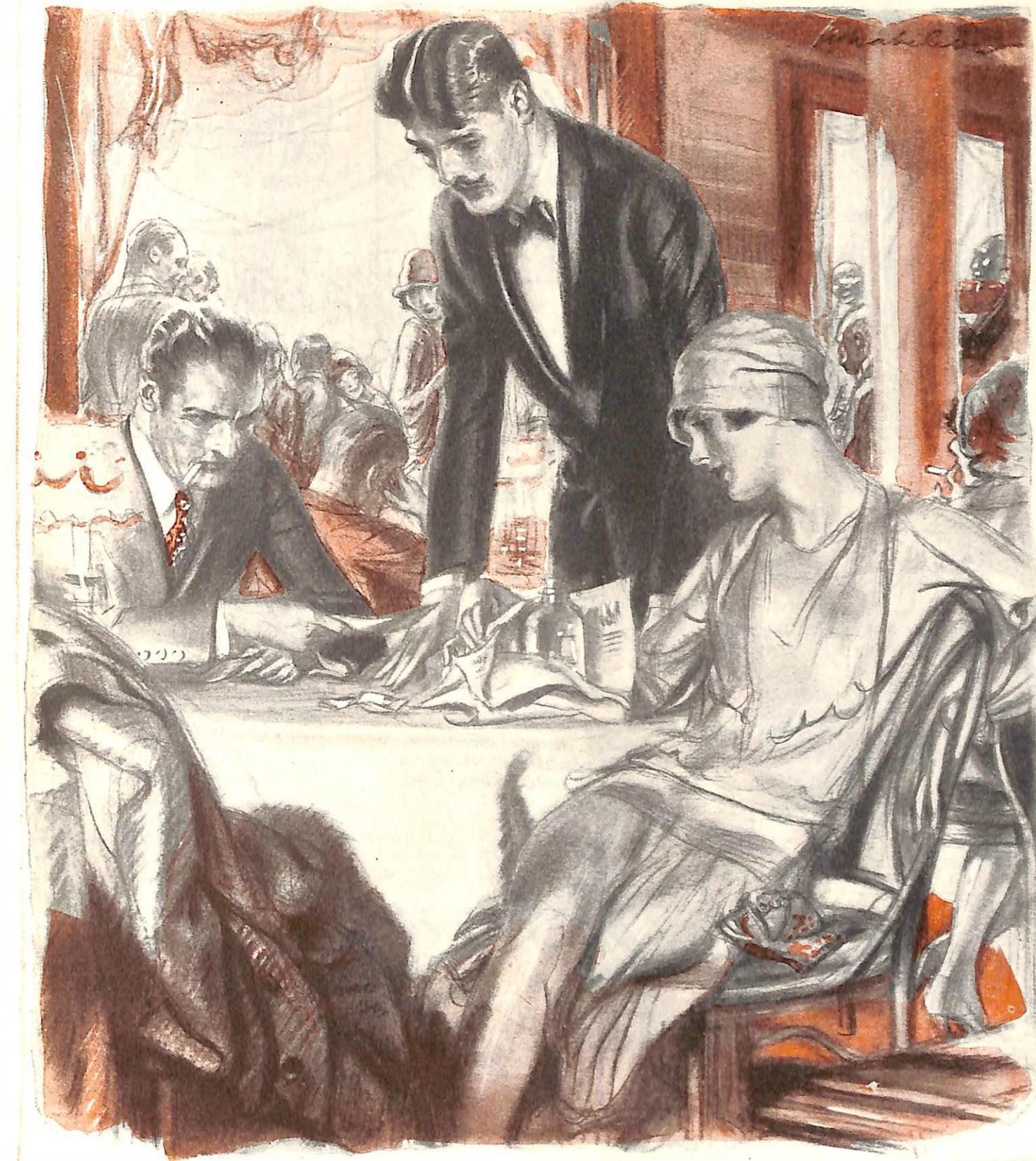
Stella looked at him now, wide-eyed. Then, very slowly, she rose. "I can't, Homer. I've a dinner engagement."

"I'm sorry, Stella. You must forgive me for hanging on to you like this. But you have to talk to somebody. And here at home I daren't let them see my real feelings. You see, they've nobody else to lean on now."

Tears were coming. She moved to the window and looked out. She could see the clock on the Church. It was just a quarter past five. There was time to get the Ford home, fix up a little, work out some sort of misleading half-truth to tell the folks, and catch the six-ten bus for Coventry. She couldn't get out of that.

When she turned back into the room he was standing by the couch. He could see that her eyes were wet, of course. She wondered what he'd think if he knew the reason.

He grasped her hand with a warm friendliness. He was, all said and done, a pretty naïve boy to be carrying so heavy and complicated a burden. And a lonely boy, terribly lonely. "It was silly, Stella, to sit here arguing about New York. We're both strung up pretty tight, of course. You're more modern than I am, but you're honest and real. You mustn't be unfair to yourself. And I promise you I won't blow up like that again. I'll keep steady. Wilbraham is right, of course, and you're right." His color rose, and an eager light crept into the hazel eyes. Impulsively he caught up her other



Stella's detective work succeeded, but all through the little incident of procuring the liquor Ernest's eyes disturbed her. They took her in, weighing her, judging her.

hand; held them both tightly. "We had a rather frank talk down there in New York, Stella. I've thought about it. I understand perfectly that you've had to fight out an independent life of your own." He hesitated. Bit his lips. "All I'll say is, just don't forget that you're a grand good scout."

She couldn't face that. Extricating her hands and saying something or other . . . she didn't know what . . . she went out. She'd reached the screen door when his voice checked her. He stood in the library doorway, smiling in that nervous way. "I'll probably be at the office tomorrow. There's a frightful lot of work to be attended to. And that town

meeting business to get under way. If you're around the center look in on me."

Driving through town she saw that the Age office was still open, and looked in. Miss Curry was sitting alone at her desk in the rear.

"Aren't you keeping open pretty late," remarked Stella, "for Saturday afternoon?"

Miss Curry held a slip of paper in nervous fingers. Her eyes were troubled. "Why . . . I'd rather lost track of the time. I've been trying to figure out what I ought to do. You see" . . . her gaze fluttered [Continued on page 69]



## PROSE & WORSE

By Gridley Adams  
Drawings by J. Conacher

(Chicago Tribune)

And in conclusion, I ask you to give to your utmost capacity to the fund to buy alarm clocks to send out to Uganda to combat the frightful sleeping sickness which reigns there.

Say it with Big Bens.

(Advt. in Chicago Tribune)  
PERSONAL—B. V., COME HOME AT ONCE.

High time those old buddies did get together.

(Chicago Journal)  
"TRAIN HOGS TO OPEN DOORS." Ugh! most train hog leave 'em open.

(Brooklyn, Iowa, Chronicle)  
Remember the oysters you got at the Royal Cafe last year? You can now get them again.

W-H-A-T?

(Milwaukee, Wisconsin News)  
The three prophets, Jeremiah, Hosea, and Amos, were discussed at a meeting of the Women's Literary Club at the home of Mrs. I. M. Weber, this afternoon.

And the things they told about Jeremiah and Mrs. Amos were perfectly scandalous.

(Dubuque Times-Journal)  
Mr. and Mrs. Anton Heller are the parents of a baby boy, their first born since last week.

Why the delay?

(Jacksonville, Fla., Metropolis)  
They were followed by the bride who entered with her father, Mr. Robert Gamble, who gave her in marriage. She wore a dark blue hat trimmed with spring flowers. They were met at the altar by Mr. Baldwin and his best—

Here's hoping they brought warm weather with 'em.

(Emmettsburg Gazette)  
Mrs. Lillian Bollan, widow of the late William Bollan, and Jacob Wanner, of Armington, were united in marriage at Pekin Monday. They left immediately for the groom's farm near Armington, where they will continue to reside.

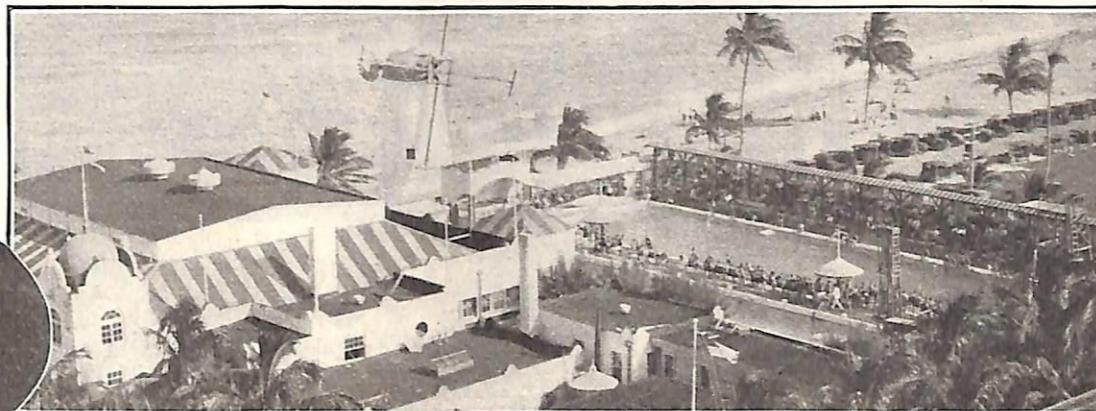
Boy, read those last words over again!

Copyright 1928 by Gridley Adams

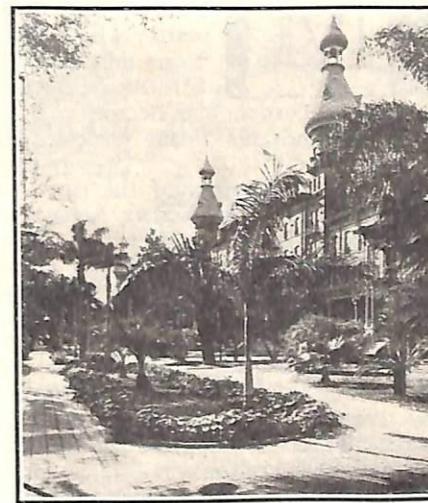


# FLORIDA SAYS "COME ON FEZ"

—As Miami's Muezzin Calls



(Above) One of the places where Shriners will play next May. Miami Beach and salt water bathing pool.

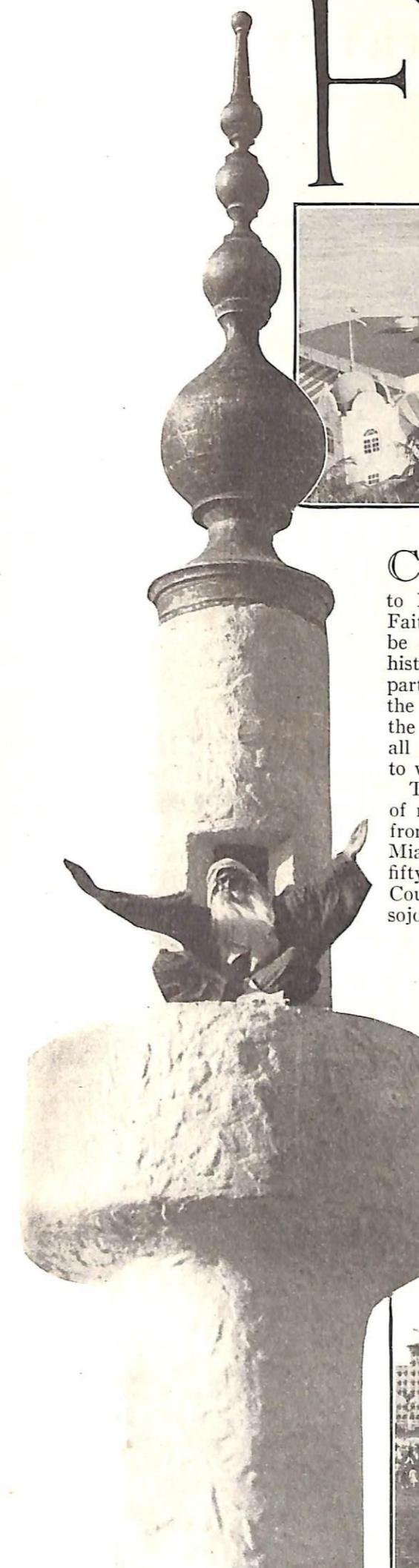
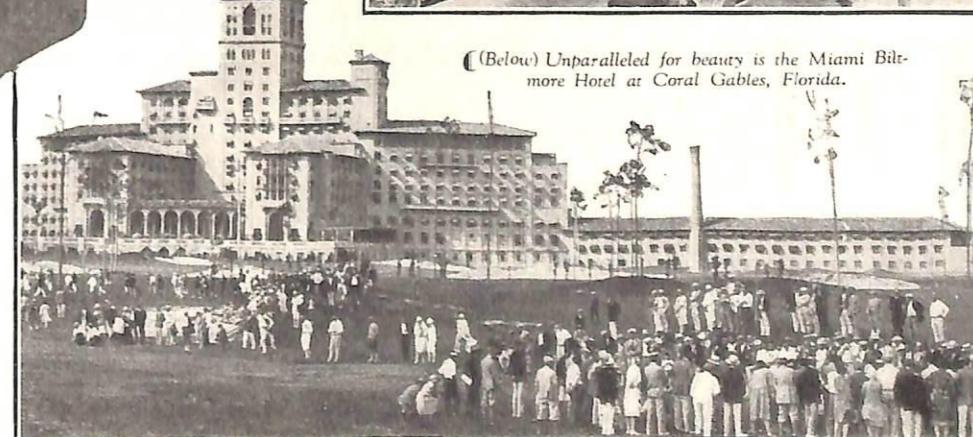


(Above—Right) Tampa Bay Hotel, owned by the City of Tampa, Fla.

(Right) Miami's main thoroughfare, Biscayne Boulevard, where the Shrine parades will be held.

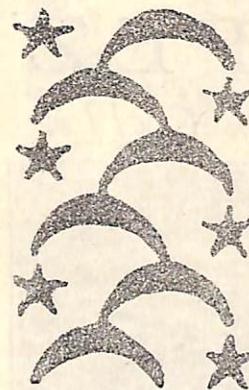


(Below) Unparalleled for beauty is the Miami Biltmore Hotel at Coral Gables, Florida.



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## EDITORIALS

**NOBLES, IF YOU TAKE HOME YOUR COPY OF THE SHRINE MAGAZINE, SHE WILL BE SOLD ON THE ORDER**

**M**OST Shriners have their Temple notices sent to their business address, of course. This is right, as the Shrine notice is not a matter which concerns the family at home. Your address, to which this issue of the SHRINE MAGAZINE is sent, was furnished by your Recorder. Of necessity, it is the same as the one to Shrine notices. Often the magazine comes to your office.

Fan over the pages of the issue now in your hand. Note that the SHRINE MAGAZINE is designed for every member of your family. *She* would enjoy its pages if *she* had the chance to read them. We have known of dozens of incidents where a stray copy has fallen into *her* hands; always *she* has been delighted with its fiction, its travel notes and its household economics and information.

Every Shriner wants to give *her* pleasure. *She* is "sold" on the Shrine as an organization when she reads the magazine and learns of our activities with the Crippled Children's hospitals. This work appeals to the mother instinct in *her*.

Every Shriner whose magazine comes to his business address should take it home to *her*. Every organization profits by having back of it the influence of good women like *her*. One of the objectives of the magazine is to make *her* know that the Shrine is not composed entirely of frolic and gaudy uniforms. We want *her* to see us as we are. We want *her* really to know that back of the laughter and nonsense there is a deep philosophy and purpose in the organization.

We believe that the magazine, placed in *her* hands, will not only please *her* with its feminine features but will further make *her* understand the real spirit of the Shrine and just why you love it so much.

**YOUTH SPRINGS ETERNAL IN THE STEP AND SPIRIT OF A SHRINER! AGE IS NONEXISTENT TO HIM**

**T**O PAINT the lily . . . to add a hue to the rainbow . . . to carry coals to Newcastle . . . to send gunmen to Chicago . . . to transport pretty movie aspirants to Hollywood, are all examples of wasteful uselessness. Now comes another example to tell the average age of a Shriner!

A Noble simply *isn't* when it comes to age! Youth springs eternal in the breast, step and spirit of a true Shriner. Age is nonexistent in his general scheme of things. The only cause of death of a true Noble is laughing. Sometimes he laughs himself to death at the funny things this comical old world spreads before his gaze.

The proud and lofty in spirit brought low by the humble banana skin; the fat man changing a tire on a hot day; the

flippant flapper fingering her cigarette; the pompous man mouthing rituals of many kinds; the old chap trying to imitate a Boy Scout in his dress; the youngster trying to seem manly with a seventeen hair mustache; these and a thousand other things he sees every day make him realize that the fabled Fountain of Eternal Youth sought by Ponce de Leon must be quaffed with the eye rather than swallowed by the throat!

When all other things seem dull, the real Noble leans back in his chair and laughs at the funniest thing in the world, himself! He can realize there is nothing the matter with the world; it is simply that he has eaten something which disagrees with him. He knows what he mistook for melancholy is but indigestion. So he puts a soda mint on his tongue and laughs at himself, the biggest joke of all.

**REMEMBER THAT CRITICISM MUST BE CONSTRUCTIVE IN ORDER TO BE OF USE TO YOUR TEMPLE**

**Y**OU do not like the action of your Temple in this, that or the other matter? You do not think it is right for them to put on a certain form of entertainment? You do not think the Potentate should permit thus and so? What have you done about it? Have you tried to stop it?

A certain Temple has a member. He was not a Noble, just a member. There is a big difference. The member met the Potentate, and told him he was going to dimit from the Temple. The Pote expressed his regret and asked the reason.

"I have been sick for over a month. Neither you nor any other member of the Temple so much as telephoned to know if I was alive or dead."

"I am sorry, indeed!" replied the Potentate. "Who did you notify of your illness?"

"I did not notify anyone. I think you should have known."

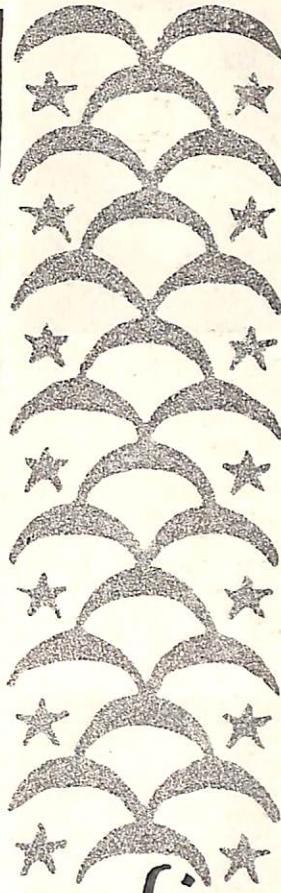
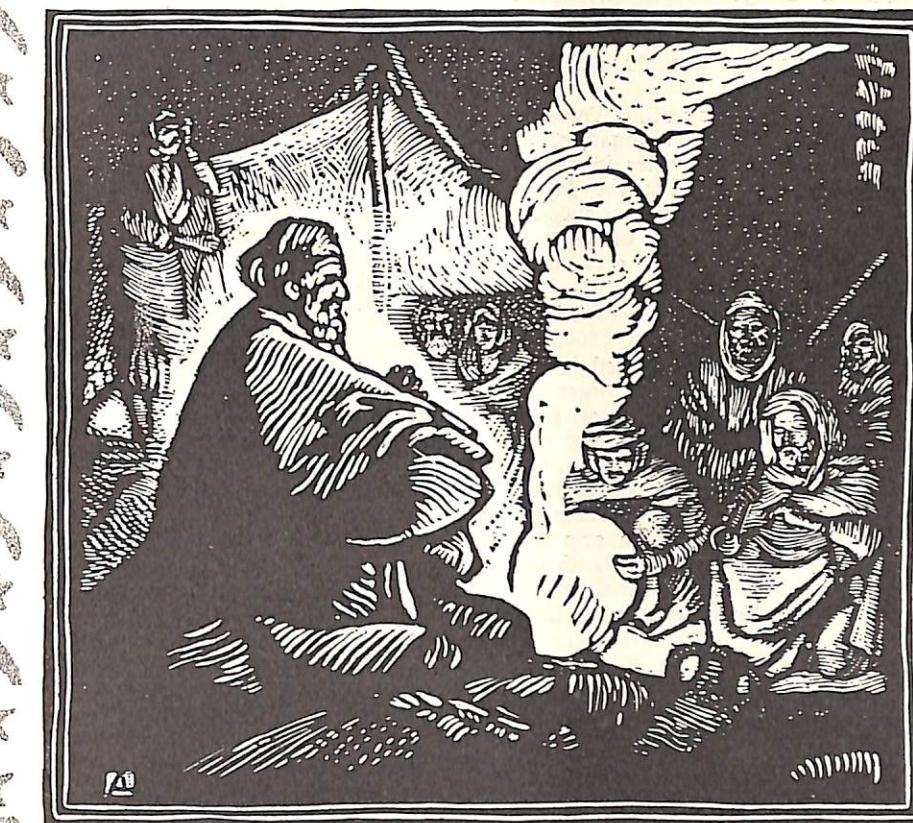
There are almost five thousand members in that Temple. The only way the Potentate could keep track of the health of its membership would be to make five thousand telephone calls each morning and ask.

Almost invariably when a Noble objects to something in his Temple, he has lost sight of his personal responsibility. He has not made complaint, he has not objected, he has not protested to the responsible person.

A Potentate of a Shrine Temple has to forget that the small sized hours are intended for sleep. He has a thousand details on his hands and on his mind. He is but a human being, like you, yet never was one known who would not welcome criticism, *if constructive*.

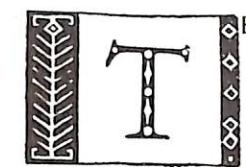
Do not object to the way of doing things except on the grounds of the good of all. Do not kick about something unless you can suggest a better way. Presiding officers have a time honored habit of appointing the proposer of the idea as chairman of the committee to carry it out.

No man ever put across an idea who hunted a comfortable place to sit while wishing it were otherwise! Do your part; you will be surprised how gladly those responsible will cooperate with you.



## round the Caravan Campfire

By Roe Fulkerson



THE older I get, the fewer things go to suit me.

A real old man now, I have accumulated a wealth of knowledge, but the more informative I become the fewer people I find who will take my advice. More and more they follow their own intentions!

Lately, everything I try to accomplish in my Temple seems to go wrong. A candidate for office, whom I know, is a pansy; the Nobility decided he is a "chimpanzee." When he is defeated I find I have sneezed in the ashtray and scattered things!

I had a nice hand-raised candidate at the last election for the official line in my Temple. They Lillian-Gished him out in the rain and the sleet and the snow. When they talk to me about their next candidates next year I am going to be as silent as a chowder doomed clam!

Never again and how never! I shall let the majority rule in my Temple hereafter, and if they don't agree with me it will be nothing new in my life. Lots of times I knew I was right, but couldn't get enough people to agree with me!

Three things I have always wanted to do, if I could have the courage of my convictions. But I always leave my nerve in my other pants or something, for I have never done any of them.

I have always wanted to wear a big wooly Tam o' Shanter; the kind the students wear in the Latin quarter in Paris. They are mighty comfortable, don't-give-a-darnish headgear; when you go any place you can sit on them. But I have never worn one because other people do not.

I have always wanted to play a concertina. Not those big white accordians they use in vaudeville, but one of those little octagon shrill things, accordian plaited like an opera hat. Those things make big league music to my ear, but I would be ashamed to have my wife hear me practise on it and afraid people would laugh at me.

I have always wanted to wear congress gaiters. I am getting to be such a fat old fish that I breathe through my gills instead of my nose; when I stoop over to button or lace my shoes I wheeze. Congress gaiters with fore and aft rigging of straps would simplify the problem.

These three desires have made a nonstop flight out of my life because they are contrary to public opinion. It is all very well to talk of this being a free country. There are several angles from which it might be disputed, but one thing is sure, we must adjust ourselves to public opinion. So long as we swim upstream against it we have nothing but trouble.

It makes no difference who or what you are, you've got to yield to the majority in the end, so the sooner you do it the better off you are. Right or wrong, you will have to yield, so why delay?

Remember the shape of the old Franklin car hood? It may have been better than the others, and the engineer who designed it knew what he was doing, of course, but they had to make their hoods look like those on other cars, even though they are air cooled and do not need the same radiating surface.

Remember the gear shift of the Buick, Dodge, Reo and perhaps other cars? There was undoubtedly good reason for their design. But they have all changed to the standard shift. Public opinion was against them. Right or wrong, these fine cars of splendid standing were all compelled to yield to public opinion as to how their gears should be shifted.

Few men have more commercial bravery than Henry Ford. He has always done things to suit himself. But the late lamented Lizzie had to be abandoned and her little sister Mabel now on the market is without Lizzie's sharp nose and planetary gear system. Mr. Ford found that the law of supply and demand has never been abolished. Even with all his millions he has yielded to the majority.

Majority rule is not only the rule of the Shrine, but the rule of the world, as inexorable as the law of gravitation. Perhaps even I was not right in wanting to [Continued on page 88]

## WITHIN THE SHRINE



NOBLE E. J. HOCKENBURY  
*Zembo Temple*  
Harrisburg, Pa.

Zembo, like many other Temples, has a well balanced organization, with its various activities in charge of members who have the happy faculty of carrying them out successfully. Striking evidence of this was found when the Nobles decided to build a Mosque, and Noble Hockenbury was named chairman of a committee to raise a fund of \$500,000.

One week later, more than \$600,000 had been raised in the sale of securities. It was a whirlwind campaign, organized and led by Noble Hockenbury who, when it was over, gave the credit for its success to the loyalty of the Nobility and to the enthusiastic assistance of the members of his committee. With such workers behind him, he declared, he could have raised \$1,000,000 if it had been necessary. After making his report to the Temple, Noble Hockenbury packed a grip and went fishing, his favorite diversion when he isn't in the throes of some financial undertaking. Fishing is his principal hobby, and he rides it from Newfoundland to Florida, and from Maine to California.



NOBLE L. JEFF MILFBOURNE  
*Boumi Temple*  
Baltimore, Md.

Credited with holding the world's record with sixty-two years in the advertising business, Noble Milbourne holds several other claims to distinction as a pioneer. In fact his principal pleasure in life seems to come from being senior member of many of the finest organizations in the State of Maryland. He is head of the Milbourne Advertising Company of Baltimore, and a life member of the Baltimore Advertising Club, where he is known as "Uncle Jeff." He is just 81 years old, and is the second or third oldest Mason in Maryland. He was raised in Concordia Lodge No. 13, on April 16th, 1869, and March 14th, 1870, he became a member of Jerusalem Chapter, R. A. M., No. 9. On July 10th of the same year he became a member of Maryland Commandery, K. T., No. 1, of which he is now senior member. He is the second oldest Knight Templar in the State and one of the three now living who were present at the formation of the Maryland Grand Commandery more than fifty-seven years ago. He is senior member of Baltimore Consistory, No. 9, which he joined April 30th, 1880, and is a charter member of Boumi, Baltimore. He joined the Knights of Pythias Nov. 19th, 1869, and is the oldest member of that order in the State. Having annexed nearly all the pioneer honors in sight he still feels active enough, to quote his own statement, to "challenge any Shriner to a wrestling match or boxing contest for the benefit of the Shriners' Hospitals for Crippled Children."



NOBLE FRANK J. HERMAN  
*Jerusalem Temple*  
New Orleans, La.

If you do not know him personally you no doubt have heard of him. This refers to Noble Herman, Recorder of Jerusalem Temple for the last ten years, and third Vice-President of the Recorders' Association. At one time he was a jeweler; in fact he was in that business for twenty-five years. Then he became cashier of a public service corpora-



tion which, some of his friends say, marked the real beginning of his popularity and led to his election as Recorder. Noble Herman has been a Shriner twenty years. He is a Representative to the Imperial Council, and holds honorary membership in a score of Temples. He is a 33° Mason, a Past Grand Master of the Grand Council R. & S. M., State of Louisiana; Past Commander of Jacques de Molay Commandery No. 2 K. T., New Orleans; served as Thrice Illustrious Master of Louisiana Council No. 2 R. & S. M., New Orleans, and has held office in all Masonic bodies in that city. He is one of the most active Shriners in Louisiana and has made pilgrimages to all parts of the country. If you have not met him, do not fail to do so when you go to Miami next May. You will be glad to make his acquaintance; later you will value his friendship.



NOBLE WILLIAM BAUSCH  
*Damascus Temple*  
Rochester, N. Y.

The man who can work hard, play hard, and make many friends and keep them, may be said to have a fairly good grip on the joys of life. Such a man is Noble William Bausch who, at a recent gathering in his honor at the Rochester Club, was referred to as a "two-gaited" man. Further testimony to his popularity was given by a judge at the same gathering, who said: "Sentiment is the finest possession of mankind, and 'Billy' Bausch is one of the world's favored men in having the esteem of so many of his fellows." Noble Bausch is known as the "father of the Rochester Club," which was founded sixty-seven years ago. There have been only eighteen presidents of the club, and Noble Bausch has been its head since 1902. Besides taking a prominent part in all civic affairs, he devotes much of his time to the affairs of Damascus Temple. He takes a great deal of interest in the uniformed units, and recently was elected an honorary member of the Patrol.



NOBLE HAROLD LLOYD  
*Al Malaikah Temple*  
Los Angeles, Cal.

From the rôle of page boy in "Hamlet," at the age of eight years, to a place in the front rank of movie stars is, in brief, the career of Noble Harold Lloyd. When asked how he broke into the motion picture field he frankly said that it was a combination of luck, perseverance, personality, with talent last, for until one actually got into action before

## WITHIN THE SHRINE

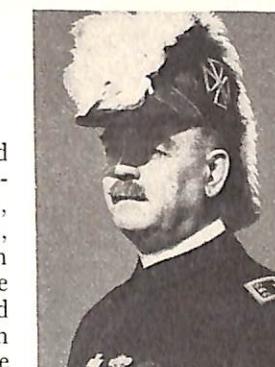


None the less, as the judge saw it, a promise was a promise. And he saw, too, just one way to make good and find the money. There had to be a record breaking class for the first ceremonial of his term—and there was! No less than 637 Novices actually appeared—and what a show the Judge put on! Every officer and assistant officer was on horseback, in full Bedouin costume, and the work was delivered from the saddle. The preliminary street parade is still a St. Louis memory—with its elephants, camels and caged animals—among the latter some of the Novices! The money was found, and everyone went to San Francisco and was happy.

NOBLE W. M. COOLEY  
*Kerbela Temple*  
Knoxville, Tenn.

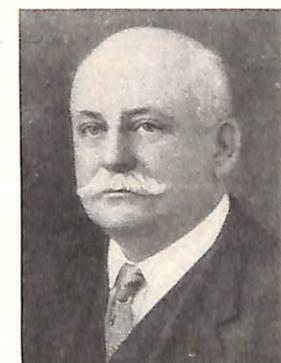


Nobles of Kerbela Temple are so well satisfied with their choice of a Recorder in the person of Colonel W. M. (Bill) Cooley, that they declare they will keep him in that post as long as he lives. There's a reason. "Bill," as he is known to Shriners throughout Tennessee and in most every other part of the country, has been called the Ideal Recorder. Affable, sincere, frank, he carries on at one of the hardest tasks in the Shrine, always with a smile. There is no gloom where he is. Petty annoyances he brushes aside with a grin, and only a beaming countenance, the reflection of the workings of a big heart, greets the impatient demands made upon him. That's why he's "Bill." Anything less familiar wouldn't fit. Noble Cooley took a prominent part in the organization of Kerbela Temple, in 1915. He was appointed Recorder and has held that position ever since. When the Shrine Recorders' Association was organized in Des Moines, Iowa, in 1921, he was elected Secretary-Treasurer, and re-elected every succeeding year. Although exceedingly active in the Shrine, he takes a leading part in the work of Tennessee Consistory No. 1, of Memphis. He is a Past Master of Maxwell Lodge, A. F. & A. M.; Past High Priest of Pearl Chapter, R. A. M.; Past Thrice Ill. Master of Knoxville Council, and Past Commander of Cyrus Commandery, K. T.



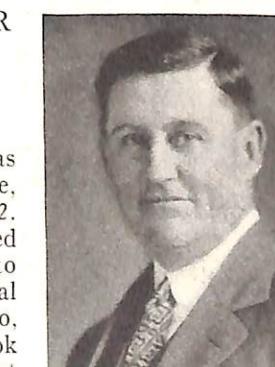
NOBLE JOHN M. DODD  
*Tripoli Temple*  
Milwaukee, Wis.

Tripoli Temple was signally honored at the recent conclave of the Wisconsin State Grand Commandery, Knights Templar, at Milwaukee, when one of its members, Dr. John M. Dodd, was elevated to the office of Grand Commander. Noble Dodd is one of the best known Masons in that State and for many years he has been an ardent worker in Masonry and all that it stands for. He is one of the most enthusiastic Nobles in Tripoli Temple and takes a prominent part in all its activities. He is a Past President of the Chequamegon Shrine Club and is continuously active in its affairs. Incidentally, two other Nobles of Tripoli were honored by the Grand Commandery. The office of Grand Recorder Emeritus was created for Noble W. W. Perry, and Noble John H. Fertif was elected Grand Recorder.



NOBLE F. H. APPLETON  
*Aleppo Temple*  
Boston, Mass.

Two years after he retired from business, Noble Appleton was elected Potentate of Aleppo Temple, the fourth largest in the Shrine. The two events are in no way related, but their connection serves to show that Noble Appleton's elevation at that time was fortunate for the Temple, for it placed at its head a man long active in its affairs, and one who was in a position to devote still more time to its interests. This is just what happened for, as Potentate, Noble Appleton gave practically all his time to the Shrine with the result that last year will be recorded as one of the most prosperous in the history of the Temple. He has been re-elected and another successful year can be safely predicted.



NOBLE V. H. FALKENHAINER  
*Moolah Temple*  
St. Louis, Mo.

Noble Victor H. Falkenhainer was chosen Potentate of Moolah Temple, St. Louis, for the term of 1922. Moolah had promised its uniformed bodies that it would take them to that year's session of the Imperial Council, to be held in San Francisco, but when Judge Falkenhainer took office he found to his dismay, that the money to keep the promise to the uniformed bodies was not available and might not be in time for the pilgrimage.

A member of the Sons of the Revolution, it was natural that Noble Appleton would enter the military service. He is a veteran of the Seventh Regiment, New York National Guard, and in 1912 was Commander of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. He is a grandson on his mother's side of Jacob Woolley, who served throughout the Revolutionary War. He is a member of all Masonic bodies, and now that he is free from business cares he will be able to extend his activities in Masonry and still further display his enthusiasm for the Shrine and its ideals, one of which is the rehabilitation of the little crippled children of the poor.

# What the Hospitals Are Doing

NEARLY 2,400 little crippled children relieved of their deformities by surgical operations and treatment in hospitals, and about 5,000 others whose condition did not require confinement, cured of their afflictions or greatly benefited in the clinics, is the record for one year expected to be shown in the combined reports of the fifteen units that make up the chain of Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children. The Shrine fiscal year will end the 31st of this month.

These figures are conservative. They are based on hospital reports covering nine months to December 31st, 1927, with a low estimate for the remaining three months, as follows:

Patients Received	April 1 to Dec. 31.....	1,974
Discharged, cured or benefited	31.....	600
Totals for fiscal year.	2,574	
Estimate, Jan. 1 to Mar.		
April 1 to Dec. 31.....	1,843	
Estimate, Jan. 1 to Mar.	31.....	550
Totals for fiscal year.	2,393	

The estimated figures take into consideration cases at the Greenville (S. C.) unit, which was dedicated last September, and allow for discharges only since January 1st, 1928, the average length of a patient's stay in hospital being from ninety to ninety-five days. They also allow for the temporary inconvenience at the St. Louis Hospital, the result of the damage caused by the tornado last September.

According to reports received by the Board of Trustees, it will not be surprising if the results of the year's work show that from 7,500 to 8,000 little crippled boys and girls have been released from the thrall of physical deformity, thus making it possible for them to romp and play as other children, and better still, giving to them their inalienable right to an equal chance in the battle of life, through healthy bodies.

A marked feature of the work of the hospitals is the earnest desire to constantly reduce the number of children on the waiting lists. To accomplish this the Board of Trustees has authorized the hospitals to expand their capacities by 20 percent.

\* \* \*

The humanitarian work going on in the Shrine Hospitals is attracting more and more attention, and organizations of various kinds, particularly among women, find pleasure in assisting by visiting the little patients, taking gifts to them and in other ways adding to their happiness. One such organization is the Sunshine Club of Springfield, Mass., organized by Rotarians of that city. Each member pays \$3.65 a year, or one cent a day, and the fund provides many extra luxuries for the children, and when neces-

sary, clothing and transportation to and from their homes.

At a recent meeting of the Club, Noble George M. Hendee of Melha Temple, Chair-

man of the Board of Governors of the Springfield hospital, told of the uses to which the Sunshine fund had been put. In addition to transportation and clothing,

a much needed schoolroom addition had been built and equipped, and the city had provided a teacher. In many other ways, he said, the lives of the children have been made happier through the fund.

Dr. R. Nelson Hatt, Chief Surgeon, attended the meeting with several children who had been cured at the hospital, and showed slides of these children as they appeared when they entered the institution. The Rotarians have opened the membership in the Club to the public and expect to accomplish a great deal more for the little wards.

\* \* \*

Seven little children who had entered a temple of health over a road of pain, whose afflictions had been removed and all returned to their homes well and strong and able to play as other children, were guests recently at a party given by Shriners of Aad Temple, Duluth, Minn. It is the custom of Nobles of that Mosque to keep a fatherly eye upon all the little patients they send to the Shriners Hospital caring for cases in their district. The seven children at this party were among the most recently discharged patients from the Twin Cities Hospital, and the gathering was arranged to welcome them home, and incidentally to add to their happiness by distributing gifts in the way of clothing, toys, etc.

There was a look of anticipation on the faces of the little guests, for they knew the generosity of their guardians, and when Past Imperial Potentate Charles E. Ovenshire of Zuhrah Temple, Minneapolis, Chairman of the Board of Governors of the hospital, praised the Shriners of Aad Temple and characterized

"this follow up work of remembering the children as important as the Shrine Hospital work," the children found it difficult to restrain themselves. Finally the address ended, the gifts were distributed and the little guests taken into another room to play. Each child received a savings account and each account was swelled by a collection among the 400 persons attending the party.

The work of the Shrine Hospitals was warmly praised by the Right Rev. G. G. Bennett, Bishop of the Duluth Diocese of the Episcopal Church who, in a stirring address, said: "We have brought these children back to a more effective relationship to humanity by going against the old law, 'the survival of the fittest.' We are spreading the right to live over humanity not only today but every day of the year through

[Hospital News, Continued on page 74]



The children at the Twin Cities Unit had a delightful time when members of a St. Paul, Minn., orchestra entertained them.

The monthly hair cutting bee at the Portland Unit, at which these barbers give their services, is a gala event for the children.



## HOW THE WORK IS PROGRESSING

The following table is made up of the combined figures of all the fifteen Hospital Units for the month of December, and shows the extent of the work accomplished during that period:

Number of new patients admitted	194
Number of patients discharged—cured, or benefited.....	156
Number of beds occupied by patients .....	757
Number on waiting lists.....	1,873

# ACTIVITIES of the Temples, Units and Clubs

In this department will be found News of Temples and all subsidiary bodies

**Editor's Note:** To find the news of your Temple look for the name of your Temple in black type. Under that name you will find the news of your Temple and all of its units.

## ACCA, RICHMOND, VA.

THE Temple's New Year's Eve party drew one of the largest gatherings of Shriners and their families in the history of this Oasis. Dancing followed a program of vaudeville and musical numbers. The Boosters' Club is making plans for a ball early next month.

## AAHMES, OAKLAND, CAL.

Tribute was paid to the memory of Noble George H. Smith, Recorder, whose sudden death recently came as a sad blow to the Temple, at an impressive memorial service held in the Mosque and attended by 500 of the Nobility. Past Potentate W. J. McCracken spoke of Noble Smith's long record as Treasurer and Recorder, and of the respect and affection he had inspired among the Shriners. A large photograph of Noble Smith was unveiled by Potentate Herbert W. Whitworth. Special music was provided by the Chanters and the Band.

Potentate Whitworth gave a farewell dinner January 14th to members of the Divan, chairmen of the committees and members of the uniformed units. More than 400 Shriners and their wives attended the ball on New Year's Eve, at Aahmes Pavilion. The affair was in charge of Nobles Earl Brooks and Jack Block.

## ABBA, MOBILE, ALA.

The recent Ceremonial Session drew a large attendance of the Faithful who showed enthusiastic appreciation when some unexpected thrills came during the pilgrimage of the novices. New features had been added without their knowledge. A dinner and dance followed the session.

## ABDALLAH, LEAVENWORTH, KANS.

One thousand Shriners and their families attended the Temple's sixth party and dance of the season. A dinner and entertainment

preceded the dance. The affair was arranged by a special committee of which Noble J. A. Steinmeyer was Chairman. chairman of the reception committee, and escorted by the committee to the Hotel Jefferson, where the party was received by Potentate Price. Delegations from other Temples continued to arrive throughout the day and by the following morning Richmond was the scene of a great gathering of Shriners.

The dedication exercises were most impressive, the Imperial Potentate being assisted by Noble Fletcher, in charge of the stage work; Potentate Price, taking the part of Imperial High Priest and Prophet, and by members of Acca's Divan. After the ceremony, Potentate Price presented the members of the Imperial Divan to the Nobles. In his address, the Imperial Potentate congratulated the officers, building committee and members of Acca on the completion of the beautiful Mosque, which he declared was one of the finest in the Shrine. Plans for a parade to the Mosque had to be abandoned on account of rain, but after the dedication the weather cleared and Acca's Band and visiting Bands and Patrols escorted the Imperial Potentate to his hotel.

In the afternoon there was a big Ceremonial Session at which a large class of novices passed the Moslem test. The session was one of the best in the history of the Temple. At the opening, all the visiting Shriners were presented to the gathering. Among them were Potentate J. Binford Sadler, members of his Divan and many members of Khedive Temple, Norfolk, Va.; Imperial Marshal Dana S. Williams of Kora, Lewiston, Maine; Imperial Captain of the Guard Leonard P. Steuart of Almas, Washington, D. C., and Imperial Outer Guard Hugh M. Caldwell of Nile, Seattle, Wash. Potentates, officers and Nobles from many other Temples were there, many of them accompanied by their Bands and Patrols. Fully 5,000 Shriners participated in the celebration.

The Imperial Potentate, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Margaret Dunbar, and Past Potentate James R. Watt of Cypress Temple, Albany, and Mrs. Watt, arrived early the preceding day and were met by Noble Preston Belvin, sole surviving charter member of Acca, emeritus member of the Imperial Council, Acca's first Potentate, and

[Shrine News Continued on page 44]



(Above)—Acca Temple's Illustrious Potentate, James H. Price, who is also Imperial Recorder, was host to the Imperial Potentate at the Dedication of the Mosque.



(Above)—Past Potentate Carter N. Williams is Chairman of Acca's Building Committee.

(Left)—Acca Temple's new Mosque, dedicated January 9th, is a thing of beauty as well as an enduring structure.


**WITHIN THE SHRINE**

**SHRINE NEWS** [Continued from page 43]

Nobles of LuLu, Philadelphia; Chief Rabban Robert M. Weisbrod, Recorder James W. Barber and Nobles of Syria, Pittsburgh; Noble Watt, Secretary of the Board of Trustees for Shriners Hospitals, representing the Board; Potentate Pat M. Wilson, Chief Rabban John Dice, Past Potentate Gory Hogg of Beni Kedem, Charleston, W. Va.; Potentate George M. Armor, Past Potentate William G. Speed, members of the Divan and several Nobles of Boumi, Baltimore; Potentate George F. Eisenbrown and his Divan of Rajah, Reading, Pa.; Potentate Thomas C. Law, his Divan and Nobles of Yaarab, Atlanta, Ga.; Noble Walter E. Springer of Manila, P. I., a member of Nile, Seattle, Wash.; Noble Everett W. Jacocks of Aleppo, Boston, and Nobles Guy Storms and C. T. Hansen of Mahi, Miami, Fla.

The celebration closed with a reception and dance. The ladies in the Imperial party who, besides Miss Dunbar and Mrs. Watt, included Mrs. Leonard P. Steuart, were entertained by Mrs. Preston Belvin and a reception committee at luncheons, dinners and drives about the city and surrounding country. One of the places visited by the Imperial party was the land purchased for the site of the proposed Richmond unit in the chain of Shrine Hospitals.

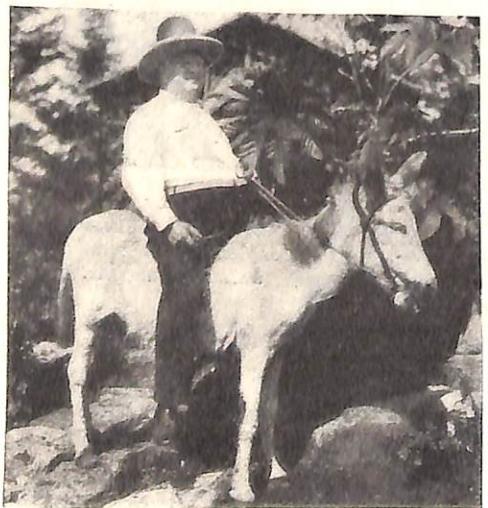
The dedication of their Temple and the Ceremonial that followed will be long remembered by the Nobles of Acca Temple, and by those who participated in the celebration. Warm praise of the work of the Building Committee, of which Past Potentate Clinton L. Williams is Chairman, was expressed at the dedication exercises by Potentate Price.

The completion of this Mosque means a great deal to Richmond. The city appreciates the acquisition of this fine building, and especially its big auditorium which has facilities for the largest theatrical productions. This is expressed in the following extract from an editorial in the Richmond News Leader:

"Pride in their state, as well as love for their Order, prompted Shriners in many Virginia communities to contribute to this Mosque. Virginia respects the love and is grateful for the pride. The whole State stands outside the closed doors of the Mosque today and felicitates the builders. All Virginia wishes prosperity to the Shriners and to the Mosque."

**AFIFI, TACOMA, WASH.**

There was a large attendance at the annual meeting at which Noble J. O. Rum-

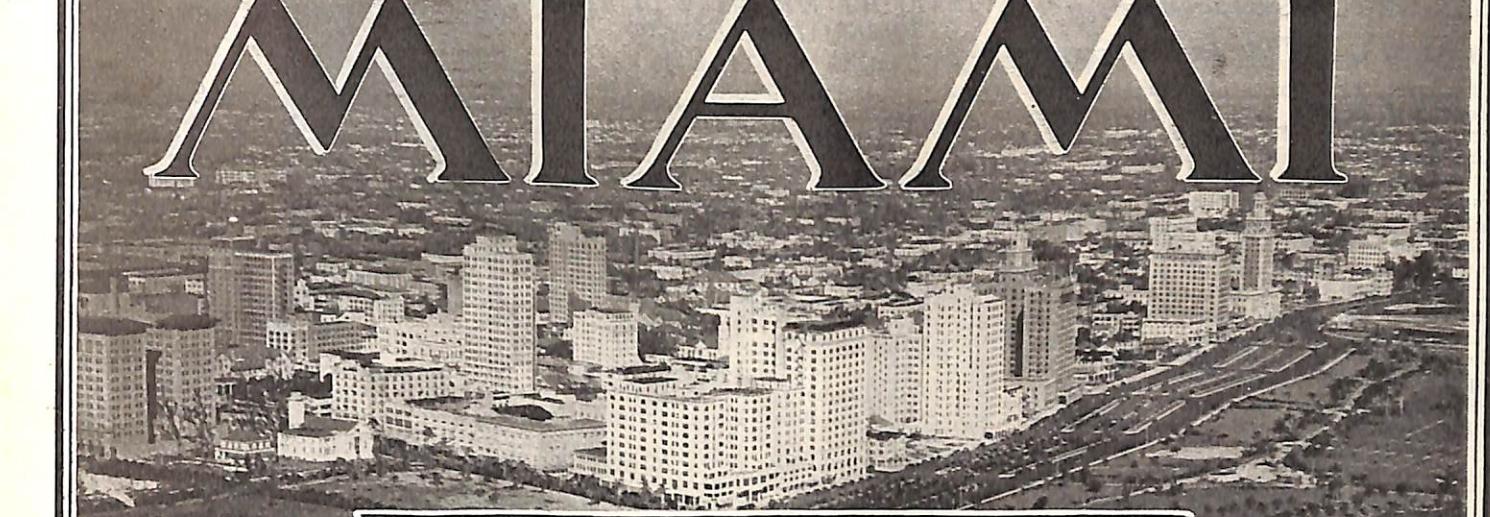


(Left)—Potentate George F. Eisenbrown of Rajah Temple wearing his 10-gallon hat and riding his pint-size burro, Jennie, in his garden. The Potentate brought Jennie from Colorado Springs in 1904. She is now 23 years old.



The above photograph was taken on the occasion of the Imperial Potentate's visit to Mount Sinai Temple, Montpelier, Vt. Noble Dunbar is seated in the first row, center. At his side is Lieutenant Governor Jackson (without fez); on the other side is Potentate Otto V. Greene.

# MIAMI



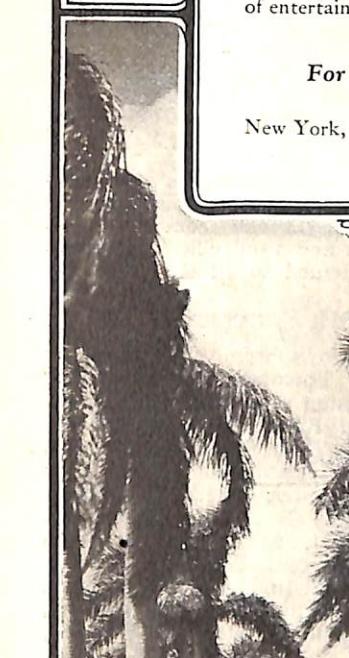
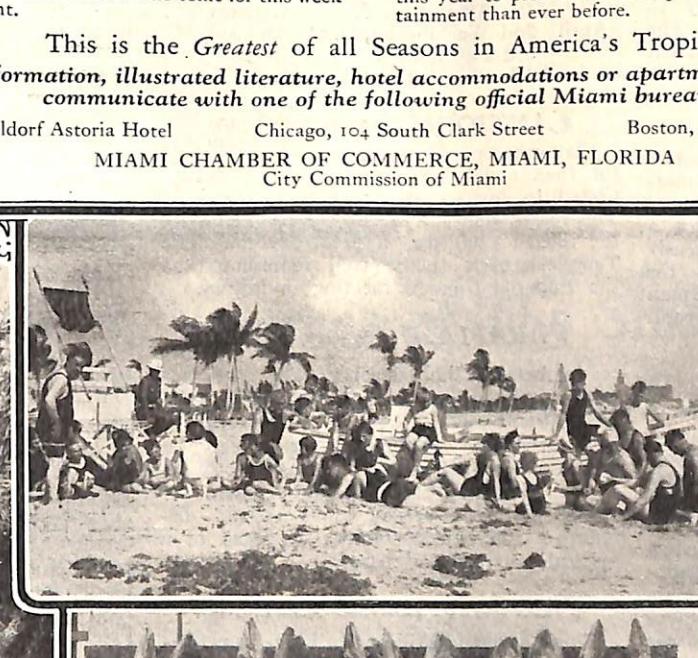
**COME EARLY and STAY for the CONVENTION**

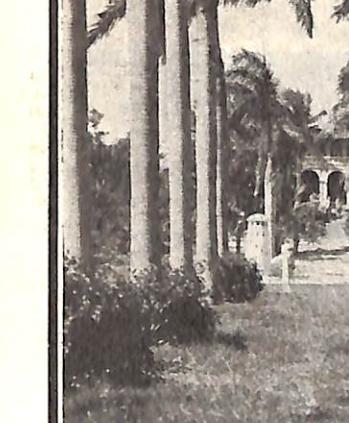
**M**iami, world's greatest winter resort—America's playground—will be host in May 1928, to the annual convention of the Ancient Arabic Order Nobles of the Mystic Shrine.

When convention time comes, you'll find Miami prepared to accommodate comfortably and economically, the delegates and their friends who come for this week of entertainment.

This is the *Greatest of all Seasons in America's Tropics*  
For information, illustrated literature, hotel accommodations or apartment rentals  
communicate with one of the following official Miami bureaus:

New York, Waldorf Astoria Hotel      Chicago, 104 South Clark Street      Boston, 248 Washington Street  
MIAMI CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, MIAMI, FLORIDA  
City Commission of Miami



**World's Greatest Winter Resort**



## FLORIDA SAYS, "COME ON FEZ" [Continued from page 37]



(Left) West Palm Beach's skyline. This is the business center on the mainland across from Palm Beach, Florida.

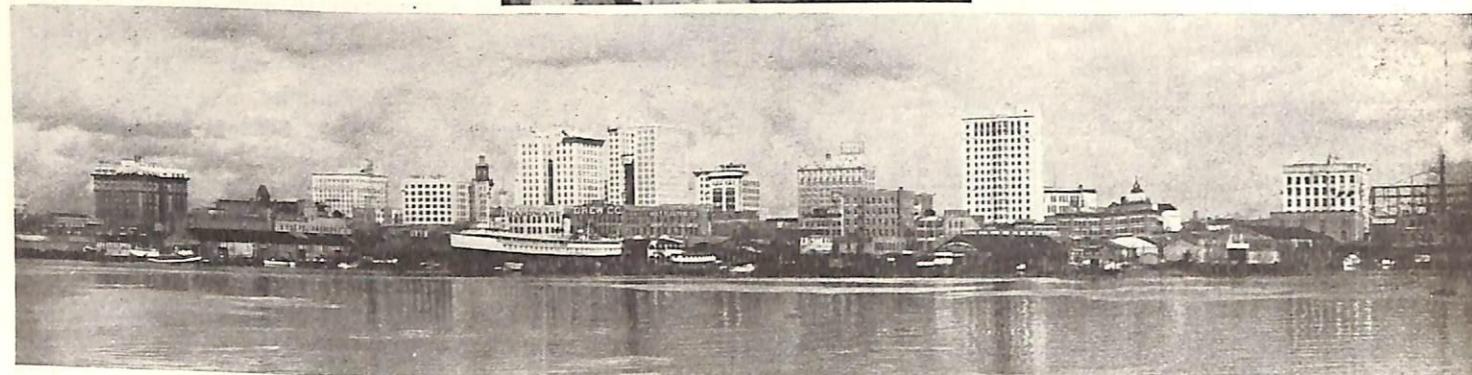
(Below) Throngs of visitors to Palm Beach and West Palm Beach crowd the fashionable Breakers Casino boardwalk.

enjoying lavish hospitality and entertainment amid scenes that will reveal the wonders of the Orient and their charm of mysticism, in surroundings that will create the true atmosphere of an Arabic Oasis. And when the festivities are over many of the pilgrims will linger and visit other parts of Florida, for the Peninsula State is filled with allurements in its fast growing cities,



Grandstands will cover at least five blocks, with a clear view of the Garden of Allah, the Imperial Potentate's reviewing stand, the Arabian Oasis, Bayfront Park and beyond, hundreds of the most beautiful yachts afloat. All the entertainment that is possible will be concentrated in front of these stands instead of distributing the various features to the four corners of greater Miami. All parades and pageants will pass these stands and the view will be unimpaired, so that the various units can be seen approaching, passing and leaving. The grandstands answer the purpose of a bowl in which will be reserved seats for three days and four nights of the session. The reservations will entitle holder to use of seats at all hours.

The entertainment program will be so arranged that proper intervals will elapse before each event, long enough at least to enjoy some of the beauties of the Garden of Allah, to visit the Bedouins, or to just stand or sit still and relax and prepare for what is to come. There will be parades, receptions, concerts, dancing, and several big features the nature of which the committee in charge is not yet ready to announce. And when not otherwise engaged the beach will prove an attraction. Provision will be



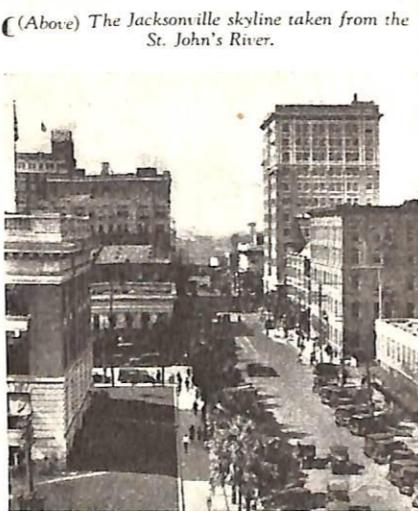
(Above) The Jacksonville skyline taken from the St. John's River.

its motor trails, beautiful foliage, fertile farm lands, virgin forests, broad white beaches and palm-girt isles. Everywhere there will be a welcome. Shrine Clubs in all parts of the State—there are twenty-eight of them—are ready to greet and entertain the visitors.

Miami has planned a most unique scheme of decoration for the great gathering. The Bayfront Park will be the center of entertainment. It is nine blocks in length and about 1,000 feet in width. It was completed recently at a cost of more than \$2,500,000. With its towering coconut trees, stately royal palms, fig palms, date palms, tropical foliage and the brilliant hued flowers and shrubs, it will make a perfect setting for the Egyptian and Arabian display that will greet the Faithful.

Biscayne Boulevard, which separates the business district from the park, will be the line of march for all parades. It will be decorated its full length to the entrance of the Garden of Allah. Around each light standard will be a battery of flags, with Old Glory unfurled on a mast from the top. At Fifth street and Biscayne Boulevard will be the entrance to the Garden of Allah, where there will be two Egyptian pylons, forty-five feet in height, with gigantic sphinxes and Egyptian figures, faithful reproductions of those at the temple at Ipsamboul. These figures will be decorated and painted in brilliant colors typifying the ancient Egyptian period which they represented.

An avenue of columns will line each side of the boulevard. These columns, five feet in diameter with a ten foot cap, and forty feet in height, will be richly decorated with authentic Egyptian ornaments in design and color and banded in yellow, green and red



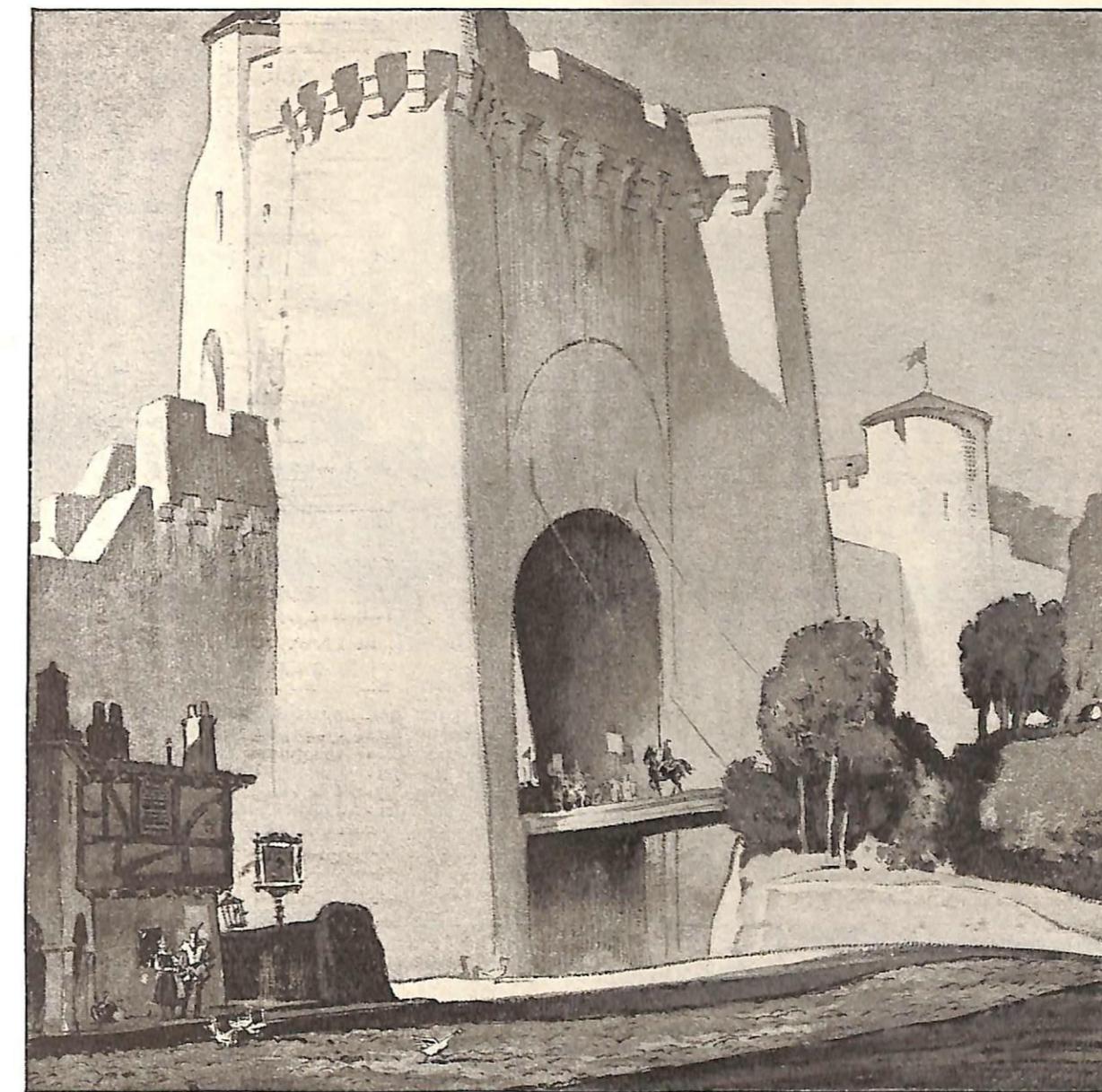
(Above) One of the beautiful modern thoroughfares in Tampa's business section.

made for fishing and sailing parties, and to carry out the true Oriental spirit, it may be possible to take time for a siesta, but that is doubtful. One thing is certain, however, and that is that Mahi Temple will provide abundant entertainment, and much of it will be of the kind never before attempted at an Imperial Council gathering.

Many caravans will leave the home Oasis with the intention of stopping at different points in Florida on their way to Miami, and many others already have planned tours in that State on their way home. Scores of motor parties and hundreds of Shriners will form groups to visit points of interest about which they have read or heard. In

[Continued on page 52]

MARCH, 1928



## Welcoming the Convention Guest

Miami will welcome within the next few months two of the world's greatest fraternal conventions—the Shriners in May and the Elks in July. Not Miami alone, but all cities of the Miami district, and, in a special sense, the entire State of Florida, are pledged to make these two notable assemblages successful in the highest degree.

Coral Gables will assume with real delight the role of hostess on these happy

occasions. Her fine hotels, golf courses, bathing pools and beach, Coliseum and Country Club—and all the wealth of beauty and artistry which in six years has been created in this distinctive community—all will be spread before visitors for their enjoyment.

The Spirit of Hospitality opens wide its arms to welcome the best Fraternal Spirit of the Age. Come.

Coral Gables  Miami, Fla



SHRINE  
SERVICE  
Conducted by  
Mrs. Christine Frederick



## Choosing the Child's Camp

**Health and Recreation from the Summer Camp Become a Transplanted School** ~ ~ ~ ~

WHO would believe that today there are over 2,500,000 summer camps, many of them with study courses, and a staff of instructors more complete than the average public school? It was on a health basis to get the children out of the heated city that the first camps were started. But so popular has become the movement, and so overwhelming the parents' response, that the summer camp—1928 model—has evolved into a transplanted school.

All camps promote better physical health and increase the child's initiative and independence. No parent can overlook the value of the rigid training in daily hygiene which the summer camp exacts of its young patrons. Getting up on time—so difficult at home—eating when everybody else does, brushing teeth and hair without constant admonitions—just this simple but repetitive habit-forming hygiene alone may be worth a summer's camping cost.

Of first importance also are the supervised athletics which have become part of every camp program. Games, contests, swimming, canoeing, riding and other specialized sports are as much a part of the daily life as making one's bed and being prompt at meals. Great emphasis is placed on swimming, the benefits of which, as a means of harmonious body development, cannot be overestimated. And how painlessly it is taught, even to timid children and tiny tots is set forth in the words of one camp director as follows: "Fear of swimming is usually fear of getting the face under the water. First we get the child to stoop down in fairly shallow water to pick up pebbles. Next we let him take a long breath and put his face under the water to blow bubbles. When he has learned to do this easily and is not afraid, we let him make a long 'belly-wop' over to the instructor who catches him, first at a short distance and gradually at longer and farther distances. Last, he learns the easy flutter kick and one of the simple crawl strokes, and then he is well started to swim easily and pleasantly. Since we do not let the children go canoeing until they can swim, they are anxious to do so, and learn with surprising rapidity."

Quite expectedly also, most camps emphasize the nature lore, the craftwork and basket weaving which our own beloved In-

### Let SHRINE SERVICE Help You

*—In Your Household Problems—In Your Travels—In Your Investments—In Your Shopping*

Mrs. Christine Frederick, domestic science expert, has placed her famous Experiment Station at the disposal of Shrine readers for testing household devices and food products. She has monthly articles of Special Cookery Technique, Recipe Contests, etc., and can aid you in your household problems. Write, enclosing stamped, addressed envelope, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

Miss Anne C. Granbeck, who conducts our Travel Bureau, invites you to write her for any information you may wish about Travel. She will do your Travel shopping (as well as select appropriate gifts for your friends who will travel), make reservations for rail and steamship tickets, hotel rooms, theater or lecture seats. Write, enclosing stamped, addressed envelope, Travel Bureau, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York. Our Financial Bureau in charge of J. C. Royle, a leading authority, will give you information about investments. Write, enclosing stamped, addressed envelope, Financial Bureau, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York.

Hundreds have received aid from our Service Departments. We want to help you, too.

dian left behind along with his tepee and his campfire. Some camps have nature study at regular periods, but others seem to succeed even better by letting the children acquire such knowledge unconsciously in their daily activities. Thus when they need branches for fire or bed, they are shown how to chop close to the tree so that the bark will grow over and heal the cut. Such applied nature study is extremely

practical, and the various crafts, cooking, etc., prove an excellent change from the theoretical textbook learning of the winter school. To be able to build good outdoor fire, cook on it an acceptable meal, make a comfortable bed, to feel unafraid in new surroundings—all this mastering of the environment develops self-reliance and assurance.

Indeed, many of these forest secrets, how to distinguish the constellations, learn the points of the compass, identify animals by their footprints, and a host of other suggestive and fascinating things, open up to the city child an entire new world. And it can truly be said that the more "civilized" the life of the child in his usual home environment, the more pleasant his initiation into the outdoor kingdom, and the more necessary to his development.

Group activity is another camp lesson of utmost importance, particularly to children of the timid or self-centered type. The organized recreation under the supervision of play-specialists leaves no chance for Tommy or Mary to be "out of it" because they are smaller or weaker or don't get along well with others. The example of everybody doing something (possibly something previously thought unpleasant) and doing it cheerfully with the aid of song and movement, inevitably gets even the most self-centered child to cooperate. Many a new camper gets his first idea that work and manual duties are wholesome from his camp experience. Hiking, putting on a pageant or play, sharing meal planning or cooking, building a lean-to or shelter, *together with others*—this lesson of working happily in a group is of vital social importance.

The newest and most progressive note in camp education is to encourage and develop the individual character and personality of each child. This is the aim in particular of the smaller camps which have the greatest number of counsellors in proportion to the number of children. And, by the way, this is an important point for parents to note: How many, and how trained are the counsellors? For, in the last analysis, a camp is as good as its counsellors. The parent should not select a camp solely on the personality of its director. He may [Continued on page 51]

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### CHOOSING THE CHILD'S CAMP

[Continued from page 50]

be excellent, but so must his assistants who are in actual charge. It is a long day since the counsellor was any inexperienced schoolboy or girl, lending his amateur efforts in return for board and tent. The whole success of the camp rests on the high quality of training and leadership of the men and women counsellors; the smaller the camp and the more flexible its program, the more necessary that they be experienced, sympathetic and skilled.

What camp shall I choose for my child? This depends on the child and where he usually lives. Children residing inland most of the year should certainly profit by a camp near lake or ocean where water sports will bring them new pleasures; if the home is in a flat region, then camps in hills or mountains would be a delightful contrast of experience. All camp sites should be on a high elevation with good drainage and where tents or bungalows can be open and sunswept daily.

If the child is the more typical average standardized child, the camp with military discipline, and probably the large camp would be most suitable; if it is a more "difficult" or individualized child, then select the smaller camp where there is less routine and more attention paid to individual development. If the child is between six and twelve, the author feels that the most satisfactory type is often to be found in the mixed camp of both boys and girls with both men and women counsellors, which thus approximates the typical conditions of family and social life. In any camp, the different geographical backgrounds, religious, and even racial, give each camper a broadminded tolerance of real educational value.

THERE are many special types of camps, in reality merely schools or studios which carry on their studies and work in the great outdoors. Among these is the camp which teaches dancing or rhythmic development of the body, with emphasis on art, weaving, dyeing, pageants and group gymnastics. Such an outdoor studio of the fine arts combines athletics with a special background of Greek poetry and legends and is another delightful way of getting the child to enter into relation with the nature world.

The camp is a truly American health and recreation development, of great importance both for education and for sane living. Even adults are now using it more and more, although its greatest value is for young people and children.

The parent or guardian may be assured that any summer camp will bring increased health, reliance and development. He may be aided in his selection by holding in mind the following four points: 1. The best camp gives ample provision for the child's real rest and relaxation; 2. It provides a program of interests sufficiently flexible to secure the most good out of that particular camp environment; 3. It furnishes a sufficient number of counsellors of high quality and leadership; 4. It aims to give special interest and attention to the individual development of each child.

[Shrine Service Continued on page 64]

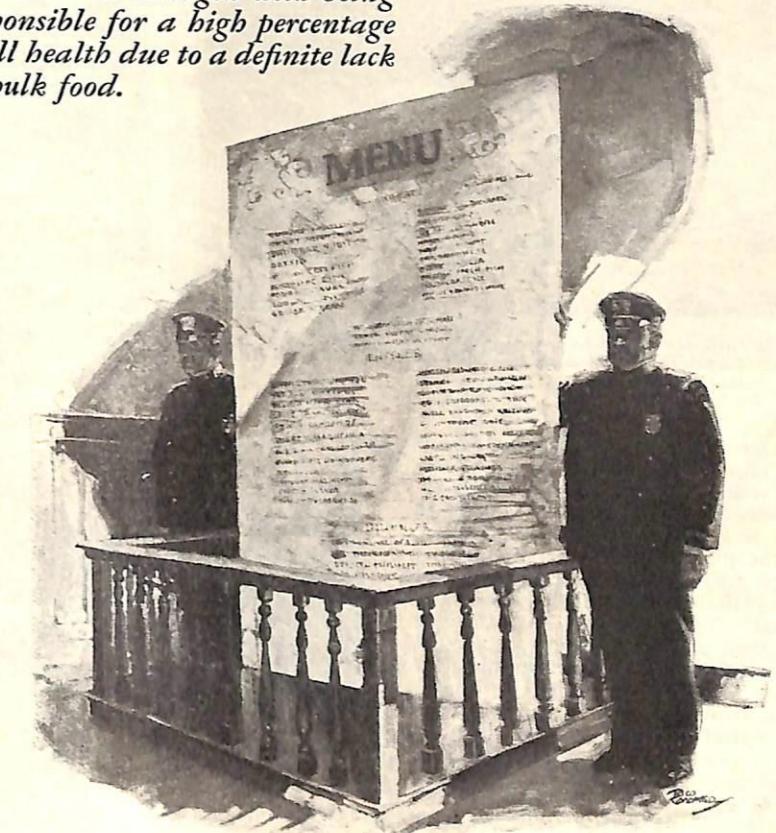
Send for list of camps for both boys and girls; "CHOOSING THE CHILD'S CAMP" Directory.

Or ask any questions about selecting a camp or summer school.

Address Camp Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

# INDICTED!

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and at the same time provides bulk that helps to banish constipation.

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Constipation must not be neglected!\* Start our two weeks' test now. Mail the coupon for a free sample which will show how delicious this food is. Or, better still, order a package from your grocer.

Start the test by eating a dish of Post's Bran Flakes for breakfast, with milk or cream, and eat it every day for two weeks. Vary it, if you like, with fresh or preserved fruits. It also makes delicious muffins and bran bread.

We predict after the two weeks' test you will find that Post's Bran Flakes has acted as a natural regulator, and you will notice a difference in how you feel.

Then follow the example of millions of healthy people who eat it every morning.

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Please send me your free booklet and a sample package of Post's Bran Flakes, so I can see how good it tastes.

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"NOW YOU'LL LIKE BRAN"

## eat POST'S BRAN FLAKES

With Other Parts of Wheat

as an ounce of prevention  
Post Health Products

## FLORIDA SAYS, "COME ON FEZ" [Continued from page 48]



(Above) An airplane view of hotel and shopping center of St. Petersburg, Fla., showing the mile long recreation pier.



(Above) The beautiful patio at the new Breakers Hotel at Palm Beach. This resort is connected with West Palm Beach by bridges.



(Above) The famous Venetian Swimming Pool and Casino at Coral Gables, Florida, a place never to be forgotten.



(Left) The twin greens of the Clearwater Country Club, Fla., one of the finest golf courses in America.

quiries received at the Shrine Clubs indicate that large numbers of the visiting Shriners and their friends intend to take full advantage of the opportunity to see as much as possible of Florida.

Among the many places near Miami that undoubtedly will attract large numbers of the visitors will be Coral Gables, five miles from Miami. Six years ago this thriving city was a fruit and avocado grove. Today it is one of the most charming spots in the country with its imposing entrances, wide plazas, broad parked boulevards, long vistas of tropical landscaping, thousands of delightful homes, and large business and public buildings. The Ponce de Leon entrance is one of the most remarkable gateways in America. It is 584 feet in length and made up of towers, balconies, grilled stairways and fine old Spanish effects. It houses twelve stories, twenty-three apartments, a public library, an antique gallery and a ballroom. It is the \$1,000,000 open sesame to the city and the finest of all its architectural achievements with the exception of the Biltmore Hotel. The Granada entrance, a mile out on the Tamiami Trail, is another beauty spot. This was built of native coral. Half a mile west is the Prado entrance, which leads to the Country Club residence district and the Biltmore Hotel. Another gateway leads to the business section. The city, which is connected with Miami by a rapid transit interurban electric railway system, by an electric street railway and by several trunk highways, is inseparably linked with the important highways of South Florida. It is an ideal home center, and its many facilities for golf, tennis, pool or Bay bathing, motoring and yachting make a strong appeal to sportsmen. One of its imposing buildings is the University of Miami. Many other large buildings are in course of construction in this fast-growing city, called the Miami Riviera.

Another place of interest that will draw many of the visitors will be Miami Beach, which is referred to as one of Florida's wonders. Once a mere swamp, it is now regarded as one of the most attractive of all millionaire resorts in the country. A center of attraction is Nautilus Fields with its four polo grounds. There are three 18-hole golf courses, one of which was laid out by the city. Facilities for all sports are in abundance. Miami Beach Shrine Club with its 70 members is among the most active of the nine in the jurisdiction of Mahi Temple. It will keep open house before the big gathering in Miami and will remain open until the last pilgrim has departed.

Opa-Locka, a suburb of Miami, is another place that should be visited. Pretty homes with beautiful floral settings constitute its chief charm. The palm-lined

highway and the natural scenery make the trip there most attractive. The town is called the Charm Spot of Miami. Its Arabian Nights' architecture will make a perfect setting for several feature attractions being arranged for the visitors.

Palm Beach, of course, will draw hundreds of visiting Shriners. This island paradise, which has been heralded as the world's Winter capital, lies between the blue waters of Lake Worth on the west, and the Atlantic on the east, and through years of development, has been converted into an immense tropical garden. There is a continuous round of outdoor diversions and social activities. The broad beaches, with the Gulf Stream flowing within a mile and a half of the coast, make bathing conditions ideal. Palm Beach has some famous hotels, among which are the Royal Poinciana and the new Breakers. The former is surrounded by extensive grounds and gardens, and adjoining it is the famous cocoanut grove, the scene of afternoon social affairs. The Breakers was built at a cost of \$7,000,000 and is on the ocean beach. Just south of it is the Casino Dance de la Mer and Roman Pool, and in front extend society's favorite

bathing beaches. Here, too, Nobles are waiting with a warm welcome for visiting Shriners. The Palm Beach Shrine Club, which has a home costing \$150,000 and a membership of about 225 members, has appointed a committee which has arranged all kinds of entertainment for the Faithful.

On the mainland is West Palm Beach, a busy business center which shares all the climatic advantages and natural charms of the adjacent island. It is connected with Palm Beach by several bridges. There, ocean bathing, golf, tennis, motorboating, fishing and all kinds of sports are enjoyed under the best of conditions. Accommodations at the hotels, cottages and other places can be obtained at more moderate rates.

Connecting Palm Beach with the West coast is the Conners Highway, a splendid boulevard passing through the richest part of the Everglades. The highway skirts Lake Okeechobee on the east shore to Okeechobee City, whence a broad, straight road leads directly across the State to the Gulf.

This highway is a direct link between Palm Beach, and Tampa, the home of Egypt Temple, and many Shriners will travel over

[Continued on page 56]

MARCH, 1928

## FACTS ABOUT TAMPA

Necessary extensions of the industrial and residential areas of Tampa required an investment of \$11,185,000 in public improvements, completed in 1927.

Within the last 6 months of 1927, two companies alone made plant and equipment investments in Tampa, totaling \$5,000,000 each.

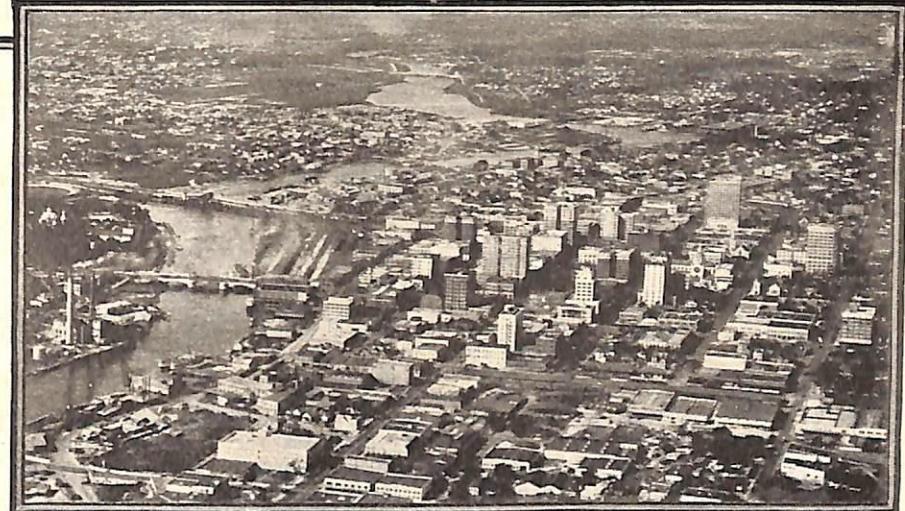
Tampa fine cigar production averages 38,000,000 a month, selling throughout the world.

In Tampa the average temperature is 72 degrees throughout the year.

Tampa is only 24 hours from the eastern metropolitan centers, and 36 hours from the mid-west.

Tampa serves as the commercial and industrial center of a South Florida region from which \$60,000,000 to \$70,000,000 is the annual revenue to the farmers, dairy-men, poultrymen, stock raisers, fruit growers and other agriculturists.

In addition to cigars, Tampa manufactures a variety of products comparable to many northern cities of even larger size.



# TAMPA

The "Balanced" Metropolis of Florida's Famous West Coast

EXTENDS to Shriners and their families a cordial invitation to partake of its resort attractions—Golf on four courses, green throughout the year; fresh and salt water fishing; bathing in mineral springs or at nearby Gulf beaches; tennis, polo, major league baseball, speed-boating, aviation and the gayety of clubs, hotels and theatres of the metropolitan type.

Tampa invites you to note its background of diversified industries, eighty-nine products manufactured in five hundred factories, world-wide shipping interests and rich agricultural trading territory, all contributing to year-round stability and reasonable living costs for both visitor and resident.

To see Florida you must include the naturally picturesque and verdant West Coast in your trip. Visit Tampa on your way to or from the convention or both. It is in your direct line of travel and from this point excellent highways, trains and steamships lead to every part of Florida. Passenger steamers sail regularly to Key West, Havana and New Orleans.

In Tampa you will find the sincere cordiality of a community which welcomes the temporary guest in the trust that he may become a resident.

You will be interested in Tampa booklets available promptly on request

MAYOR AND BOARD OF REPRESENTATIVES  
CITY OF TAMPA

### REPRESENTATIVES CITY OF TAMPA

P. O. Box 407, Tampa, Florida

I will be glad to read the literature checked.

( ) General booklet ( ) Industrial booklet  
( ) Tampa statistics ( ) Agricultural booklet  
( ) Hotel folder ( ) Fort facilities

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

**TAMPA**  
Florida's Greatest City

# WITHIN THE SHRINE

## SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 46]

### BEN ALI, SACRAMENTO, CAL.

The Executive Board of the Band has elected the following officers: President, W. J. Argall; Vice-President, W. E. Comstock, and Secretary-Treasurer, Dr. W. H. Renwick. A report of the activities of the Band last year shows that in addition to attending seventy rehearsals, it played at week-end parties, at the big East-West football game for the benefit of the Shrine Hospital at San Francisco, gave several concerts, played at five Ceremonial Sessions, three of which were held in other cities, and participated in a cornerstone laying. Noble Robert N. Fenton, Director, has issued a call of recruits in a plan to enlarge the organization.

### BENI KEDEM, CHARLESTON, W. VA.

Fifty novices crossed the hot sands at the recent Ceremonial Session, which was marked by an unusually large gathering of the faithful. Several visiting Nobles were presented and received a warm welcome. A large delegation made the pilgrimage to Richmond, Va., to attend the dedication of Acca's new Temple. The Band and Patrol were hosts recently at a reception, dance and a dinner which were thoroughly enjoyed. A proposal to take over and operate a hospital for the treatment of crippled children will come up for action at the next meeting of the Temple, when a committee, now making an investigation, will make its report. The Bluefield Shrine Club gave a dinner recently for Potentate Pat M. Wilson. The entire membership of the Patrol and Drum Corps of the Club was present. S. M. Lambert, President of the Club, presided, and Noble Will C. Easley, President of the Bluefield Patrol was toastmaster. After the dinner, a large traveling bag was presented to Potentate Wilson.

### BOUMI, BALTIMORE

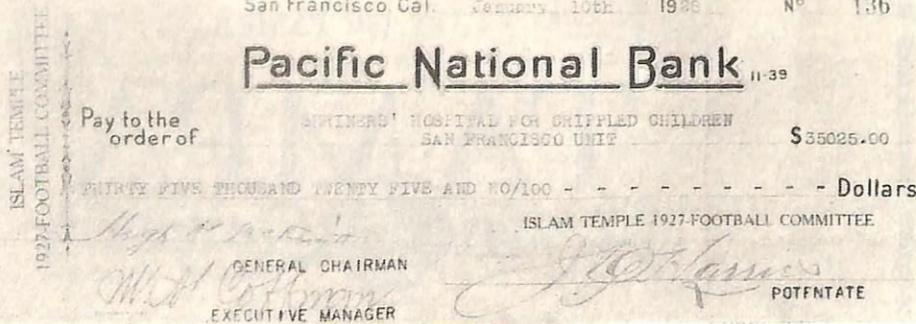
Shriners of this Oasis plan to have a large representation at the Imperial Council meeting in Miami, in May, and arrangements are being made to take the uniformed units as an escort.

### CRESCENT, TRENTON, N. J.

Records of the Temple show that 772 new members were received last year, and that the year was one of the most successful in the history of the Oasis. The permanent investment fund was increased \$50,000, and it is now planned to carry out the project to erect a new Mosque. The matter is in the hands of a committee which, it is understood, is ready to make a favorable report. Potentate Earl E. Jeffries was re-elected Potentate at the annual meeting, and Linford D. Clossen re-elected Recorder.

San Francisco Cal. January 10th 1928 No. 136

### Pacific National Bank



The above check, representing the receipts of the annual East-West Football Game, conducted under the auspices of Islam Temple, was turned over to the San Francisco Hospital Unit.

### COMING EVENTS

March 2nd—El Khurafah, Saginaw, Mich., Ceremonial  
March 2nd—Aladdin, Columbus, ball  
March 2nd—Saladin, Grand Rapids, Mich., Ceremonial and ball  
March 19th—Tadmor, Akron, O., circus  
March 21st—El Zagal, Fargo, N. D., entertainment  
March 21st—Oasis, Charlotte, N. C., Ceremonial and reception to Imperial Potentate  
March 30th—Bedouin, Muskogee, Okla., ball  
March 31st—El Mina, Spring Ceremonial at Beaumont, Texas

April 10th—Moslah, Ceremonial at Fort Worth, Texas

April (subject to notice)—Sesostris, Lincoln, Neb., Ceremonial  
May 1st, 2nd and 3rd—Fifty-fourth annual Session of the Imperial Council, Miami, Fla.

May 15th (tentative)—Sahara, Pine Bluff, Ark., Dedication of Temple and Ceremonial  
May 17th—Wahabi, Jackson, Miss., Ceremonial  
May 24th—Sudan, Ceremonial at Raleigh, N. C.

July 10th—Ismailia, Buffalo, N. Y., European cruise  
Nov. 22nd—Wahabi, Jackson, Ceremonial

### DAMASCUS, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Noble Hobart H. Todd of Industry, N. Y., was elected Potentate at the annual meeting, January 4th, and Noble Luther H. Miller re-elected Recorder. The Representatives chosen were Potentate Todd and Nobles Wiley H. Wilson, William J. Parker and Edward C. Widman. Before retiring as Potentate, Noble William C. Kohlmetz expressed gratitude to Past Potentate Earl J. Neville, who was Chairman of the Shrine Circus, and to Noble William J. Parker, in charge of the tickets, and to all others who helped to make the circus a success. Noble Fred Bradna, Director of the circus, who is a member of Tigris Temple, and Potentate Roy Chamberlain, also of Tigris, were voted honorary members of Damascus. The Band and Chanters gave a concert after the meeting.

Noble Charles S. Owen, for more than ten years Captain of the Patrol, was re-elected at the annual meeting following a dinner attended by seventy-five active, reserve and honorary members. Imperial Assistant Rabban Esten A. Fletcher, President of the organization, who also was re-elected, presided. Other officers re-elected were First Lieutenant and Adjutant, William C. Smith; Second Lieutenant, Edward G. Stallman. The Shrine Lunch Club has elected the following officers: President, Harvey J. Haddleton; First Vice-President, Edgar F. Edwards; Second Vice-President, John H. Gregory; Secretary, John Handy; Treasurer, R. W. Post.

Noble Cliff Carpenter, newly elected Illustrous Potentate of El Zaribah Temple, Phoenix, Arizona. He is prominent in Masonry, and an expert on mining conditions in the Southwest.



### EGYPT, TAMPA, FLA.

Shriners of this Oasis are preparing to display the real brand of Florida hospitality to visiting Nobles and their families to and from the Imperial Council meeting in May. The Winter Haven Shrine Club plans to keep open house in May. The Club gave a concert recently which was featured by the appearance of the Temple's Band. The proceeds went to its charity fund. During Christmas the members distributed baskets of food and made gifts to many needy families.

### EL KHURAFEH, SAGINAW, MICH.

At a recent meeting of the Caravan Club a mock trial was held and fines levied to aid a fund with which to provide gifts of toys and clothing for little crippled children.

### EL KAHIR, CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA

Beauty, music and talent combined forces at the dedication of El Kahir's new Temple and the result was the most brilliant, extensive and colorful spectacle ever witnessed in one building in this Oasis. Two bugle calls ringing through the dim auditorium, announced the grand entry of the three uniformed units and the Divan. In brilliant costumes of gold jackets, scarlet breeches and green sashes, the Band paraded about the floor and took its station as the curtain on the stage rose on a landscape scene with a glistening Mosque in the background. The Drum Corps in scarlet uniforms with the traditional ear of Iowa corn on the back, entered next, followed by the Patrol. Then, as the audience stood, the members of the Divan, attired in resplendent robes, entered and took their places on the stage. The uniformed bodies swung into formation, passed before the stage, and making a round of the auditorium, halted and played the Iowa Corn song.

The ceremony of christening the Temple, for sheer esthetic beauty, could hardly have been surpassed. Mrs. Charles C. Kuning, wife of the Potentate, took the leading part. She was escorted to the christening pedestal by two tiny dancers, and as she spoke the words, "I christen thee El Kahir Temple," and dashed a bottle of pink liquid on the pedestal, forty girl dancers slipped through a door in the rear, on to the stage, and with their dances transformed the scene into a moving mass of brilliant colors. The presentation of the flag to the Temple as the Band played the "Star Spangled Banner," was featured by the showing on a drop of a huge American flag that almost covered the rear of the stage.

Imperial Oriental Guide Earl C. Mills of Za-Ga-Zig Temple, Des Moines, Iowa, representing the Imperial Potentate, in an address, declared that El Kahir was the "only Temple in North America that was built within the original appropriation." He praised the Building Committee for its work, and referred to the Patrol as one of the best drilled units in the Shrine. The introduction of Past Potentates, visitors and

[Shrine News Continued on page 55]

MARCH, 1928

## SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 54]

Shriners who played a part in the construction of the Temple, followed. The members of the Building Committee—Noble James E. Blake, Chairman; Noble M. J. Hedin, Potentate Kuning, Past Potentate James A. Plumb, Nobles Percy Smith and Otis L. Leebers—were introduced individually. The cost of the new Temple was \$410,000.

Nearly one hundred novices crossed the hot sands at a Ceremonial Session in the afternoon. The work in the First and Third Sections was put on by Past Potentates.

### EL KARUBAH, SHREVEPORT, LA.

The call for the annual meeting brought out a large attendance. The question of sending the Band, Patrol and Drum Corps to the Imperial Council meeting in Miami was decided in short order. All three units will go and it was indicated that the Nobility would make up a large caravan for the pilgrimage. The election of officers resulted as follows: Potentate, Clarence A. McClelland; Chief Rabban, W. C. Taylor; Assistant Rabban, J. M. Grimmett; High Priest and Prophet, Albert Dreyfuss; Oriental Guide, James A. McCann; Treasurer, W. B. Farrar, (re-elected), and Recorder, James H. Rowland, (re-elected). The Representatives are Nobles Rowland, McClelland, H. S. Weston and L. E. Thomas.

### EL KATIF, SPOKANE, WASH.

The fifty-three novices who crossed the sand at the recent Ceremonial Session, were guests at an entertainment and dance at the close of the annual meeting of the Temple, at which the following officers were elected: Potentate, C. Clare Cater; Recorder, Jackson A. Phillips, re-elected; Representatives, Potentate Cater, James McCluskey, C. Bert Clausin, Edward W. Robertson. At the annual meeting of the Band, J. T. Treynor was elected President; E. E. Lucas, Vice-President; Guy S. Andrews, Secretary; E. W. Edgington, Treasurer, and Fred L. Simons, Director.

### EL MAIDA, EL PASO, TEXAS

The Potentate's Ball was marked by one of the largest social gatherings in this Oasis in many years, and the members of the committee in charge of the affair were warmly congratulated upon its success. The decorations, which were of an Oriental character, added much to the charm of the occasion.

### EL MINA, GALVESTON, TEXAS

Shriners of this Oasis have purchased the old Brown home, known as Ashton Villa and after making improvements, which include additions to the historic structure, will occupy it as a Temple. The building has three stories, is constructed of red brick, and is surrounded by tropical foliage and shrubs. The homestead is intimately associated with early Texas history. It served during Civil War days as a hospital haven for Confederates, and headquarters for both Union and Confederate generals. It was in the large drawing room that swords were formally exchanged. The Nobles are well pleased with the purchase. The improvements are expected to be completed this month. The Temple will hold its next Ceremonial Session at Beaumont, Texas, March 24th. The Temple's Band has resumed its activities after a short vacation. At a recent meeting the members presented an ebony baton trimmed with silver to Noble William H. Schneider, in appreciation of his services as leader.

### EL RIAD, SIOUX FALLS, S. D.

There was a large attendance of the faithful at the annual meeting. Reports of the [Shrine News Continued on page 60]

# By this Discovery— Goodrich prevents wasteful tread wear on millions of cars!

WHAT you see under the plate glass, happens about 300 times every minute when you drive your car. First, the tread yields as it meets the road, for balloon tires are soft.

So the Goodrich Silvertown tread is flexible—triple-grooved—hinge-centered—and it yields without distortion. Second, the weight pressing down on the tire spreads toward the outer edges of the tread—the "shoulders."

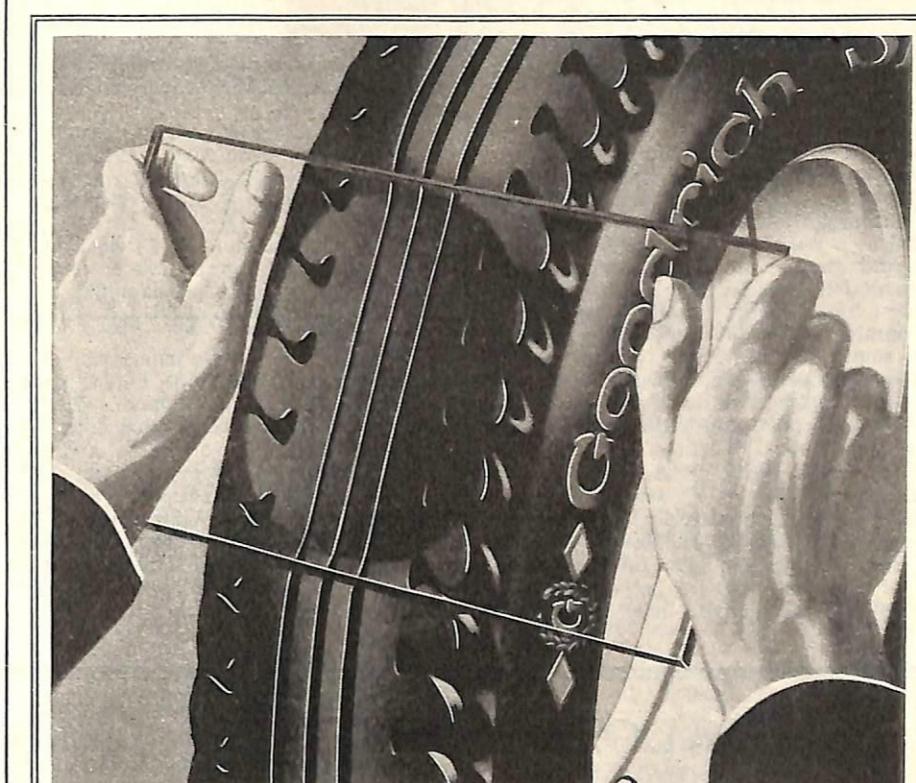
So the Goodrich Silvertown tread has massive shoulders—continuous tracks

of rubber—with the sharp-edged, all-direction grip of the safety blocks along the sides.

Such a tread is smooth-running. It doesn't "pile up." Because it is undistorted, it is free from the uneven, choppy wear which tire men call "cupping."

By this one discovery, the hinge-center tread, Goodrich puts thousands of extra miles in Silvertowns.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY Est. 1870  
Akron, O. In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Co., Kitchener, Ont.



THE PLATE GLASS TEST. Pressing this heavy glass against the tread, shows the action of the rubber under load. The deep triple grooves close up, preventing distortion. The sharp-edged safety blocks grip the ground.

# Goodrich Silvertowns

'BEST IN THE LONG RUN'

Listen In every Wednesday night, Goodrich Radio Hour 9:30 P. M.  
Eastern Standard Time, over WEAF and the Red Network.

## FLORIDA SAYS, "COME ON FEZ" [Continued from page 52]

it by motor on their way to and from Miami. Tampa, the great Gulf port, and center of commercial and industrial activity of a vast territory; St. Petersburg, the Sunshine City, and Clearwater, the coast city of beautiful homes, should be included in the itinerary of those who plan to visit Florida's most interesting places. It is said that 800,000 people live within Tampa's trade territory. The city's point of departure for all of the West Coast draws an increasing number of tourists every year. A more beautiful water frontage than the Bay Shore Drive of Tampa would be hard to find.

The city boasts of the only municipally owned hotel in America, an imposing structure overlooking Tampa Bay. In one section, known as Ybor City, is a Spanish settlement where the famous cigars are made. Ships of every flag enter the port. In the Bay is Davis Island, once a mangrove shoal and now covered with fine hotels, clubhouses, homes and apartments. It is connected with Tampa by a bridge. The island today represents \$50,000,000 worth of real estate created out of an area of bay water 15 feet deep. Shriners will receive an enthusiastic welcome at Tampa.

On the tip of the Pinellas Peninsula, between Tampa and the Gulf, is St. Petersburg, the great tourist city of Florida, and home of a Shrine Club with 375 members. Its permanent population is 50,000; in winter it is more than double that number. The city has developed its waterfront in many delightful ways, especially with its recreational pier, and tourists find unlimited attractions, making it a real Oasis for those who love the quiet life as well as for the sport enthusiast. The city is so delightfully situated as a resort that its growth has been rapid and permanent. Its residential development has been most marked! Some of the finest hotels in the country, as well as a large number of the more moderate sort, are to be found in "St. Pete," as the city is called by Floridians. The beaches form one of the great attractions, and pleasure yachts have made the port one of the most popular in the country.

To the north of St. Petersburg, and on the same peninsula, is Clearwater, another charming resort, beautifully situated on Clearwater Bay (Gulf of Mexico) with a good basin for yachts. One of the attractions of the season there is yacht racing. Beautiful homes and palm-lined boulevards,

and sports of all kinds, with boating and bathing offering exceptionally fine facilities for enjoyment, make Clearwater an ideal spot for rest or recreation. The Shrine Club there is waiting with a warm welcome for the visiting Nobility.

Most of the caravans will enter Florida at Jacksonville, the gateway to the American Riviera, where Shriners will get their first sight of the beauties of nature so lavishly bestowed upon the Peninsula State. There they will find entertainment provided by the Nobles of Morocco Temple. Jacksonville is the most important railroad center in

All these places Shriners will find are well worth visiting. Other interesting points on both coasts can be reached easily by motor or railroad. By May 1st, it will be possible to motor from Miami to the West coast. According to an announcement from Fort Myers, the Tamiami Trail will be completed and formally opened to traffic on that day. This will link Miami with Fort Myers, Punta Gorda, Venice, Bradenton and Sarasota. A motorcade is being formed at Fort Myers, and free transportation will be provided for Shriners.

The opening of the Tamiami Trail will mark the completion of one of the greatest feats of road building in the country. The project was carried out by the State Highway Department under the direction of Dr. F. A. Hathaway, its Chairman. The road is forty feet wide, penetrates the very heart of America's last frontier, and traverses the dense wilds known to the native Seminole Indians as "Pah-hag-o-kee," or "grassy water."

The following poem, entitled "Florida," written by the late Noble Howard Curry, a member of Egypt Temple, Tampa, Fla., expresses the feeling of general enthusiasm and loyalty of all residents of Florida; so well named "The American Riviera":

When de Lord was a buildin' dis earth of ours,

He seek out a garden fer to plant de flowers;

He make up a place twixt de Gulf an' de Ocean

An' He laid out Florida jest to His notion.

He fix de blossoms on de orange trees,

An' He make 'em sweet fer de honey bees,

An' He planted de palm trees all around

An' pines an' oaks fer to shade the ground.

Den He put in some lakes, an' rivers, too;

An' He built up some hills fer to help de view,

An' He git de sun a workin' jest right,

An' de moon an' de stars fer to help out at night.

An' He turn on de rain in de Summer time,

To cool de air an' make de cane stalks climb.

Den He make a climate so warm an' mild

Dat when He finish His work I know

He smiled.

## AMBASSADORS OF ILLUSION [Continued from page 31]

a pause, "they only recognize truth, and realities. And doctors—unlike us—are forced to face them, and to stand by them."

That was on Tuesday, and by Saturday evening Julian Volney was sunk in an apathy from which nothing could apparently arouse him. We were all going out to a performance at the Neighborhood Playhouse, even persuading Aunt Emma to take two hours off from her ceaseless vigil. Harry himself got the tickets—complimentaries—excusing himself at the last minute on the plea of a rehearsal elsewhere. And Paul and Jan Broun, who had been keeping close to themselves all week, had wrapped themselves in what Harry had been pleased to term, "a heavy cloak of Rumanian reserve."

But the rest of us set out, after seeing that Julian was sleeping lightly, his faded blue dressing gown draped closely about his shoulders despite the mellow June evening. Miss Patten, a new night nurse from the hospital nearby, smiled brightly after us from her chair as we left.

The play, as I recall it, was rather terrible. At any rate, when the first curtain dropped, I fumbled for my pipe and discovered that I had left it behind. Excusing myself, I strolled back to get it.

I was sauntering across the street when I became aware of a car, long, dark and enclosed, standing before Aunt Emma's brick house. The corner arc struck silver streaks from its polished flanks and hood. As I drew near, admiring the restrained glory of its trappings, and wondering whose it could be, three figures hurried down the steps and ducked through the low door which a liveried chauffeur held.

"Snap, clop!" it shut, with that solid, expensive sound. A crescendo rush, as of myriad wings imprisoned, and it slid past me, rustling the young poplar leaves beside the curb. I watched for a minute, until it swung noiselessly round a corner, speculating, in my American fashion, on its probable cost and upkeep. Then I climbed the steps and entered, sniffing the faint scent of

flowers which seemed to hang in the doorway. Upstairs, excited voices . . .

"Wonderful? I should say so, Mr. Volney. I am so happy, so happy. Here, let me put them in a bowl—lie still now."

I loped upstairs, startled at the strange vehemence in the old sculptor's tone as he interrupted the nurse.

"Guess who has been here?" demanded old Julian of me, slapping his white bang impatiently aside.

"Babe Ruth?" I inquired, feebly facetious.

"Bah!" scoffed the old man. "No—the Ambassador himself!"

"What ambassador?"

"From Rumania, of course. Where else?"

"No!" I exclaimed, in very real astonishment.

"But yes," cried Julian, shaking his head in triumphant emphasis. "I tell you yes! From Washington, all the way to see me. To present His Majesty's compliments, and to wish me quick [Continued on page 59]



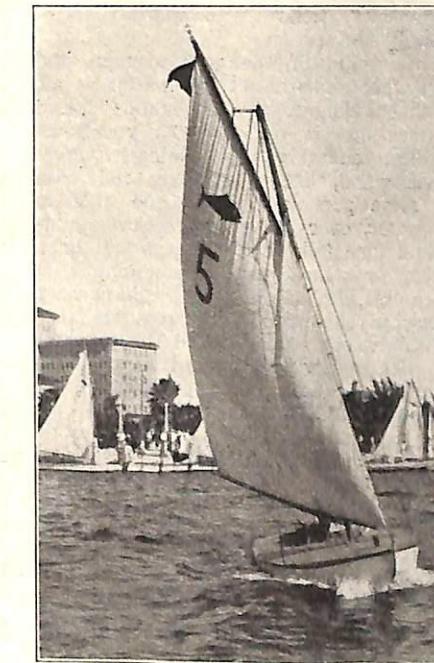
Here is St. Petersburg, Florida, sparkling in the sunshine. At the top is the waterfront and the Recreation Pier; at the left is Mirror Lake; in the center is Williams Park and the business district

## Be Sure to Visit "The Sunshine City" When You Come to Florida

HALFWAY down the West Coast of Florida, between the broad waters of the Gulf of Mexico and Tampa Bay, lies delightful Pinellas Peninsula, and on the southern tip of this peninsula is "The Sunshine City," St. Petersburg. It is almost entirely surrounded by the warm, blue waters of these southern seas; it is decorated with a profusion of semi-tropical trees and vegetation; and all the year long it is bathed in glorious, life-giving sunshine.

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you could desire. A wide variety of entertainment is offered—theaters, concerts, lectures, dancing, regattas, boxing bouts, major league baseball, festivals.

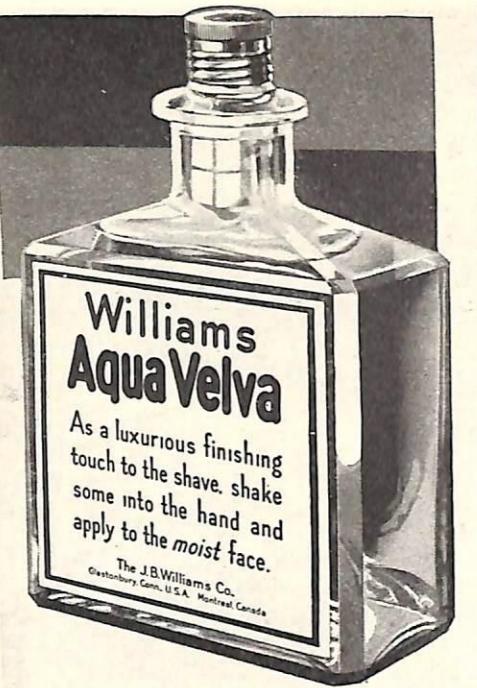
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**Williams**  
**Aqua Velva**  
For use after shaving

## WHAT CAREER WILL YOU CHOOSE?

[Continued from page 19]

says an expert life insurance statistician, "because that is the nearest we can come to general probabilities. But while we arrive at actual figures in that manner we do not sell insurance on averages. Insurance solicitors are trained to take each prospect as an individual. If the prospect is a man of family the solicitor works out a program of insurance, gauged according to the family's real need for protection and on the ability of the father to carry insurance. Each family is therefore treated as a separate entity."

The war tended to develop the individualist, when the Personnel Division of the United States army initiated job analysis. By dissecting occupational activities into their components, and drawing up the consequent job specifications, men were assigned to act as chauffeurs, gunsmiths, etc. This job analysis was carried into peaceful industries, education and the professions after the war. Vocational analysis and guidance gained in popularity.

Now because the law of averages is continually breaking down and the ascendancy of the individual is annually becoming more pronounced the number of earnest scientists who teach the doctrine of selection by some form of tests is increasing rapidly. One school of vocational guidance lays down rules resulting from mental reactions to certain types of questions put to the young hopeful looking forward to a career. Another school tells each pupil what work to do by analyzing the details of his physiognomy. Still another looks at the handwriting of the applicant and determines whether that applicant should be a miner or a missionary. Unhappily not all of these scientists are infallible.

Up-to-date vocational guidance seems to have reached a compromise between averages and individualists. Professor Harry Dexter Kitson of Teachers College, Columbia University, declares after many years of vocational study:

"In the mind of the average man and woman who thinks about the matter at all, vocational guidance usually stands for a mysterious process by which a vocational counsellor, preferably a psychologist, waves a magic wand, like a divining rod with which some persons claim to be able to detect water, over the person seeking guidance, and then tells him, 'You should be a physician, or a life insurance salesman.'

President Glenn Frank of the University of Wisconsin is attempting to solve the problem by having Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn, former president of Amherst College, give two-hundred-and-fifty Wisconsin freshmen and sophomores any method of instruction which may appeal to him. In other words, individual instruction according to individual needs and inclinations.

Thanks to much reliable information it is no longer difficult to determine what it will cost fond parents to prepare their children for careers. That cost has been averaged pretty thoroughly. But when it comes to selection of careers the law of averages is well nigh valueless. Because each human being is born with a predilection for some particular task the chances favor his success in life if he follows his especial bent. Hence, it is up to parents or others burdened or blessed with such responsibility, to find out what the child best likes to do.

Does that solution of the problem sound so difficult? From Dr. George A. Dorsey, the eminent anthropologist and author of "Why We Behave Like Human Beings," to such students of humanity as Major George W. Landers, author of the band tax law, you hear the dictum, "Give me a child before it is seven and I can make it what it was meant to be."

So it is up to responsible elders to watch the fledglings in their early years. By such watching intelligent elders can determine the natural inclination of each young twig. If that inclination is properly accentuated there will be fewer failures in careers.

tion. In other words, although we find that tests are of some service in vocational selection, we have not found them a solution of the problems of vocational guidance, a distinction that is sometimes lost sight of.

"The best service we can render by way of guidance is to investigate the occupations, get exact knowledge about them and then organize our efforts so we can pass on that information to young people who must choose their vocations. We should study the histories of workers, tabulate the facts about their vocational progress, and then impart the information to the person who is about to make a vocational choice.

"When this information is secured, at great labor, we can give up the spectacular pigeon-holing kind of vocational guidance that is generally expected of us. Nevertheless this method will provide us with sure information and enable us to answer more definitely the question of modern youth, 'What shall I do; and how shall I prepare to do it?'

But after the preparation the doing is up to the individual.

In the meantime we are in the academic doldrums when it comes to preparing our young people for the right careers. Dr. Sidney Edward Mezes, president of the College of the City of New York, admits that "less intelligent and informed foresight is exercised in this than in any other matter of lifelong importance, unless it be the choice of mates by young men." Chancellor Elmer Ellsworth Brown of New York University declares, "There is great need of wisdom and information in the matter of guiding our American youth so each may make the most for himself and society. It goes to the core of society. In the colleges we are fumbling a good deal with the question of such guidance." President James Rowland Angell of Yale admits, "We are struggling with the problem." Professor William Starr Meyers of Princeton says, "Not one student in ten knows what he is going to do when he graduates from college and many delays in careers and misfits are results."

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MARCH, 1928

## AMBASSADORS OF ILLUSION

[Continued from page 56]

recovery! It is true—the Ambassador, and two of his military attachés. It touches me—deeply."

As he concluded, his voice faltered suspiciously and I imagined that his eyes were very bright, though the dim light in the room made it difficult to say. He started to hurry on, after terrific "hump-humping" and impatient rapping on his chest, but one of his spells was on him and he could only point at Miss Patten and gasp, "You—you tell him, Nurse. You saw it—all of it."

"How about it?" I demanded of the nurse.

"It's true," she nodded, laying down the flowers. "I was thrilled to death. What a shame the others couldn't have been here! He'd have loved it so."

"Yes," coughed Julian, with a weak flash of his former vigor. "Paul, and Jan, most of all. Ah, they wouldn't have scoffed then. Not they! Eh, Nurse?"

"Not much," assured the girl warmly. "Well, this is what happened: I was sitting just outside the door, reading. I heard a car stop in front of the house, but paid no attention. Then the bell rang. I waited for someone to go, but everybody was out, so I ran down. And there at the door—"

The girl clasped her hands. "The most gorgeous young soldier that ever stepped out of a comic operetta! In a gray-green uniform, with shiny black boots, and a scarlet-lined cloak flung over one shoulder."

"No," I said.

"Yes," cried Julian, hitching up on one elbow. "And behind him, nurse?"

"Another," declared the girl. "Just like him—perfectly stunning! Of course it wasn't very bright, there in the lower hall, but they were handsome enough to—well, I don't know. They saluted—like this, fingers spread, and bowed, and inquired if Mr. Volney lived here."

"I said 'Yes, but he is very ill—he cannot be disturbed,'" continued the girl. "But they only bowed again, and told me, very politely, that His Excellency, the Ambassador, had come up all the way from Washington to convey the King's respects to a distinguished fellow-countryman."

"And what then, nurse?" whispered Julian, eager as any small boy.

"Well," explained the girl, "what could I do? This imposing creature simply bowed me over by his quiet magnificence!"

"Well, first thing I knew, Mr. Cleeve, I was showing him into this very room."

"Then," interrupted Julian, "he came over to the bed. I shook so from excitement I could hardly take his hand. And he happened to glance up at this," pointing to the Order of Merit, "and he saluted it, didn't he, nurse?"

"Yes," nodded the girl, "and he held Mr. Volney's hand, and told him how much honor he had brought to his country. And how distressed His Majesty was to learn of his illness—and that they all hoped, with all their hearts, that he would soon be able to continue his splendid work."

"Like a dream," murmured the old man, shaking his head. "But it wasn't, eh nurse? For here are their flowers. And she ran to the window and saw them whiz off in a great shining car, didn't you, nurse?"

"That I did," she nodded.

Next day, Hunt and I smiled over it. The ceremony, the posturing, the genuflections toward the distant tinsel individual aroused a mild amusement in our all-American bosoms.

"Can you imagine the President," inquired Hunt, "putting on all that fuss and feathers show for a sick subject? Darned if I can. Nor would I want it." [Continued on page 67]

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*On the Ocean  
in Florida's Sun*

## WITHIN THE SHRINE

### SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 55]

activities in 1927 were read, the net results of which indicate a successful year. The election resulted as follows: Potentate, Dr. George R. Lanning; Recorder, Edgar S. Knowles, re-elected; Representatives, Dr. Lanning, Louis Jacobs, Arthur B. Fairbank and George W. Talbott.

### EL ZAGAL, FARGO, N. D.

Members of eighteen Shrine Clubs gathered here to honor Noble A. J. "Dad" Stephens, retiring Potentate, at a testimonial dinner. Other guests included all the Past Potentates, members of the Divan and the Chanters. More than 300 Shriners were present. At the annual meeting which followed, John J. Nierling of Johnstown, N. D., was elected Potentate, and William T. Johnston, re-elected Recorder.

### EL ZARIBAH, PHOENIX, ARIZ.

Clifford T. Carpenter was elected Potentate, and William Wallace re-elected Recorder, at the annual meeting. The Representatives elected were Shirley Christy, Vic Hanny, C. T. Carpenter and James R. Malott.

### GIZEH, VICTORIA, B. C.

Members of the Shrine Club at Vancouver are considering the matter of establishing a mobile hospital unit for the treatment of crippled children in that city. The project was enthusiastically received when explained at a recent smoker. A series of social events to continue to the end of April has been planned.

### HEJAZ, GREENVILLE, S. C.

A report showing marked increase in the activities of the Shrine Hospital in this Oasis aroused much enthusiasm when read at the annual meeting of the Temple. The election resulted as follows: Potentate, John M. Holmes; Recorder, George T. Bryan, re-elected; Representatives, Potentate Holmes, George T. Bryan, M. L. Smith, Kenneth Baker.

### HELLA, DALLAS, TEXAS

Shriners, their families and friends, enjoyed a concert arranged by a special committee, which marked the opening of a new radio station. The uniformed units gave a dance recently, and will be hosts at an entertainment planned for the latter part of this month.

### HILLAH, ASHLAND, ORE.

The following officers were elected at the annual meeting: Potentate, the Rev. P. K. Hammond; Chief Rabban, H. O. Frohbach; Assistant Rabban, R. E. Detrick; Recorder, William H. Day (re-elected); Representatives, Potentate Hammond, Past Potentate Samuel H. Baker and C. E. Gates. The Temple gave a dance recently, the first of several social gatherings arranged for the Winter.

### INDIA, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

Officers as follows were elected at the annual meeting: Potentate, Claude M. March; Chief Rabban, A. Elmon Musrush; Assistant Rabban, Earl N. Swan; High Priest and Prophet, Charles F. Stewart; Oriental Guide, T. B. Reed; Treasurer, W. S. Guthrie; Recorder, Leslie H. Swan (re-elected); Representatives, Justice James I. Phelps, Charles V. Gowing and Gus A. Paul.



Fred W. Delaney, President Shrine Recorders' Association, and Recorder of Miami Temple, Miami, Fla., who is taking a leading part in preparing for the Imperial Council meeting there in May.

### CIREM, WILKES-BARRE, PA.

There was a great outpouring of the Faithful at the recent Ceremonial Session. Sixty-eight novices made the pilgrimage to Mecca. During the session, the Rev. Leon K. Willman, in behalf of the members, presented a large radio set to Potentate Henry W. Merritt. When he recovered from his surprise, Potentate Merritt said that for years he had been giving to ministers, but that this was the first time he ever had received anything, even indirectly, from a clergyman, except the solace of religion. The Potentate then called the leaders of the uniformed units to the stage and Nobles John MacLuskie of the Band, John M. Jones of the Patrol, Howard J. Fear of the Chanters, and C. Edward Tite of the Bugle Corps, responded. To each of them, the Potentate, on behalf of the Temple, presented a large easy chair. The session closed with an entertainment.

The records show that 1927 was one of the most prosperous years in the history of the Temple. The receipts from initiations have increased from approximately \$37,000 to \$60,000 in the past two years, and dues show a gain of about \$10,000 a year. Five Ceremonial Sessions were held last year, and the Temple and the uniformed units gave many entertainments. The Country Club reports the best year since it started.

### ISLAM, SAN FRANCISCO

The East-West football game, the annual classic for the benefit of the Shrine Hospital, was an unqualified success, even the weather helping the cause, for rain fell the day before and the day after, leaving blue skies for the day of the big event. Kazir Stadium was jammed with an enthusiastic crowd to welcome the teams which were made up of star players of the East and West. The Western players won by a score of 16 to 6.

A total of \$35,025 was realized, and a check for that amount was turned over to the hospital.

The event was the climax of many weeks of hard work by a general committee and twenty-one sub-committees. Delegations from several Temples were there, with a great outpouring of Nobles from Islam with all the uniformed units of that Temple. Dances, songs and other entertainment made up the program of the recent party given by the Shrine Club. Shriners and their families enjoyed a two days' snow carnival at Lake Tahoe.

The Christmas Pageant Ceremonial Session brought Shriners here from all parts of the State to join those of this Oasis in celebrating the event. The prologue made an immense hit. One of the largest classes of novices in a long time crossed the hot sands. It was the last Ceremonial at the old initiation fee of \$100. The new fee, \$150 is now in effect.

[Shrine News Continued on page 61]

MARCH, 1928

### SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 60]

#### ISMAILIA, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Members of the Lockport Shrine Club hope to have a Ceremonial Session in that town in the near future, and have named a committee to take charge of the movement. This follows a successful campaign of the Club to aid the Shrine Hospital fund in which a considerable sum was raised. Shriners at Dunkirk and Wellsville are planning to organize clubs. When this is done the Temple will have ten clubs, the other eight being in the following places: Silver Creek, Lockport, Tonawanda, Gowanda, Salamanca, Jamestown, Olean and Niagara Falls. At the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees, Emergent Gratuity Fund, the resignation of Nobles Neil H. Keller, Treasurer, and H. C. Elwood, Secretary, were regretfully accepted. Noble Elwood will remain a member of the Board which elected Nobles James W. Banks and John H. Dehn as members, and named Noble Dehn, Treasurer. Noble E. Earle Extell has been appointed Secretary. The spirit of fun and jollity was rife at a meeting of the Luncheon Club, arranged by Noble Henry Seilheimer and marked by two presentations. Noble "Cliff" Chipman was congratulated upon his election as Associate Judge of the City Court and was presented with a gavel. Then Potentate George H. Chase received congratulations upon the successful year of the Temple under his administration, and was presented with a radio set. As the Potentate arose to receive the gift, the radio began to operate. Just what came over the set is not quite clear, but what was said evidently pleased the Potentate.

#### JAFFA, ALTOONA, PA.

More than 3,000 Shriners attended the Winter Ceremonial Session, among them being many from Johnstown, the home of Potentate Malcolm MacDougall. With the admission of the third large class of novices during the year, the Temple will show another substantial gain in membership. In 1926 the net gain was 303.

Five hundred children of the poor were guests of the Temple recently at a dinner and entertainment which will be long remembered. The Potentate and members of his Divan appeared in their robes of office, and all the uniformed units helped in the program. In the distribution of gifts, each child received a pair of shoes, two pairs of stockings, a pair of gloves, toys and much fruit and candy. The little guests were taken to and from the party in automobiles. The Patrol was host at a "night of fun and frolic." It was a great party, opening with a dinner and closing with a dance. The following were elected at the annual meeting of the Temple: Potentate Wm. G. Munn; Recorder, Wilson A. Turner (re-elected). Representatives, in addition to Potentate Munn, John J. McMurray, S. E. Gaerhart and Harvey Tibbott.

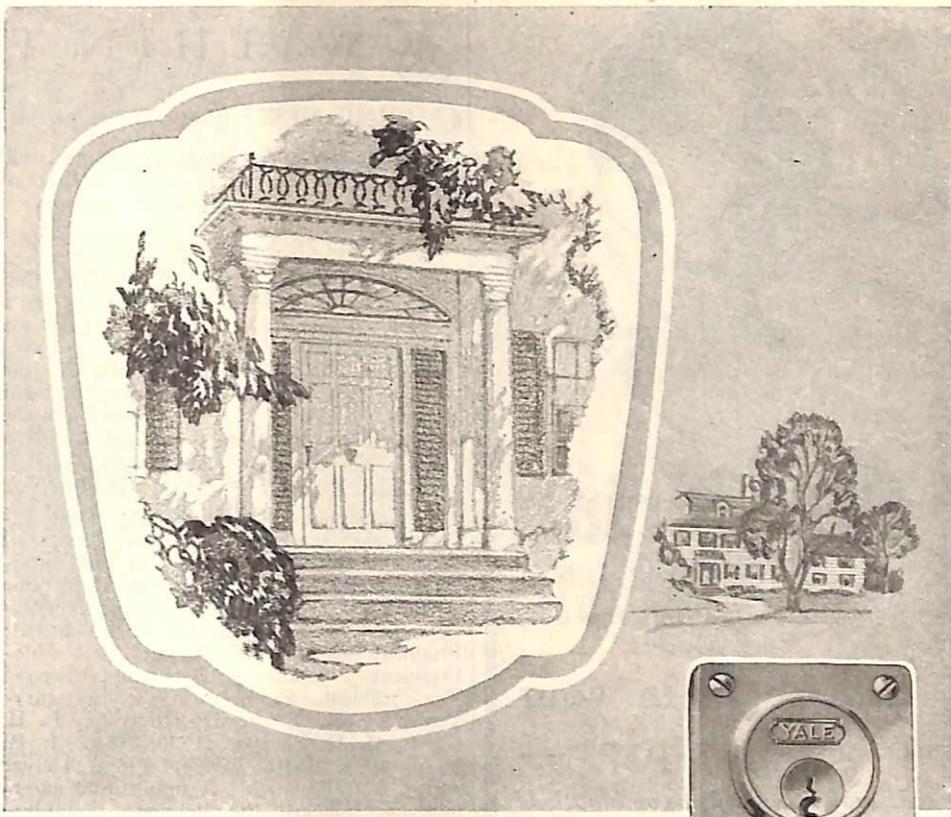
#### JERUSALEM, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Oriental mysteries were unfolded to a large class of novices after a thrilling pilgrimage across the hot sands at the recent Ceremonial Session. There was a large attendance of the Faithful. Many visiting Shriners were welcomed by Potentate Charles F. Buck, Jr. The session closed with a dinner and entertainment.

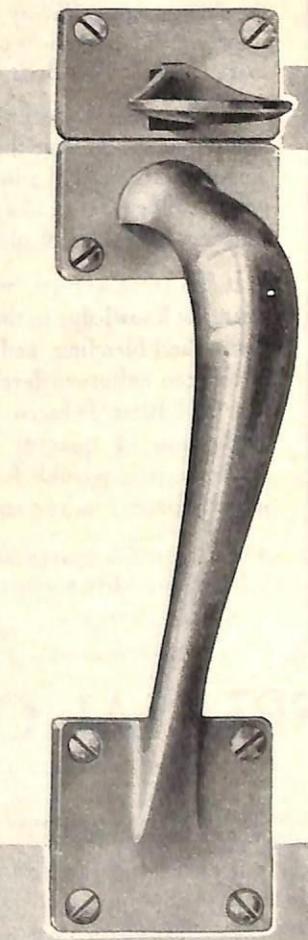
#### KAABA, DAVENPORT, IOWA

A committee is at work on plans for a big celebration to mark the fiftieth anniversary of the Temple, which was founded July 1, 1878. The Temple is the eleventh oldest in the Shrine, and was the first to be established west of Cincinnati and Cleve-

[Shrine News Continued on page 62]



TRADE **YALE** MARK



WHEN looked at, Yale Builders' Hardware commands instant admiration. It is graceful and appropriate in design and finish. But it is through use that Yale Builders' Hardware has won its greatest recognition.

When you choose Yale, you have done all that you possibly can to insure lasting quality, not only in plates, handles, knobs and fittings but in the locks themselves.

Send for booklet of builders' hardware designs, or ask for it at your dealer's.

THE YALE & TOWNE MFG. CO.

Stamford, Conn., U. S. A.

Canadian Branch at St. Catharines, Ont.

**YALE MARKED IS YALE MADE**



## Old Briar TOBACCO

"The Best Pipe Smoke  
Ever Made!"

**Smoke it in your  
old briar pipe—**

*It makes a perfect combination!*

Light up your old briar pipe filled with Old Briar Tobacco. Enjoy its comfort and cheer. Notice the natural tobacco taste. Draw in the fragrance of the slow burning, flavorful leaf. Smoke it awhile. Then see how cool and how extra smooth Old Briar Tobacco is.

Every day from everywhere men are sending us the message that Old Briar Tobacco is the end of a long search for genuine pipe pleasure—a perfect combination for the finest old briar pipe.

It has taken experts, with years of scientific knowledge in the art of blending and blending, and generations of tobacco culture to develop and perfect Old Briar Tobacco. And by the application of quantity production methods, it is possible for you to enjoy Old Briar at such a reasonable price.

**Of All the Pleasures Man Enjoys  
Pipe Smoking Costs the Least**

*In sizes at 25c, 50c, \$1 and \$2*

United States Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va.

## SPECIAL OFFER

To make you acquainted with all of the genuine pleasure of pipe smoking, we will send you on receipt of this coupon a generous package of Old Briar Tobacco. Send 10c—coin or stamps—for postage and mailing expense.

**Tear out and Mail this coupon with 10c—  
coin or stamps—to**

United States Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va., U.S.A.

Print Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City and State \_\_\_\_\_

S-3-28

## WITHIN THE SHRINE

### SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 61]

land, Ohio. A homecoming of Shriners will form part of the program, a feature of which will be a big Ceremonial Session.

### KALIF, SHERIDAN, Wyo.

It was a happy crowd of children that gathered at the recent party given for them by the Shriners at a local theater where, in addition to movies, an entertainment was presented. No tickets were needed. Just to be a child was the only requirement for admittance. Gifts were distributed to the little guests as they left.

### KALURAH, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

Shriners from all parts of this Oasis attended the New Year's ball, a feature of which was the broadcasting of the entertainment program. At the annual meeting of the Central New York Shrine Association, the following officers were elected: President, Arthur W. Morse; First Vice-President, Sherman J. Richmond; Second Vice-President, H. S. Marvin; Secretary-Treasurer, M. F. Ford; Directors, J. H. Curtis, C. D. Sharpe, D. O. Nash, J. R. McMann, J. Harris Sawyer, Floyd Thayer and J. L. Millspaugh. A dinner and entertainment followed the election. Potentate Cecil D. Mastin and Chief Rabban Walter Jennings were among the speakers. During the evening a gold watch was presented to the retiring President, Noble E. B. Pendleton.

### KAREM, WACO, TEXAS

With the organization of the Karem Temple Building Corporation by Potentate G. H. Zimmerman, Recorder W. F. Quebe and Noble Frank M. Miller, another step has been taken in the plan to erect a Mosque. The structure alone will cost more than \$250,000. Shriners of this Oasis are enthusiastic over the project. At the annual dinner of the Mexia Shrine Club officers as follows were elected: President, E. N. Wilson; Vice-President, J. E. Urschel; Secretary-Treasurer, S. B. Werner; Directors, the Rev. H. L. Munger, B. L. Walkup, Major N. P. Houx, C. Nussbaum, H. V. Rathbone, Wallace Welch, and the officers of the Club. A report of the Temple's relief work during Christmas showed that many needy families were visited. Five large trucks were used to deliver the gifts of provisions.

### KAZIM, ROANOKE, VA.

Officers as follows were elected at the annual meeting: Potentate, John P. Saul, Jr.; Chief Rabban, Lawrence S. Wood; Assistant Rabban, Charles B. Wilson; High Priest and Prophet, E. Lee Trinkle; Oriental Guide, Col. Marion S. Battle; Treasurer, A. F. Rawson; Recorder, John T. Cullen (re-elected); Representatives, Potentate Saul, Recorder Cullen, and Nobles Horace M. Fox and J. O. D. Copenhaver.

### KEM, GRAND FORKS, N. D.

Reports of a successful year were read at the annual meeting. The following officers were elected: Potentate, William H. Alexander; Recorder, C. N. Barnes (re-elected); Representatives, Potentate Alexander, Clarence A. Hale, I. M. Isakson and H. D. Spiller.

### KERAK, RENO, NEV.

From this Oasis comes the story that the burro which was presented to the Imperial Potentate on the occasion of his recent visit

to the Temple, and which Noble Dunbar left behind him, is missing, and that a wide search is being made for the animal which a delegation of Shriners declared they would take with them to Miami. The burro, loaded with a complete prospecting outfit, including bacon and beans, was presented to the Imperial Potentate amid the cheers of the assembled Nobles, and accepted with profound thanks, but when the Imperial caravan left the burro was not in it. Since then it has disappeared and the search is on.

### KERBELA, KNOXVILLE, TENN.

The first Ceremonial Session of the new year, which was held at Whittle Springs, drew a large attendance of the Faithful. The work was put on by Past Potentates, with Noble Hugh M. Tate acting as Potentate. A dinner followed the session. A report of the activities of the Temple's Boot and Brace Club shows that since its organization, the Club has been the means of providing treatment for ninety-one crippled children in Shrine Hospitals, and that there are now in hospitals twenty-eight children from the Temple's jurisdiction; twelve in the Lexington, Ky., Unit; twelve in the Greenville, S. C., Unit and four in the St. Louis Hospital, with forty-eight on waiting lists.

### KHIVA, AMARILLO, TEXAS

Reports read at the annual meeting showed a year of marked activity in 1927, with another net gain in membership. The following officers were elected: Potentate, J. H. Read of Memphis, Texas; Recorder, George Stapleton (re-elected); Representatives, Potentate Read, Recorder Stapleton, and Nobles James O. Guleke and Dr. A. J. Caldwell.

### KISMET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Potentate Thomas A. Davis, Recorder John A. Morison and all officers and Representatives were re-elected at the annual meeting. Another Representative was added in the election of Noble George Cook, Jr. The recently organized Huntington Shrine Club gave a dinner and entertainment, with Past Imperial Potentate Conrad V. Dyke, Potentate Davis, Past Potentate James Downing, Past Potentate Charles Brockway, Chief Rabban George Cook and the leaders of the different units of the Temple as its guests. It was a happy, get-together affair arranged by a committee of which Dr. George P. Willis was Chairman. The Club has elected the following officers: President, Allison E. Lowndes; First Vice-President, Emmett B. Hawkins; Second Vice-President, Henry A. Murphy; Treasurer, Clifford Gardiner; Secretary, Hugh P. Arthur.

### KORA, LEWISTON, MAINE

The Portland Shrine Club's annual ball, an outstanding social event in that city, was attended by 500 Shriners and their wives. An entertainment followed a dinner. Dr. Adam P. Leighton, Potentate of Kora, after congratulating Noble Irving Rich, President of the Club, upon the success of the affair, presented a bouquet of roses to Mrs. Rich, in behalf of members of the Club. War veterans, members of Kora living at Portland, met recently and appointed a committee to complete plans for the organization of a Club to be composed of service men.

### KOREIN, RAWLINS, Wyo.

Officers for 1928 were elected as follows at the annual meeting: Potentate, Roscoe [Shrine News Continued on page 63]

MARCH, 1928

### SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 62]

H. Alcorn; Recorder, Charles Miller (re-elected); Representatives, Potentate Alcorn, Recorder Miller and Nobles Peter S. Cook and David V. Bell.

### KOSAIR, LOUISVILLE, KY.

Noble Frank E. Johnson succeeded Noble Dennie R. Lindsay as Potentate at the annual meeting and election. Recorder A. R. Kimmerling was re-elected. Potentate Johnson was elected a Representative, and Past Potentate Lindsay, Nobles Stephen S. Jones and F. W. Hardwick were re-elected.

### LULU, PHILADELPHIA

Potentate William J. Highfield was re-elected at the annual meeting, which was marked by a great gathering of Shriners from all over the Oasis. Recorder Philip C. Shaffer and all officers of the Divan also were re-elected. More than 1,000 Nobles enjoyed Shrine Night, as guests of the Shrine Club of Delaware, at Wilmington. Potentate Highfield and members of his Divan, led the caravan, which was escorted by the Temple's big Band and Choir. An entertainment consisting of musical numbers and vaudeville followed a reception. The annual Sunshine Service, conducted by the Rev. William Barnes, Chaplain of the Temple, was well attended, many visiting Shriners being present.

### MAHI, MIAMI, FLA.

There was a record attendance at the annual meeting at which reports were read of the preparations being made for the Imperial Council meeting in May. An outline of some of the plans for the entertainment of the thousands of Shriners who will make the pilgrimage to this Oasis, will be found elsewhere in this issue of THE SHRINE MAGAZINE. Judge E. B. Donnell of West Palm Beach, was elected Potentate, and Noble Fred W. DeLaney was re-elected Recorder. More than 200 Shriners, accompanied by the Temple's Band, went to Key West to attend a ball given for them by the Shrine Club of that city. The Temple now has three Patrols, and the Band has been increased to 150 pieces. The greatest enthusiasm prevails throughout this Oasis, and everywhere is heard the slogan, "Come on Fez—Miami Sez."

### MASKAT, WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS

Chief Rabban Martin D. Rowe was elevated to the office of Potentate at the annual meeting, January 2nd, and Noble Albert Ellis was re-elected Recorder. Representatives elected, besides Potentate Rowe, were Walter D. Cline, Guy Rogers and Walter H. Caldwell. The Winter's social activities started with an entertainment and dance, which was well attended. The Band recently made the round of all the hospitals and gave a short concert at each one.

### MECCA, NEW YORK

The Faithful converted a group of heathen at a cold sands Ceremonial Session as the first event of the year which, according to present indications, promises to equal the 1927 record of activities in this Oasis. On January 25th the Temple gave a family card party for the members and their families and friends. It was an innovation and proved a big success. The various units are reported to be planning parties and entertainments as far ahead as Easter. The New Year's Eve party brought together a happy gathering and the entertainment was thoroughly enjoyed.

### MEDIA, WATERTOWN, N. Y.

Nobles living at Oswego, N. Y., and vicinity, met recently and organized the [Shrine News Continued on page 66]

"Where summer spends the winter"



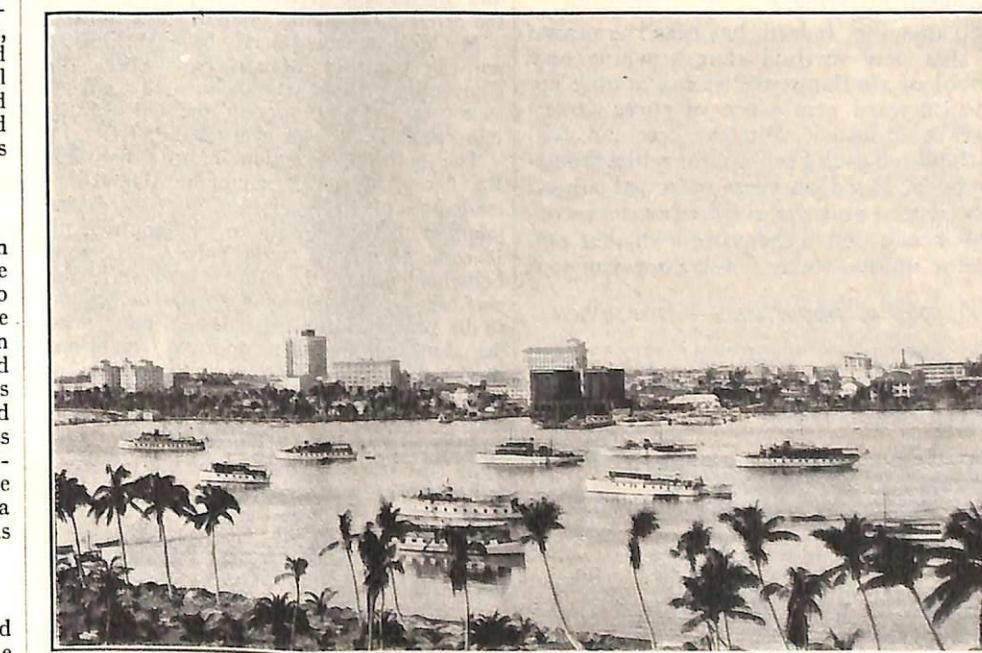
Palm Beach

## The Palm Beaches . . . On Every Itinerary!

SURELY YOUR own calendar for your Miami convention trip to Florida includes the Palm Beaches . . . for Palm Beach and West Palm Beach . . . yes, and Palm Beach County too . . . offer irresistible appeal to seekers for the real Florida . . .

TRULY FLORIDA! All the joys of the tropics await you here . . . Boating, bathing, fishing, golf . . . every recreation of a bountiful nature is yours . . . Spend the remainder of this season in Palm Beach County or plan now to avail yourself of the Palm Beach Shrine Club reception awaiting you in May . . .

*This advertisement sponsored by  
The City of West Palm Beach, The Town of Palm Beach  
and Palm Beach County*



West Palm Beach

**H**e never  
**SUFFERED**  
from what  
Troubles You

**SLOW-MOTION, back-breaking physical**  
toil: that was his day.

**Rapid-fire hours of nerve-strain and tension,**  
with hardly any physical effort: that's yours.

**And that is why science is bailing the**  
discovery of a genuinely new method to over-

**come intestinal sluggishness: Feen-a-mint.**

**For in each of these deliciously cool, mint-**  
flavored tablets is hidden a supremely gentle  
yet almost miraculously effective element  
which cleanses and purifies the entire system.

**T**HE reason for Feen-a-mint's remarkable effectiveness?

**Yellow phenolphthalein** (the tasteless "active principle," revealed as a laxative only recently), scientifically blended by an exclusive formula with delicious mint chewing gum.

Because you chew it, the laxative mingles with the digestive juices in the mouth before it reaches the stomach.

So, instead of striking the digestive tract a blow without warning, as it were, Feen-a-mint actually becomes a part of the digestive processes. It passes through the stomach unchanged, and commences its work where that work should begin—in the small intestine.

So amazing, indeed, has been the success of this new method that a whole new school of similar remedies has sprung up. The outward semblance of these tablets may be imitated. But the care and skill with which each Feen-a-mint tablet is compounded, based on years of actual clinical experience—and the rigid laboratory control of each step in the process—make Feen-a-mint unique today. Ask your druggist!

*A book of importance—free to you*

THE discoveries of certain specialists in recent years have revolutionized many views on this vital problem of intestinal sluggishness. We have prepared a limited edition of a new work on constipation, its causes, and its cure. A copy is yours for the asking. Mail the coupon today.

HEALTH PRODUCTS CORPORATION, DEPT. 2-M  
NEWARK, N. J.

Please send me your booklet, "85% of America."

Name.....

Address.....

**FEEN-A-MINT**



Mrs. Frederick, and seven leading workers in the field of home science and homemaking in their respective countries, were given a special audience by Mussolini at Rome.

## Ask Mrs. Frederick!

### A World Congress Meets to Discuss Housekeeping

HOW many of my Shrine readers know that in November last there was held in Rome, Italy, a great International Congress to discuss the whole subject of homemaking and domestic science—to talk about "just housekeeping"? The official title of this convention was the impressive one of "Congresso Internazionale Di Economia Domestica." And over 8,000 delegates attended, both men and women, representing 39 separate countries!

Now when you can get 8,000 persons to join in a convention at so distant a place as Rome, the subject must interest them and must be important! And housekeeping and homemaking, as I have so often said, are the most important, the "biggest business" in the whole world. Some of these delegates were sent by their respective governments to learn what other countries were doing in their teaching of household subjects in various types of schools; others were independent workers in foods, nutrition or hygiene; many were particularly interested in home subjects as taught in rural districts; from as far distant as Poland and Peru, flocked these men and women to talk about how the home could be carried on, and its various activities improved, under the stress of changing modern conditions.

My readers would have been thrilled to see the beautiful Roman hall where the Convention settings were held, with its flags, tapestries and statues, and the old Roman sign "S. P. Q. R." on every hand. The entire Convention hoped that His Excellency, Mussolini, would be able to attend one of its sessions. It waited for hours in that hope, only to be disappointed. It came then as a great surprise to your household editor, that on a later day, she was asked to be one of a special delegation to be presented to this colossal figure who has done so much to improve conditions for his countrymen. Only eight persons received this signal honor—the leading workers in the field of home science and homemaking in their respective countries. Mussolini rose from his desk in the stately stone hall, came forward most cordially and shook hands with each of the group; then he spoke in French to Mr. Perrier (of Switzerland), the President of the Congress, and asked him if he were satisfied with the results of the Congress. He inquired most sympathetically from each of us about the work in each country, said he was proud and pleased that the Congress had convened

Who will guess the subject of this month's PRIZE CONTEST? The suggestion came from one of our readers, and I am sure it will meet with the approval of all. This reader wrote in and said: "Why don't you run a left-over contest? Ask for recipes how to use up left-overs. Every housekeeper has them, and yet we get so tired of thinking up new ways of utilizing them. I would like to know what other women do." Now this is a good idea! And so I have made it the subject of our next contest.

And although a left-over may be made of any kind of food, I think it will be best to limit the recipes to those featuring meat, or such a dish as would be the main dish of the meal. Cannot we answer this reader

[Continued on page 65]

### WHAT IS YOUR HOUSEHOLD PROBLEM?

Is it cooking? Cleaning? Washing? Redecorating? Furnishing? The care and feeding of children? No matter what it is write to Mrs. Frederick and she will be glad to help you. Address a stamped envelope to Mrs. Christine Frederick, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

MARCH, 1928

### ASK MRS. FREDERICK

[Continued from page 64]

and help countless other perplexed housekeepers by sending in a record batch of left-over recipes? And let's not have too many croquette, hash or meatloaf—let's submit recipes which really make a "something different dish."

#### LEFT-OVER RECIPE CONTEST

- 1—Write only on one side of the paper.
- 2—Write only one recipe to a page, but you may send in as many recipes as you choose.
- 3—Write recipe in standard recipe form, giving ingredients, method, time of cooking, etc.
- 4—Address Left-Over Contest Editor, Shrine Service, THE SHRINE MAGAZINE, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

5—Contributions must be received by April 15th.

First prize, \$10, next \$5, then \$2 each for the following three best recipes, and \$1 paid for any recipe used by the magazine. See if you can't win this time!

Of course you will wish to see if your name is here as Prize Winner in the previous Contest. Here are the names of the lucky ones:

#### PRIZE WINNERS

"DISH MY HUSBAND LIKES BEST"

#### •FIRST PRIZE \$10.00•

MRS. M. E. THOMAS,  
Atascadero, California.

Lancashire Hot Pot: 2 lbs. fairly lean beef, 3 lbs. potatoes, 1/2 lb. onions, water (or stock if you have it), salt and pepper, thyme. Cut meat into small pieces and season highly. Slice potatoes about half an inch in thickness. Slice onions thinly. Place in greased casserole, a layer of potatoes, then one of onions, then one of meat and sprinkle a little thyme over it. Repeat until dish is full, but the last layer must be potatoes, cut in corner-wise pieces so as to provide edges that will brown. Add sufficient water (warm) to barely cover and bake for three hours in moderate oven.

#### •SECOND PRIZE \$5.00•

MRS. E. C. MILLER,  
17519 Monica Street,  
Detroit, Mich.

One can corn, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, shake pepper, pork chops. Beat eggs well and add to corn. Blend flour with a little of the milk, gradually adding remainder. Mix well with rest of ingredients. Pour into buttered baking dish and lay pork chops over top. Bake, uncovered, for 3/4 hour, turning chops when time is half gone. (Bacon may be used in place of pork chops).

#### •\$2.00 WINNER•

MRS. J. E. FILKINS,  
2451 S. Marne Avenue,  
Los Angeles, California.

Spare Ribs and Vegetables: 3 to 4 lbs. spare ribs, 2 cups chopped celery, 2 cups sliced carrots, 6 to 8 medium potatoes, cut in strips; 2 cups boiling water, salt, pepper, flour. Place potatoes, carrots and celery in roasting pan. Season and dredge slightly with flour. Lay over this the spare ribs and season and dredge again. Add boiling water, put top on roaster and put in oven. Roast for 1 1/4 to 1 1/2 hours in medium oven.

#### •\$1.00 WINNER•

EDITH T. B. KRICK,  
203 Smith Street,  
Newark, N. J.

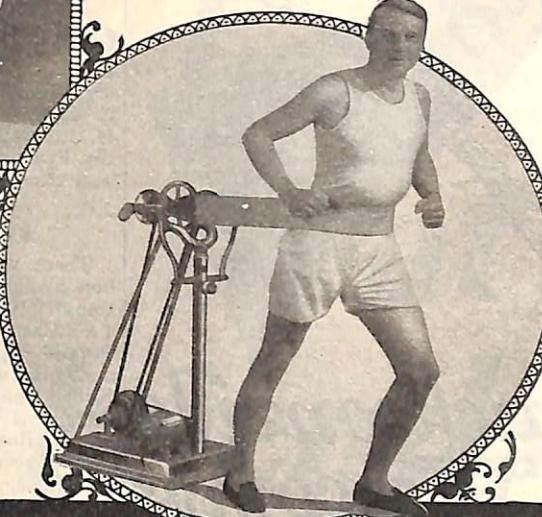
Turkish Rice: 1 lb. best chopped round steak, 3 tablespoons washed uncooked rice, 1 cut up onion, green pepper and parsley to taste, 1 egg, season with salt and pepper, 1 large can tomatoes. Place chopped meat, raw rice, egg, onion, green pepper, parsley and seasoning in a bowl. Mix until all is well blended, then cover and place in ice chest for an hour or so. When ready to cook open tomatoes in casserole dish and season with 1 tablespoon of sugar, salt and pepper to taste. Take meat mixture, about 1 tablespoon, and make into a ball and drop into tomatoes. Casserole in oven for about three hours with oven turned very low for slow cooking. Turn the meat balls in sauce, so that they will remain moist while cooking. I usually use apples to make the most use of my oven.

[Shrine Service Continued on page 72]

A splendid bodybuilder for children during the years when physical development counts the most.



15 minutes a day  
with the Health  
Builder makes  
you look and feel  
like a new person.



## Keep Fit THIS ENJOYABLE NEW WAY

No electric current touches you. The Health Builder vigorously massages the heaviest muscles, pep up sluggish circulation, aids digestion and elimination, strengthens muscle "tone" and improves the functions of the internal organs.

For busy people, the "Health Builder" solves the problem of keeping fit. Right in your own home this scientifically designed apparatus gives your body the needed exercise which most people are unable to obtain under the "artificial" conditions of modern life. 15 minutes a day devoted to the "Health Builder" will make you feel and look like a new person.

#### 50,000 Have Found the Answer

Over 50,000 men and women of all ages have used the "Health Builder" for health improvement upon the recommendation of their physicians! Thousands of "Health Builders" are in daily use in the homes of America, in large medical centers, physicians' offices, athletic clubs, gymnasiums, recreation centers, hotels, trans-Atlantic steamships and in treatment rooms.

#### You'll Want This Free Book

Send for "Keeping Fit in Fifteen Minutes A Day"—a valuable FREE book showing the "BATTLE CREEK HEALTH BUILDER" in operation—with complete series of scientific home treatments. Sanitarium Equipment Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

The Battle Creek "Health Builder" is made by the manufacturers of the famous Battle Creek "SUNARC Bath" and the "Mechanical Health Horse."



SANITARIUM EQUIPMENT CO.  
Room W-1937 Battle Creek, Mich.  
Please send me FREE Book  
"Keeping Fit"—Today.  
Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....

Keeps You  
Fit

**WITHIN THE SHRINE**

**SHRINE NEWS** [Continued from page 63]

Oswego County Shrine Club. The following officers were elected: President, Walter C. Matteson; First Vice-President, George H. Eckert; Second Vice-President, Dr. L. Roy F. Hollis; Secretary, Loyal F. M. Neal; Treasurer, Howard P. Ellithorpe.

**MEDINAH, CHICAGO**

There was a large attendance of members at the annual meeting of the Medinah Country Club. The report of the retiring President, Noble Henry R. Lundblad, showed a most successful year financially and otherwise. After reading his report, Noble Lundblad received a surprise when there was presented to him, in behalf of the old Board of Directors and the membership, a seven-passenger sedan. Noble Otto C. Braese, the retiring Secretary, was presented with a complete set of rustproof golf clubs and a handsome leather golf bag. The following officers were elected: President, Morris C. Jepsen; Vice-President, John H. Sasser; Secretary, Bernard J. Juron; Treasurer, Fred C. Rojahn; Directors for three years, Frank H. Harnden, Frank L. Kohlhase, J. Will Johnson, Arthur G. Davis, Wm. H. M. Shipman.

**MELHA, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.**

Reports read at the annual meeting showed that the Temple had one of the most prosperous years in its history in 1927. The following officers were elected: Potentate, Tunis E. Stinson; Recorder, John F. Gerschow; Representatives, Clyde I. Webster, William J. Murray, William Curtis, William Van Sickle (honorary) and Potentate Stinson.

**NILE, SEATTLE, WASH.**

One thousand Shriners and their families gathered at the Temple the afternoon of January 8th in reverential tribute to the memory of those Nobles who had gone down the western slope into the golden glow of life's sunset during 1927. Memorial services, directed by Potentate William A. Eastman, consisted of a concert by the Temple's Band, led by Noble Harvey J. Wood, and ritualistic work by members of the Divan, interspersed with music by the Chanters and solos by Nobles J. Thatcher and Forest Bates. As a sunrise scene was thrown on the canvas, and a boat laden with flowers surrounding a floral Shrine emblem slowly floated down the river of silence, Past Potentate and Recorder Frank B. Lazier read the names of the sixty-three Nobles of Nile who had answered the call of the Black Camel.

**MIZPAH, FORT WAYNE, IND.**

The Temple's Band, under the direction of Noble John L. Verweire, gave a radio concert recently which was so well received that another was given a few nights later. The New Year's Eve entertainment and dance was an outstanding success.

**MOHAMMED, PEORIA, ILL.**

This Temple is host to the Shrine Directors' Association, which is holding its convention as this issue of THE SHRINE MAGAZINE goes to press. Plans for the entertainment of the visiting Shriners, and the program for the convention, were arranged by a committee of which Imperial First Ceremonial Master Ireland was Chairman. Indications pointed to the convention being the most successful in the history of the association. The Imperial Potentate and other Imperial officers will be present.

At the annual meeting of Mohammed Temple the following officers were elected: Potentate, Walter G. Causey; Recorder, Howard C. Haungs (re-elected); Representatives, in addition to Noble Ireland and Potentate Causey, Albert H. Kahler, H. Dale Morgan and Oscar A. Muhl. At a recent dinner, entertainment and dance at the Temple, the "Sand Storm" was presented on the stage, and the Divan, Brass Band, Oriental Band, Chanters, Trumpeters and Patrol united in the grand entry, presenting a scene that brought gasps of astonishment followed by enthusiastic applause from the ladies present. The exhibition drill by the Patrol made a great hit.

**MOOLAH, ST. LOUIS**

A report of the committee that distributed gifts to children during Christmas showed

that 2,500 orphans in the city institutions were made happy, in addition to providing for the little crippled patients in the Shriners Hospital. Eight large motor trucks were required to carry the gifts. The New Year's Eve party, which was held at the Hotel Statler, was declared the most successful held in several years.

**MOSLAH, FORT WORTH, TEXAS**

The Temple gave a morning theater party for the children of Shriners and the little wards in the Masonic Home and School. There were more than 2,000 little ones present and they had the time of their lives. A committee has been named to organize a Shrine Luncheon Club. There was a large gathering of Shriners and their wives at the Potentate's ball, the outstanding social event of the season.

**MOSLEM, DETROIT, MICH.**

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**OASIS, CHARLOTTE, N. C.**

The Ceremonial Session, January 20th, which had been postponed from the Fall, was the most successful in the history of the Temple. Besides converting a vast throng of heathen, the Faithful gave joy to more than 200 children, many of them cripples. Before the Second Section was put on, automobiles were sent to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital at Gastonia, and to the Thompson Orphanage and Rescue Home, and the little patients and wards brought to the Temple, where an entertain-

[Shrine News Continued on page 68]

MARCH, 1928

**AMBASSADORS OF ILLUSION**

[Continued from page 59]

I looked at him for a minute, until a guilty grin spread over his face.

"The deuce you wouldn't," I snorted. "You'd be flattered to death—and so would I, Otis. It's the small boy in us. And just look how it has pumped up old Julian."

It was true, this last, however difficult to believe. For within a week he was sitting up, and when July came, three weeks later, he was once more basking in his big corner chair on Aunt Emma's shaded piazza.

It all slipped into the background of my mind until a few months later, when I was called to Washington on consultation. Finding an hour or two on hand one afternoon, I bethought myself of the extraordinary punctilio which had brought those three envoys to New York to cheer a countryman. At first I smiled, and then I realized that I should like, very much indeed, to drop in and inform them of the good their visit had done.

Once decided, the matter proved unexpectedly easy. A telephone call, and three-thirty saw me ushered into the Embassy, a stately old greystone with grilled door and a marble lobby. A baldish young man in brown tweeds informed me that the Ambassador would see me shortly, smiled pleasantly, and left. I was a little disappointed at the absence of the two dashing military attachés, but presumed they were about other official business. In a few minutes, a door opened, and a square little gentleman with a round face and shrewd blue eyes bounded over, hand extended.

"You—you are the Ambassador?" I asked, startled. He turned, surprised.

"Such is my honor," he bowed.

I suppose I must have appeared almost rude, the way I stood staring. But the shock, the surprise, was too great. For this was no tall, thin, dark man, with thrilling bass.

"How long, sir, have you held this post?" I inquired.

"Five years," he smiled. "And they have flown. I like your country, Mr. Cleave."

To save me, I could not stray from the direct road of inquiry into the conventional bypaths of small talk. I must know. So I blurted,

"And when were you in New York last? Was it not about a month ago?"

He shook his round, bald head, regarding me with mild curiosity. "No, not since—let me see, December a year ago. That is nearly fifteen months."

Smiling mechanically, I managed to flounder out into less personal waters, and a strained twenty minutes dragged past before I could offer reasonable excuse for leaving.

Not until that evening did the full explanation piece itself together in my mind. And at first, when it flashed over me, I discarded it as ridiculous. Knowing Paul and Jan as I did . . . besides, there were three of the imperial imposters. Then it bounded back . . . Harry. And the descriptions tallied.

I turned it over and over in my mind that night and for many days thereafter, marveling at the things which men will do. Strange mixtures of opposites . . . now driven to any lengths for some nebulous ideal . . . now moved to unplumbed depths of humility through one contrary tug at their heartstrings.

The result? There was no result, for I have never told anyone. Not even Otis Hunt. And there is no danger, unless old Julian might conceive the notion of going to Washington. Doc Wyman must insist that his patient refrain from such exhausting trips. For health and illusion are the Siamese twins of life.



# Free treat, Friends!

Just tell me where to mail the cigars

inch cigar. Sellin' 'em by the thousands, for years! Genuine Cuban-grown clear Havana filler gives it richness and rare flavor. The fine Sumatra leaf wrapper makes it burn even and leave a long white ash. This cigar, men, is just about "heavy" enough to satisfy your cravin' for a *real* smoke, yet light enough to please fellers accustomed to cigarettes. Strictly hand-made, of course.

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THE quickest way to settle this question of whether I can give you cigar satisfaction better anybody else can, is to have you try *ten free*, first of all. Two or three ain't enough. Ten makes a good test. After that we either do business or cry quits, and no hard feelin's on either side.

Now please don't go lookin' down through the print huntin' for the "catch" in this offer. 'Cause there ain't no "atch."

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Now all you do is sign and mail the coupon, soon as you finish readin' this ad. When I get it, then I personally see that you get a box of freshly made full-flavored ciga.s, size and shape as pictured, postage paid by me.

This cigar you see pictured is my famous Panatela, a full, five-

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ence."

Or, if you don't wanna bother givin' a reference, just drop me a post card and you can pay the postman \$3.75 when the cigars are delivered. I pay the postage.

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Mail the coupon to me, personally.

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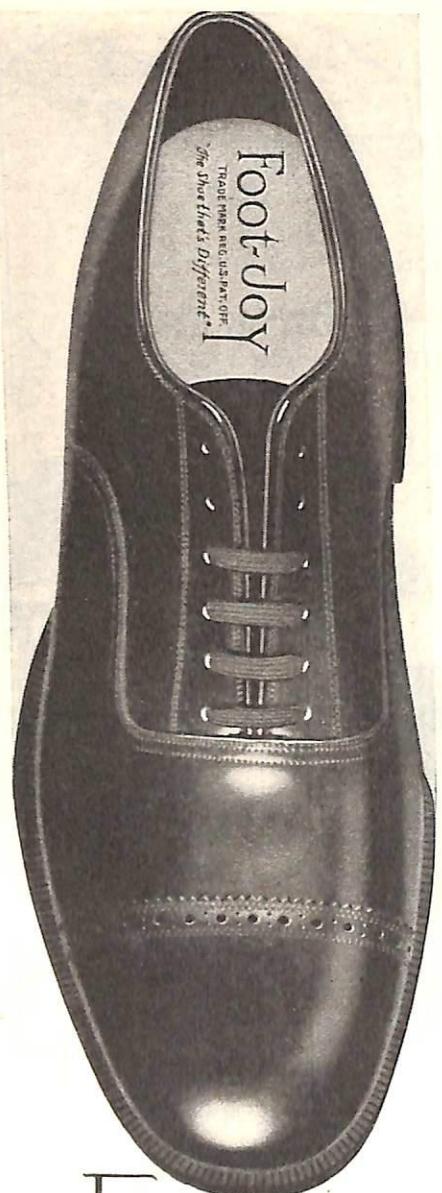
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DO YOUR feet ask you to sit down at five o'clock?

You can walk all day in comfort, with none of the 5 o'clock tiredness, by wearing Foot-Joy Shoes. Present day walking conditions—cement floors and walks—require shoes with a scientifically constructed foundation. Foot-Joy Shoes supply this need and are made in smart styles for street, sport, and evening wear. Write us and we will send you our latest catalog, printed in colors.

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The above statement is just as true of Foot-Joy Shoes for Women. Write for information.

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## WITHIN THE SHRINE

SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 68]

ENTERED THE UNSEEN TEMPLE



Noble Henry J. Elliott, Chairman Board of Governors, Montreal, Canada, who died suddenly New Year's Day.

Noble Henry J. Elliott of Karnak Temple, Montreal, Chairman of the Board of Governors of the Shriners Hospital for Crippled Children in that city, died suddenly New Year's Day. He was stricken while out walking, and was assisted by friends into a home nearby and a physician summoned, but he passed away without regaining consciousness. During the last few years, Noble Elliott had suffered from attacks which gave him the sensation of sudden impending death. Recently a friend of his suffering from a fatal illness, left Montreal for his old home. It was generally known that he went there to die. This depressed Noble Elliott, and it is believed, was a contributing cause of his death. The friend, it was learned, died within a few minutes after Noble Elliott passed away.

In the death of Noble Elliott the Shriners Hospitals have lost one of their most devoted friends. He gave liberally of his time and money to the cause of aiding little crippled children, and supplied American and Canadian flags to the hospitals, the presentations of which always were a feature at the opening of a new unit. It was his hope, expressed at each presentation, that the flags be placed over the inner portals of the hospital so that when the children left, reestablished in body and uplifted in mind, they would appreciate the fact that it was under those two flags they received those added blessings in their lives; and that, as a consequence, they would go out with a firm resolution to maintain law and order under the two governments for which the flags stood.

In his will, Noble Elliott, who was a bachelor, left the residue of his estate to the Montreal Hospital, with the provision that a research bureau be created, and the balance be used by the Board of Trustees to aid the Montreal unit "in the care and uplift of the under-privileged child, irrespective of race or creed." The estate was valued at between \$300,000 and \$350,000. After the payment of bequests to a sister, three nieces and other relatives, the Montreal Hospital, it is believed, will receive between \$200,000 and \$250,000.

Noble Elliott was a prominent member of the Canadian bar and a King's Counsel. He was widely known in Masonic circles and his death is deeply mourned by members of the fraternity. Shriners especially feel his loss, for he was active in the affairs of the Temple of which he was a member, and was particularly devoted to the cause of aiding the little crippled children of the poor.

\* \* \*

Noble Joseph E. Walton of Abou Ben Adhem Temple, Springfield, Mo., the father of Noble Les E. Walton, a Representative of that Temple, died January 12th, after an illness of more than a year. He was in his

sixty-seventh year, and was a direct descendant of George Walton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence for the State of Georgia, whose father, Robert Walton, came to this country from England with William Penn. Noble Walton's grandfather owned a large plantation in Virginia. Late in life he decided to sell all his property and give it to the poor. His sons were left to make their own way. Noble Walton went to Missouri when a young man, and was in the real estate business for thirty-five years, first at Humansville, Mo. He moved to Springfield in 1907. Besides his son, he is survived by his wife; a daughter, Mrs. J. F. Hyland of Des Moines, Iowa, and two brothers. Deep sympathy goes out to his son, Noble Les Walton, and to members of the family.

\* \* \*

Nobles of Zorah Temple, Terre Haute, Ind., mourn the death of Judge Charles S. Batt, Chief Rabban, on January 8th, from heart disease. Although he had been ill for more than two years, his death came as a severe shock, for it was not realized that his condition had become critical. Noble Batt was prominent in Masonic circles and was a leader in civic affairs. He served two terms in the State Senate, and was a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor in 1925. He had a wide circle of friends, all of whom feel his loss keenly. He was a Past Commander of Terre Haute Commandery, No. 16, K. T., and was a charter member of Zorah Temple. Had he lived he would have been elevated to the office of Potentate, and elected a Representative to the Imperial Council, at the annual meeting on the 13th. He is survived by his wife and a daughter Virginia, and by a sister, Mrs. Lillian Kurfess of New Albany.

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\* \* \*

In his re-election as Potentate of LuLu Temple, Philadelphia, Noble William J. Highfield of Wilmington, Del., has established something of a record. Although hundreds of Delaware Nobles are members of LuLu, Noble Highfield was the first from that State to be elected Potentate. He has now started upon his third term, despite the fact that out-of-Delaware members are overwhelmingly in the majority.

\* \* \*

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[Shrine News Continued on page 71]

MARCH, 1928

Islam Temple has honored Noble Don C. Elliot by presenting to him an honorary life membership in appreciation of his work as executive chairman of the entertainment committee of the Shrine Luncheon Club for the past two years.

\* \* \*

Noble Julius Brittlebank of Omar Temple, Charlotte, S. C., has won the title of "globe trotter extraordinary." At least that is what his friends call him. He is reported to have circled the globe eight times, making six of the trips in the last six years. "I don't mind staying around home during the Winter," he is quoted as saying, "but when Summer comes I like to start out and keep going."

\* \* \*

Noble Harry C. Harper of Salaam Temple, Newark, N. J., who was elected Sheriff recently, was guest of honor at a dinner given by the Bergen County Shrine Club, of which he is a member, to celebrate the election. Noble John Borg, President, in behalf of the members, presented him with a gold Shrine emblem and watch fob.

\* \* \*

Noble Lynn H. Tracy, chairman of the entertainment committee of Mohammed Temple, Peoria, Ill., has moved to Chicago. At a recent dinner-dance of the Temple, Potentate Albert H. Kahler, in behalf of the Temple, presented to him a large traveling bag as "a token of appreciation of his valuable services."

\* \* \*

The activities of Aahmes Temple, Oakland, Cal., receive wide publicity. Credit for this is given to Noble N. W. Armstrong, chairman of the publicity committee. Noble Armstrong is a Captain in the National Guard, and is Past State Historian of the American Legion.

\* \* \*

Noble George Webb of Sphinx Temple, Hartford, Conn., has been honored by being elected Commander of Washington Commandery, K. T., at Hartford. The drill corps of the commandery recently presented him with a Commander's sword, with gold trimmed hilt and scabbard.

\* \* \*

The Scottish Rite Choir of the Valley of Columbus, honored Noble Frank E. Lauterbach of Aladdin Temple, Columbus, Ohio, by giving a dinner for him on the occasion of his twenty-fifth anniversary as Director of the choir. A group picture of the organization, an embossed program and a gold-rimmed baton were given to him as a token of esteem from the members.

\* \* \*

The following story about Potentate William D. Murphy of Aladdin Temple, Columbus, Ohio, appeared in the last number of "Aladdin's Lamp":

"Having attained the pinnacle of local Shriners, and being duly proud of his high standing in the medical profession, 'Doc' Murphy recently conceived the idea of returning to Bainbridge, where he used to teach school. He wanted to visit for a few days in the old home town, and give the human fixtures a real thrill.

"Twenty years had elapsed since 'Doc' was in Bainbridge, so it was with great anticipations of a wild reception, that he advised the postmaster of his coming.

"Finally the great day arrived. 'Doc' landed in Bainbridge. There was no reception committee at the station to greet Aladdin's Potentate. He took a look into the waiting room at the depot, but didn't see a familiar face. Not a loafer on the platform did he recognize. Finally, he located the station agent, a veteran of the service, who had known him since early childhood. There he was, up at the end of the platform, unloading empty egg cases from a trunk. 'Doc' sauntered up to him,



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NOW give yourself and your family all the sport, thrills and fun of billiards or pocket billiards every night in your own home.

You don't need a fat pocketbook. You don't even need extra space or an extra room. For Brunswick has handsome portable style tables with folding legs, that can be set up quickly anywhere, at any time. Brunswick also has ingeniously built convertible dining-room or living room tables. Of course plenty of stationary tables of different sizes and styles.

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liard table. The more expensive ones on convenient terms.

Just picture your home with one installed. No more "slow" evenings, but laughter, absorbing interest and keen sport night after night. Young folks happy to remain at home—all the family joining in the game. Friends glad to come.

And it's good for you in more ways than one. Takes your mind off troubles and cares. Gives you interesting entertainment without expense. Supplies good exercise, too—walking, bending and twisting.

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You too can take this road to manufacturing independence with a DUNTILE plant of your own in your community. Lind started with \$1700 in Altoona, Pa., three years ago. He refused over \$100,000 for his business this year. Records of over 400 DUNTILE plants demonstrate the market and profit possibilities for this material which builds better buildings for less.

Now, Permanent Construction at cost of frame

Exclusive superiorities of the DUNTILE unit and the Dunn plan for localized, volume production makes it possible to earn 30 to 60% profit margins and still give the builder high grade masonry construction at approximately the cost of frame—30% below brick. New process of producing in 40 colors gives additional manufacturing profit and meets growing nationwide demand for color. If you are the right man you can secure manufacturing franchise and exclusive machinery for your territory if you act now. Get the whole story. Send for book, BASIC FACTS.

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For 32nd Degree Masons set with perfectly cut, blue-white Diamond of great brilliancy. The 18K Solid White Gold Ring has 2 Synthetic Sapphires encrusted with White Gold Emb. e m s. A \$200.00 special value

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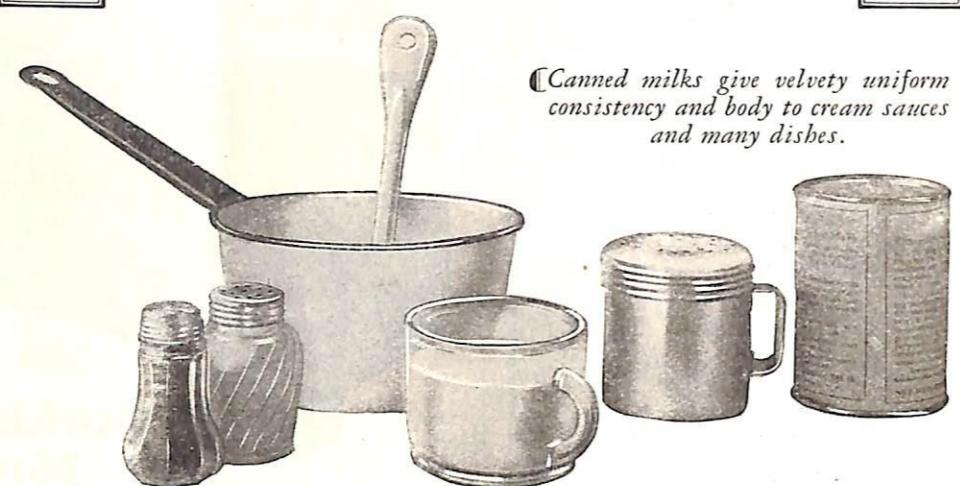
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CONDUCTED BY MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

Canned milks give velvety uniform consistency and body to cream sauces and many dishes.

The Just-So of  
Canned Milk in Cooking

IN HER general cooking and baking, the housewife may be greatly aided by the use of evaporated, condensed, or other concentrated form of milk. What is spoken of as "fresh", "natural" or bottled milk delivered by the milkman, contains about 87% of water. Now in "evaporated" milk, we have cow's milk evaporated to the consistency of thick cream—hermetically sealed in a can—and sterilized. Nothing is added, only much water is taken out! This removal of water gives it twice the butterfat content required by U. S. standards for fresh milk. It is, then, this perfect emulsion of a large quantity of fat, together with reduction in water, which gives evaporated milk its distinctive "creamy" consistency. To the housewife it offers a uniform liquid milk of increased richness, instantly available from her pantry shelf.

Condensed milk is also fresh cow's milk deprived of much of its original water, but it has a considerable amount of cane sugar sweetening added. Thus, condensed milk equals fresh milk plus sugar, again in a most convenient and available form. The housewife may profitably use condensed milk in many dishes which call for both milk and sweetening ingredients. Since condensed milk is such a perfect blend of sweetened milk, it can be more rapidly incorporated into various mixtures than can its fresh milk and granulated sugar equivalent.

Both evaporated and condensed milk have the advantages of convenience, availability, and uniform texture to commend them. On a cost basis, the compact service of canned milk is often more economical, especially where the recipe calls for only a few spoons or a half cup of milk. The economical can may be used in large or small amounts, just as needed, without waste. Since evaporated milk is richer in fat, and since condensed milk contains sugar so perfectly blended, less of additional butter, or usual sugar is required than if fresh milk were employed.

Another place where evaporated milk is preferable is in making all gravies accompanying meats, where too often the usual fresh milk combined with the meat juice tends to "separate." Thus, in sliced ham baked in milk, or veal or fish baked in milk, or in clam or oyster chowder, the evaporated milk makes a sauce which does not curdle.

In using evaporated milk, it is naturally necessary to replace some proportion of the original water before combining with other ingredients. Generally a 50-50 proportion of milk and water is satisfactory for general baking and many sauces; again, the use of  $\frac{1}{4}$  water with  $\frac{3}{4}$  evaporated milk

[Continued on page 73]

MARCH, 1928

THE JUST-SO OF CANNED  
MILK IN COOKING  
[Continued from page 72]

oil, 2 tablespoons vinegar. Combine dry ingredients, then add milk; beat in oil in small quantities, adding vinegar last. Have all ingredients very cold.

Mocha Frosting: 3 tablespoons butter, 2 squares bitter chocolate, 2 tablespoons evaporated milk, 2 tablespoons strong coffee, 1 teaspoon vanilla, confectioner's sugar. Melt butter and chocolate over hot water, blend in milk, add coffee and vanilla. Gradually beat in sifted confectioner's sugar to make consistency to spread on warm cake, covering thickly.

[Shrine Service Continued on page 76]

We are offering you a variety of recipes in our new leaflet  
CANNED MILK IN COOKING  
Send stamped self-addressed envelope  
to Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine,  
1440 Broadway, New York.

## JAZZLAND [Continued from page 69]

They fell silent. She wished he'd take those eyes off her.

She said—"Let's dance."

Merely being active was something of a relief.

Back at the table, over the soup, she said—"Ernie, I want something to drink."

"I didn't bring my flask."

"The waiter'll be back in a minute. See if he won't bring in something."

But the waiter, after a quick scrutiny, shook his head. "No," he said. "Oh, no."

"Ask the headwaiter to come here," said Hallam.

"His name is Albert," Stella put in, eagerly, when the man had gone.

A tall, handsome Greek appeared.

"Albert," said Hallam, "can't you get me a little whisky?"

Again that sense of being under scrutiny. Then, "No, sir, we are not allowed to sell anything."

Stella smiled up at him. "You don't know us," she remarked. "But really we're all right. This gentleman is Ernest Hallam, the novelist, from New York."

The Greek stood there, merely looking. Hallam drew a handful of papers from a coat pocket and looked through them. "Here," he said, "is a card admitting me to Gustave's, in Forty-sixth street. Do you know Gustave's?"

The Greek stood a moment longer; then, without further words, moved away.

"They're careful enough," Hallam.

"They have to be," Stella.

Shortly the Greek returned and laid on the table a flat parcel wrapped in a bit of newspaper. "Four dollars, please," he said.

Stella peeped within the paper. "It's a pint of Scotch, Ernie."

The thought came that he despised her small evasions. Probably he'd talk out before long.

Soberly, more than ever like a settled couple, they finished their dinner. Stella glanced at her watch. It was a little after ten. His eyes were on her. She stirred uncomfortably. "Ernie," she remarked, struggling to appear casual, "I must be going. I've got a lot to do."

"All right," said he, with a snap of decision in his voice. "We'll go."

In that curious, silent manner they walked out to the car. She carried the whisky bottle, still wrapped in its bit of newspaper.

They drove out of the yard, still without a word. Hallam deliberately turned west. She said, "You've [Continued on page 77]

## DEMAND

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# ASPIRIN

The whole world knows Aspirin as an effective antidote for pain. But it's just as important to know that there is only one genuine Bayer Aspirin. The name Bayer is on every tablet, and on the box. If it says Bayer, it's genuine; and if it doesn't, it is not! Headaches are dispelled by Bayer Aspirin. So are colds, and the pain that goes with them; even neuralgia, neuritis, and rheumatism promptly relieved. Get Bayer—at any drugstore—with proven directions.

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350 Prizes

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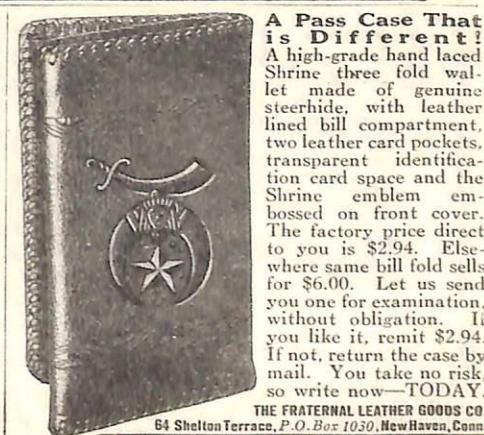
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A Pass Case That is Different! A high-grade hand laced Shrine three fold wallet made of genuine steerhide, with leather lined bill compartment, two leather card pockets, transparent identification card space and the Shrine emblem embossed on front cover. The factory price direct to you is \$2.94. Elsewhere bill fold sells for \$6.00. Let us send you one for examination, without obligation. If you like it, remit \$2.94. If not, return the case by mail. You take no risk, so write now—TODAY. THE FRATERNAL LEATHER GOODS CO. 64 Shelton Terrace, P.O. Box 1050, New Haven, Conn.

## WHAT THE HOSPITALS ARE DOING

[Continued from page 42]

LASTING  
RESPECT

TRUE respect never can be manifested by a mere gesture. The salute to the flag must be founded upon patriotic citizenship.

Likewise, the farewell to a loved one should be followed by a conscientious fulfillment of the obligations due to those precious remains.

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the Shrine Hospitals. It is not for us to count the cost. Life is not measured by what you get out of it, but by what you have done. And today the hands of our inner needs have clasped those of the children's outer needs and taken some of the cold from their lives to put warmth in its place. The world has become a more lovely, hopeful, better place to live in because the Shrine saw not the handicaps of the afflicted children, but the possibilities, and administered to something in ourselves as well as in them."

\* \* \*

The children in the hospital unit at Honolulu, H. I., had the time of their lives on Christmas Eve, at a party arranged by Shriners. Santa Claus, of course, was the big attraction and he did not fail to satisfy the desires of the little patients. The program included musical numbers, readings, stunts by Boy Scouts, dances, an act by a clever little Hawaiian boy, who sang, danced and played the ukulele, and magic tricks by Noble Edgar S. Barry.

\* \* \*

Shriners of New Bedford, Mass., members of the Shrine Club of Southeastern Massachusetts, rounded up forty-seven children, most of them cripples, and with one member of the family of each child, took them in automobiles to a hall for a real party.

Gifts of all kinds, including gloves, stockings, dolls, knives, trains, pocketbooks, pencil outifts and bags containing candy and fruit, were distributed. Humorous talks by Potentate G. Kenneth Earle of Palestine Temple, Providence, R. I., and Noble Charles S. Ashley, Mayor of the town, made a great hit with the children. The Masonic Band and an orchestra of DeMolay boys played, and with the games arranged for the children, a thoroughly enjoyable evening was spent. All the little guests were returned to their homes in automobiles.

"Dear Doctor: I am writing you this letter because I am so glad that you have helped my sister to walk. Yourself and the Shriners have done so much good to my sister, that I will never forget you. Irene wrote to me saying that they were getting a fund together for the enjoyment of all the children that are in the hospital. So I have saved my pennies until I have enough to get this dollar bill, that I am sending you.

"Dear doctor I can't tell you how glad I am for the good that you have done for my sister, Irene. You don't know how nice it will be to have my sister come home walking and play with me.

"I hope that you will accept all the money to make the children happy, because I am only too glad to do without playing this year. I will tell Santa Claus to bring all my things to the Shriners Hospital so that all the children and my sister can have them to play with.

The affair was arranged by a committee consisting of Nobles James G. Baker, Chairman; Benjamin Cohen, Albert B. Cook, Elbert B. Davis, William Bresosky, Edward Egbert, Frederick C. Clarke, President of the Club, and Charles E. Davis, Jr., Secretary.

\* \* \*

An interesting bit of news, illustrating the influence of the humane work of the Shrine Hospitals, is disclosed in the following letter from a surgeon in one of the units to the Board of Trustees:

"I had a very happy experience yesterday, and as it is closely connected with the Shriners Hospitals I thought you might be interested.

"A Shriner from one of the smaller towns in this State, who has been rather interested in several children we have treated in this unit, found a boy of 17, who was badly crippled from an attack of infantile paralysis when a baby. This Shriner and his wife decided that they could have no happier Christmas than by using their money for the treatment of this boy. With that in view they brought him to me for advice, and are going to finance his treatment, which will probably last a long time and necessitate hospitalization at a later date.

"As I see this, I feel that this man would probably never have thought of doing such a beautiful thing, had it not been for the interest in crippled children which the Shriners Hospitals had brought him."

\* \* \*

Surgeons in the Shrine Hospitals receive many letters from children they have cured, and from grateful parents. Here is one from the little sister of a patient still in the hospital:

"Dear Doctor: I am writing you this letter because I am so glad that you have helped my sister to walk. Yourself and the Shriners have done so much good to my sister, that I will never forget you.

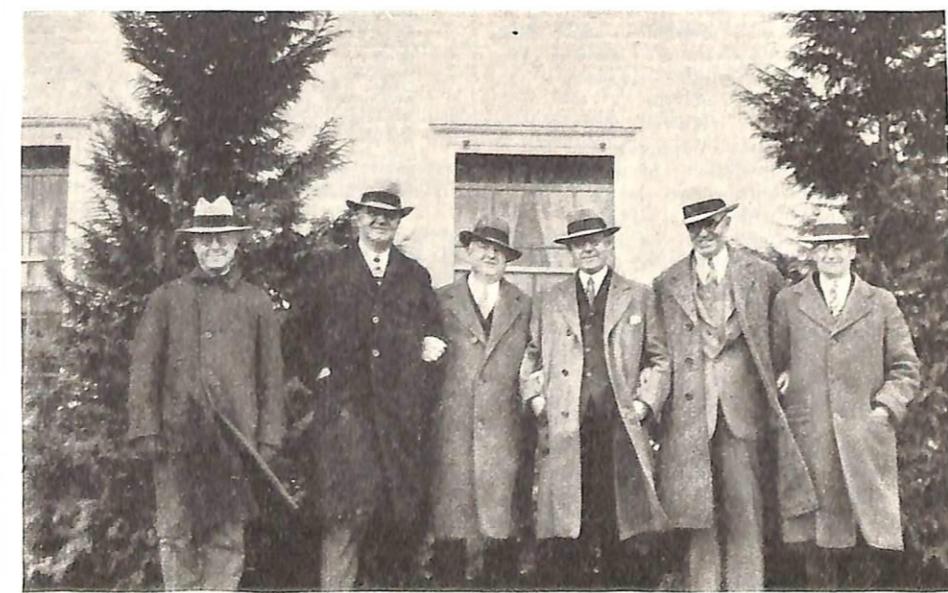
"Irene wrote to me saying that they were getting a fund together for the enjoyment of all the children that are in the hospital. So I have saved my pennies until I have enough to get this dollar bill, that I am sending you.

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"I think that this is all that I have to say for now I will close my letter wishing you, the nurses and all the children a merry Christmas this year and a happy New Year. With love to all, from Irene's sister Helen. I am nine years old."

[Hospital News Continued on page 81]



Just after a visit to the Shriners Hospital, Portland, Ore. (Left to right) Noble Grant, Mayor George L. Baker, Imperial Potentate Dunbar, Potentate of Al Kader, Joseph L. Hammerly, Imperial Outer Guard Hugh Caldwell, Chief Rabban Hugh Boyd.

MARCH, 1928

[Continued from page 71]

kinda careless like, smiled, and prepared for a hearty greeting.

"The old man paused in his labors, glanced at 'Doc' over the top of his specs, and then said:

"Hello, Will! Be you goin' somewhere?"

\* \* \*

Nobles Vincent Y. Dallman, editor of the Illinois State Register, and John M. Tipton, Recorder, both of Ansar Temple, Springfield, Ill., recently were initiated with several other Nobles into the Blackfeet Tribe of Indians at the Iron Horse Fair at Baltimore. Both were complete failures in trying to master the dance.

\* \* \*

Noble Walter Mack of Moila Temple, St. Joseph, Mo., has been appointed District Deputy Grand Master for the Ninth Missouri Masonic District.

\* \* \*

Noble Guy L. Heffner, Captain of Tangier Temple's Band, Omaha, Neb., and the Director, Noble Fred D. Phelps, have completed plans to increase the membership of the Band, and have issued a call for applications from members of the Mosque.

\* \* \*

Noble Walter B. Erfert of Tebala Temple, Rockford, Ill., Past Commander-in-Chief of Freeport Consistory, was guest of honor at a luncheon given recently by the Chanters of Tripoli Temple, Milwaukee, Wis. A feature of the event was the appearance of the Soulen Trio, the daughters of Noble Peter J. Soulen, one of the Chanters.

\* \* \*

Noble Earl C. Flesher of India Temple, Oklahoma City, Okla., Grand Master of Masons of the State of Oklahoma, is an active member of his Temple's Band, and has traveled from coast to coast with that organization. Incidentally it is interesting to note that during the thirty-four years since the Temple was founded, twenty-nine Grand Masters have been active members of India.

## NILE GRIEVES FOR NAMESAKE

Nile Temple, Seattle, Wash., has lost a namesake. Real grief was felt by the nobility when word came of the recent sinking of the United States Shipping Board's vessel "Nile," in the Mediterranean, off the coast of Africa. No details of the wreck were received. The entire crew was saved, but the vessel went down.

It was on November 17th, 1919, that Noble W. Freeland Kendrick of LuLu Temple, Philadelphia, then Imperial Potentate, accompanied by Mrs. Kendrick, made his official visit to Nile Temple. A launching of an 8,000 ton freighter had been arranged in his honor, with Mrs. Kendrick as sponsor. Permission had been obtained from the Shipping Board to name the ship "Nile," instead of "Crittenden," as originally intended. Shrine decorations were everywhere in evidence. A "hot sands" trail had been built from the shipyard entrance to the ship. The launching platform was a mass of Shrine colors. The forward part of the vessel was covered with American flags and Shrine bunting, and a large oil painting of the Imperial Potentate was suspended across its bow.

At 12:30 p. m., before an immense audience, Mrs. Kendrick pronounced the words "I christen thee 'NILE,'" and broke a bottle of champagne across the bow of the ship as it started on its journey to its future home. Since then the Nile has been in continuous service, making voyages to all parts of the world. It sailed on its last voyage from Philadelphia, September 15th and New York, October 1st, for Port Said, Suez, Aden and Bombay.

[Shrine News Continued on page 80]



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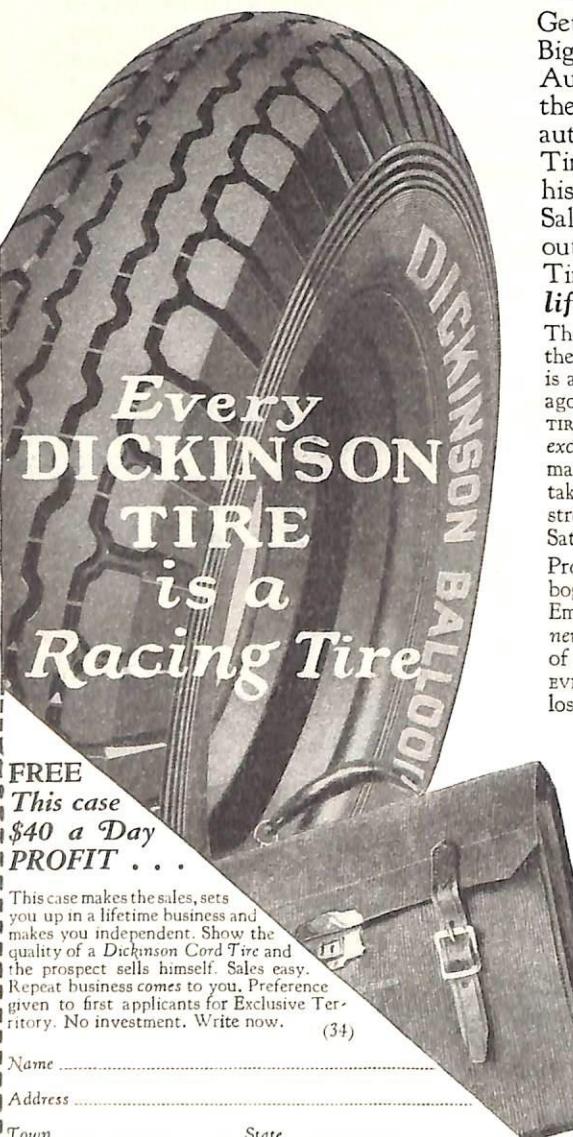
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# DICKINSON

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### JAZZLAND [Continued from page 77]

law you mean the tangle of sentimentality and tribal custom and materialism that governs this absurd country."

"You hold yourself bigger than this absurd country."

"Isn't this rather silly, Stella?"

"I'm sorry. I don't mean it that way. But I'm beginning to think. For the first time in my life, I suppose. Don't misunderstand me, Ernie. You are a fine artist. And you're a personality. You've succeeded in cutting yourself free. Quite possibly you're right in your philosophy. At least, as far as you yourself are concerned. I simply don't know about that. And I can't undertake to decide it. I'm too tired. What I'm trying to figure out is whether your independent ideas apply to me."

"Why shouldn't they?"

"I'm not a great artist. I'm just a girl with a job. I'm not big, certainly not bigger than the life around me."

"That's the question, of course, Stella. The whole question. But look here, we're both tired. And I'm sorry to say I've been pretty mad. The thing for us to do is to drive on to New York and get some sleep."

"No. My place right now is in Ackland. I'm needed there. You had no right to take me away."

His watching eyes flashed angrily, but she could face them. "Look here, Stella," he asked, abruptly, "have you been falling in love with that boy?"

The question struck home. She couldn't control the color that rushed up into her face, and she could no longer look at him. Her temples were pounding again. He had found her out indeed! He had dragged their oddly impersonal conversation from the plane of reason and plunged it into the narrowly personal. If only her heart wouldn't beat so fast! What would Homer think of her if she confessed? He needn't know, of course. Ernest wouldn't talk. He wasn't cheap.

The instinct of truth was strong in her. She sipped at the cooling coffee; then lifted her eyes. "Yes," she said. "I have."

"Hm! I see. Just a washout, isn't it?" This wasn't a question. "Well, what do you want to do?"

"I'm going straight back there."

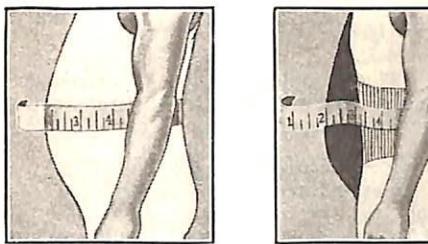
"Very well. I'll drive you."

IT WAS a little after ten in Ackland. Church bells were ringing. The folk of the Center, dressed more sprucely than on weekdays, were moving sedately through the quiet streets under the arching elms.

The roadster pulled up by the drugstore. Stella said—"I'll get out here." She gave him her hand. Without further words, he drove off. She watched the car swing round the corner from the Green into the Boston Road. She felt bedraggled, spent. She had the pint bottle of Scotch in her hand, still, wrapped in its bit of newspaper.

Slowly her eyes became aware of another roadster standing at the curb before the Age office. A familiar car. Homer's. He was sitting in it, looking at her, a startled expression on his young face. He was hatless, as usual. And the strips of plaster were still on his forehead. All that seemed queerly remote; a long time back. Wanly she smiled at him, but he gave only a nervous nod and bent over to shut off his ignition. He'd seen Ernest, of course. Did he suspect that she'd been gone all night? He was acting queerly. A sudden recollection came of her talk with Miss Curry. In the evening. That seemed long ago, too. The bank had called his loans. Perhaps he didn't yet know. She could hardly speak of it. But her heart warmed toward him. He was in trouble; desperate trouble,

MARCH, 1928



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likely enough. A surging impulse rose to explain about Ernest. But how could she? Confused, she moved toward the car. He got out, and nodded again. Now she saw that he was embarrassed. He said—"I tried to get in touch with you last night. Wilbraham arrested a man, and wanted you to hear his voice. But it proved a false scent. He turned him loose this morning."

Her color was up. She couldn't think of anything to say.

"You'll excuse me," he remarked, in that embarrassed manner, and turned to unlock the office.

It was a dismissal. She moved back to the corner. He disappeared, and she heard the screen door slam. Soon the bus came along. Numbly she mounted it and found a seat.

It was a bitter moment. The clumsy vehicle rumbled away from the Green. Very soon she would be home. It meant one more lie.

The barn door was open and the Ford gone. Of course! Her mother and father would be off at Sunday school and church. She'd forgotten about that. About that sort of thing. Thankful for the respite, she entered the house, thinking of sleep. A few hours, anyway.

She had dropped her hat and coat on a chair and was turning to mount the stairs when her mother's voice brought her up with a start.

"Stella! Where have you been?"

"Oh, they . . . kept me with them overnight. We were up so late anyway." The fewer words the better. "I thought I'd better not wake you up telephoning."

"Wake me up!" The older woman set her thin lips together.

"Mother dear, what is it? Has something happened?"

"Happened!" Mrs. Bagot sank into the chair on Stella's hat and coat, pressing a fluttering hand to her breast.

"Please! Mother! What is it? Where's Father?"

"Down at the Town Hall. The police station."

"But what on earth . . . ?"

"I'll call him up. He'll be so relieved." Mrs. Bagot got to her feet. "We thought they'd killed you, Stella. Homer Pew called up. It was midnight."

"Yes, I've seen him. He told me."

"You weren't in your room. We couldn't get to sleep. Finally, at two o'clock, your Father called up the police. The state officers have been out on their motorcycles all night. We've worried frightfully. Even Martha."

"Why, what a shame!"

"I'll tell your Father."

"And do lie down, Mother. I'm going to." She dragged herself up the stairs. Martha's door was closed. Sleeping off the excitement, doubtless.

Shut within her own room Stella laid the whisky away in a bureau drawer, and then for a long moment considered her face in the mirror. She thought it old and drawn. She felt old. Odd that she hadn't thought to give the bottle to Homer. She hadn't been able to think of anything during that awkward meeting but her confused self. And for that matter, he'd given her no opportunity. It was plain enough what he thought. A sob shook her. She groped to the bed and sat.

"This isn't getting you anywhere, Stella Bagot," she murmured; then listened, nervously alert. But nobody could have heard.

She pulled off her clothes and tumbled into bed. Lay, for a time, staring at the ceiling.

"It looks like the end of something," she thought. "The end of just about everything I've supposed was life."

She fell asleep.

[To be continued]

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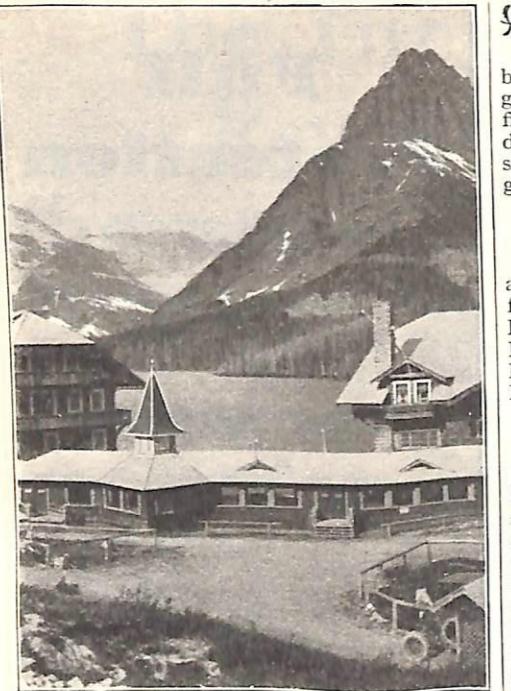
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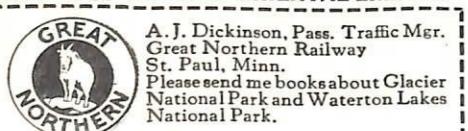


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## SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 68]

bers and other interesting things, not forgetting the distribution of gifts. Seventy-five children from the Eastern Star Children's Home, and fifty boys from the Masonic Boys' Home were among the little guests.

### TRIPOLI, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

There was a large attendance at the annual meeting at which the following officers for 1928 were elected: Potentate, Edward A. Kickhaefer; Recorder, Adolph H. Wagner (re-elected); Representatives, Potentate Kickhaefer, Louis Schneller, Julius P. Heil and James B. Leedom.

### CYAARAB, ATLANTA, GA.

A series of tableaux featured the recent Ceremonial Session, and one scene made instant appeal to the Faithful. In it there appeared several children who had been cured of deformities at the Scottish Rite Hospital.

Briefly it was explained, that before treatment they were practically helpless and would have continued in that condition through life if the correction of their afflictions had not been made possible. This brought home to the Nobles the great work of mercy going on day and night in the fifteen Shrine Hospital units, and made a deep impression. The children who appeared in the tableau later were guests at a special entertainment. The Ceremonial was a great success and a large class of novices did their share to make the session one that will be remembered for a long

time. The Temple's famous Chanters gave a concert recently and added still further to the laurels won by the organization.

### Z-A-GA-ZIG, DES MOINES

"A night in Mecca" was an enjoyable experience for the Shriners of this Oasis, and the Oriental scheme was faithfully carried out in the decorations as well as in the costumes of the entertainers. The party ended with a dance and card games.

### ZEMBO, HARRISBURG, PA.

Announcement of acceptance of architect plans for the proposed new Temple is expected at an early date. The building, which will be erected in the center of a site occupying an entire city block, will cost at least \$500,000.

### ZIYARA, UTICA, N. Y.

There was a large attendance at the annual meeting at which the following officers were elected: Potentate James B. Geer; Recorder, Heber E. Griffith (re-elected); Representatives, Potentate Geer, Arthur J. Lowery, Arthur S. Evans and Charles A. Emerich.

### ZORAH, TERRE HAUTE, IND.

The following officers were elected for 1928: Potentate, Ralph C. Everson; Recorder, Charles G. Reynolds (re-elected); Representatives, Potentate Everson, Recorder Reynolds, Fred C. Goldsmith and George C. Rossell.

## IN-LAW [Continued from page 23]

to keep from saying—"If I had a house of my own!"

But Ben knew what words had been trembling upon her lips.

"When will you start," he questioned, ever so politely, "back at the office, I mean?"

"On Monday," Ruth answered.

Ben's face was just a shade more rigid than it had been the moment before.

"That's too bad," he said. "You see, I'm starting on a business trip. I'm starting Sunday night. I'll be gone a week. Maybe two weeks. I don't often have to go out of town on trips, and I thought it would be busy, as she had never been busy before!

She went to luncheon with some of the girls, as had been her custom. It was a hurried luncheon, necessarily, for Ruth was a conscientious soul and the pile of letters troubled her. Before a half hour had passed she was back again, working. It was late when she finally left the office, so late that she found herself hailing a cab.

And the dinner-ready and piping hot—was a relief.

They were glad to have her back at the office. Very glad. And, in a fashion, Ruth was glad, too. For she was going to be busy, as she had never been busy before!

"That's too bad," he said. "You see, I'm starting on a business trip. I'm starting Sunday night. I'll be gone a week. Maybe two weeks. I don't often have to go out of town on trips, and I thought it would be busy, as she had never been busy before!

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And the dinner-ready and piping hot—was a relief.

Mary brought, with the dessert, a telegram. It had come during the meat course, she explained. It wasn't a long message. It read:

"We miss you so much. Mother and I are enjoying ourselves." Just the ten words and no more. Not even a slightly crowded, nine word message—leaving a wee space for "love"—the logical tenth word—to squeeze in. Ruth's mouth was quivering as she laid down the yellow slip of paper.

The next day at the office was easier. It was curious, even to Ruth, how naturally the gap of the months between had been bridged. The president of the company, for whom she worked, said something of the sort.

"Unlike most newly married women, in business," he said, "you seem to take an interest in your job."

Ruth, listening, nodded and smiled. The president of the company, who was not in the least in love with her, never knew how close the tears were. [Continued on page 82]

MARCH, 1928

## WHAT THE HOSPITALS ARE DOING

[Continued from page 74]

Melha Temple's annual entertainment for the little wards in the Shrine Hospital at that Oasis was a great success. Theatrical folk contributed liberally of their talent, the De Molay Boys' orchestra played, and several numbers were given by the Philharmonic male quartet. It was really a double entertainment, for the various numbers were given first in the girls' ward and repeated in the boys' division. Gifts were distributed at the close of the party.

tees will soon act favorably upon its proposal to build a Shrine Hospital in that Oasis.

\* \* \*

The little wards at the Portland, Ore., hospital have proved that talent is not bound by wheel chairs and braces. At a party recently, they presented a playlet which made quite a hit with the Shriners and their friends who witnessed it. The children were trained in a month by Miss Edna Kirklie. This is believed to be the first time a play has been produced by little crippled children.

\* \* \*

After Santa Claus left the Springfield (Mass.) Hospital, and the little patients were playing with their gifts, a large group of singers from one of the schools went to the institution and, forming a circle on the lawn, sang carols for the children who, covered with blankets to keep them warm, listened from the open windows of the wards. The entertainment was planned by the teachers of the school. The keen delight shown by the little patients brought sympathetic response from the singers who gave innumerable encores.

\* \* \*

The children in the San Francisco Hospital shrieked with delight when myriads of lights suddenly flashed from a giant Christmas tree planted by Shriners on the lawn of that institution. The tree was heavily laden with gifts, and when the time for distribution came enough excitement was let loose to last a year. The electrical wiring of the huge tree was under the auspices of Mt. Davidson Lodge, A. F. & A. M. A troop of Boy Scouts assisted in the program which included a musical entertainment.

\* \* \*

Al Bedoo Temple, Billings, Mont., has one hobby that is never permitted to rest. It centers on the relief of little crippled children, and to provide entertainment and for the wants of the little patients in the Shrine Hospital at the Twin Cities, the Temple maintains an auxiliary which is always busy contributing in one way or another to the pleasure of the little wards not only while in the hospital, but after their discharge. The Temple's official chaperone for the children is Mrs. Anna R. Grieve, who has had the distinction of escorting all of the Temple's patients to the hospital, and bringing home those who have been cured. On her last trip, Mrs. Grieve looked after the wants of six little cripples, and returned with six discharged patients. The Temple's waiting list always is filled. The work done at the hospital has been very gratifying to the Nobles.

\* \* \*

Many letters like the following are received at the Shrine Hospitals from grateful parents:

"Gentlemen: We are taking this occasion to express our deepest appreciation and hearty thanks for the kind and successful treatment accorded by your hospital staff to our daughter, Ethel, during the time she has been under your care.

"She is getting along splendidly because of your efforts and no doubt will soon be normal again, which fact will give both her mother and myself considerable relief and entire satisfaction.

"Words alone cannot express our feelings for the invaluable work you are performing at your institution, not only for our daughter, but for the many other children who require skilful medical and surgical treatment.

"May your good service continue unabated. Sincerely yours, Father."

J. E. E., Peoria, reduced blood pressure 40 points in 3 weeks. Invalid for 22 years says: "It has been means of saving my life." "My skin is soft as a girl," writes sufferer from Eczema. Others say: "Would not take \$500 for it or do without it for nerves." "I feel like I have come back from the grave."

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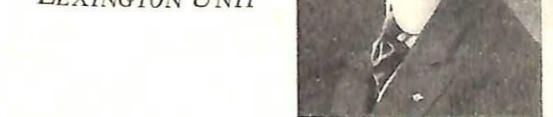
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TWO MEMBERS  
of the  
BOARD OF GOVERNORS  
LEXINGTON UNIT



(Left) Theodore L. Jones, Recorder, Oleika Temple and Secretary of the Hospital Board.

## IN-LAW [Continued from page 80]

There was another telegram on the second evening. On the third morning there was a letter from Ben and a picture postcard of an ornate hotel from Ben's mother.

On the fourth day there was another letter. In the morning. In the evening there was another letter. The evening letter began:

"I shouldn't have let you get away with it! I tried to be firm, but I can't be, any longer. I'm mad for you—it's as lonely as a lost world with you away off. Job or no job—and we'll have it out, soon as I get back—and don't you forget it."

The letter ended:

"Mother is having a swell time, of course, but, even though she's the salt of the earth, it's kind of dumb, sitting with her on a hotel veranda and watching the moon rise, back of a flock of cedar trees . . . I seem to be coming down with a cold, but maybe it's because I'm so dog-gone lonely that I feel bad."

Ruth read the letter over three times and cried as she read it. And the next day it was hard to get up any interest over a complicated system of keeping carbons. She went home, again, in a taxi because she fully expected another letter. But there was only a postal, showing an Elks' Home, from her mother-in-law. "Having a wonderful time," read the postal, "but Ben is sneezing every two minutes."

There wasn't any letter the next morning, either. And it was the sixth day. Ruth ran to the door when the postman whistled his cheery summons—ran in her chiffon kimono and brocaded slippers. But the postman only left two circulars and a bill.

Ruth worked through that sixth day in a daze. Fortunately, being the sixth day, the office closed at noon. The other girls, powdering pert little noses, suggested shopping tours and matinées, weekly pay envelopes were burning holes, already, in shallow coat pockets! But Ruth, folding her bills into her purse, was not in a holiday mood. She smiled wanly to her employer's word of praise, she waved a limp hand, in farewell, to the rest. And then, slim patent leather slippers twinkling with haste, she was hurrying. Hurrying toward—home.

And, when she arrived there, it was to find the silver tray in the hall on which letters usually waited—empty. Save only for a reflection. Almost she sobbed aloud when she saw its emptiness.

"Well," out of the wisdom of years Mary spoke, "it's no use crossin' yer bridges, till yer must. There, dearie, sit down an' I'll make yer hot tea 'n' toast!" (Food was Mary's panacea for every ill.) "I'll make yer a bite t' eat an' before it's et you'll have either a letter or Mister Ben himself!"

But, contrary to Mary's prediction, the message didn't arrive until the shadow of twilight had filled the old brownstone house with a million strange forebodings. And then it came in the grubby hand of a Western Union boy. It was a short message and it read like this:

"Ben very ill. Come at once." Ruth didn't notice, until the first agony of bewilderment was past, that the note was signed with one word only. Just "Mother."

She arrived, in the calm of a Sunday morning, at the middle western station from which the telegram had been sent. Ruth's suit, her hat, were immaculate, even her gloves were still white. But her eyes, her drawn, pale lips, showed the strain of the overnight train journey. As her car drew into its shed she was searching, with anxious gaze, the waiting people. Perhaps—oh, perhaps it would prove to be a mistake.

But Ben wasn't there. As the porter took her bags, Ruth saw that he wasn't. And then, through a veil of frightened tears she glimpsed, on the outskirts of the crowd, a

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[3-28]

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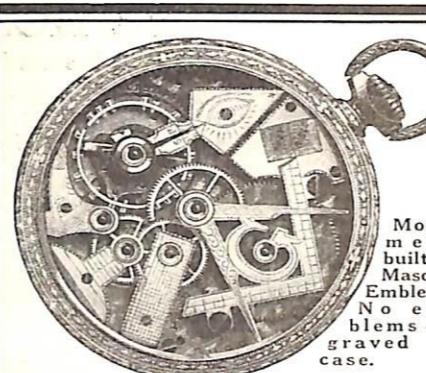
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MARCH, 1928

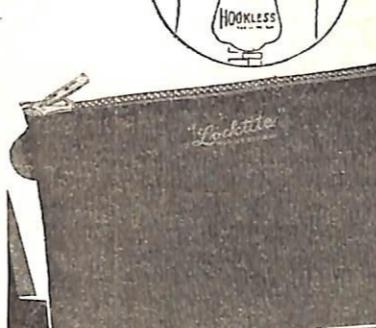
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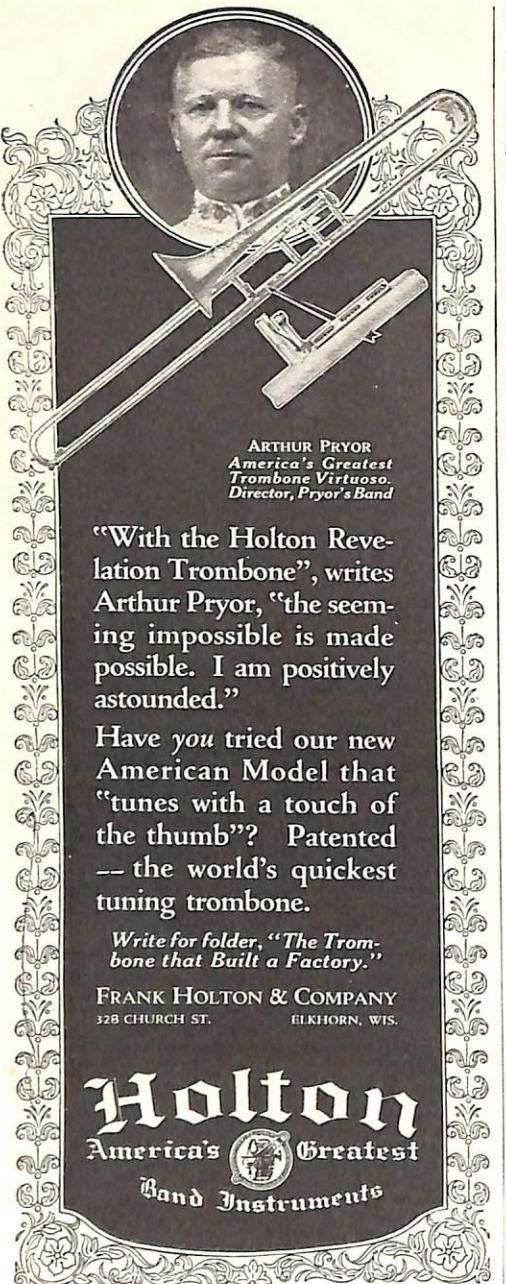
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**SON-IN-LAW** [Continued from page 83]

back to your office . . . It meant a break . . . I couldn't understand, you see," she paused, "but now . . ." another pause, and then, "It was natural you should want a place of your own! Where you could work out your own plans . . . It's natural . . ."

Fiercely—oh, very fiercely—Ruth replied.

"And it was natural that you should want him, too," she said. "I was the fool. For I was jealous, too. But—" she, too, was choking—had understanding come too late? "but I can see your side, this hour, and my side, too, and—Ben's. He loved us both. He just loved us differently. Just differently—" she paused, remembering a line from Ben's last letter. "Even though she's the salt of the earth—" it had read—"it's kind of dumb, sitting with her on a hotel veranda, watching the moon rise."

So—a different kind of love! The love of a man for his mate—the thrill of seeing beauty with the one whose pulse would throb to his touch. And the other love? Why, her mother-in-law had explained it only a few hours before!

"I've seen him sicker than this with croup," she had said, "when he was a little fellow . . ."

The rattling, harsh breathing had spent itself. The room—Ben's room—was soundless now, save occasionally for the hushed voice of a nurse, the rumble of a doctor's answer. And then, suddenly, a sound of flutter—more a *feeling* than a *sound*. As if something were about to happen—had happened.

A doctor stood in the doorway. Seeing his face Ruth tried to be articulate, and couldn't. It was Ben's mother, her little voice quavering with weariness and suspense, who spoke their common desire.

The doctor answered her, directly.

"Yes, there's been a change," he said, "a change for the better. A curious case—oh, indeed! That patient your son? Yes? He's passed from the coma into a natural sleep . . . You may stay beside his bed if you wish . . ."

If they wished! Sitting across from each other, with the bed between them, the two women smiled, but mistily, into each other's eyes.

They had been sitting so, silently, for a matter of hours. Sometimes someone would tiptoe into the room and tiptoe out again. They never looked up at the someone, but they were conscious always of a compassionate face. And they were conscious that the blue look had gone from around Ben's mouth, that there was a faint color in his cheeks. That his chest rose and fell to a regular breathing. And they were conscious of other things. That a certain president of a certain company had lost an efficient, and just returned secretary. And that an old woman had gained—a daughter.

The old woman was speaking.

"You'll understand exactly, dear," she said, and her voice was husky. "You'll understand—when you've a son of your own . . ."

Ruth was answering. The look in her eyes as they met the eyes of her husband's mother—her mother—was as warm as the touch of hands. As warm as a kiss.

"I understand—now!" she murmured.

And then, on the bed between them, the figure stirred. Perhaps it was their voices that had wakened him. For Ben's eyes were opening. And without changing the position of his head, he was turning those eyes to see first one, then the other.

First one—then the other! Both women were leaning forward. No, not jealous any longer! Only human.

And then the faintest sort of a voice. A mere thread of sound. And Ben spoke.

"Dear!" he said. Just that. "Dear."

And, moving very weakly, his hands reached out, one in each direction.

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MARCH, 1928

### MURDER IN 3 ACTS

[Continued from page 16]

Ames yelled something, kicked open the booth door, and as the killer dashed for the door to the street made a flying tackle at him. The escaping one—he had shot Johnson through the pocket of his overcoat with an automatic that had a silencer attached—kicked Ames in the jaw, and ran out the door.

And then the big room became alive with shouting, running men.

Ames was so stunned by the kick that for some minutes he could neither talk nor think, and after shaking and questioning him the Lieutenant dropped him to a chair and ran into his office. Johnson had been lifted to the flat desk there, dead.

When Ames came to, a policeman was bending over him crying, "Who did it? Come on, now! Who—?"

"I—I don't know who he was," Ames stammered giddily.

Then he thought of his office. That bumped him up and sent him running back to the booth.

But he stopped short on the way, and gasped. Marian Johnson was coming, smiling at him, through the door from the street ahead.

Ames took two jumps to the open door of the Lieutenant's office, slammed it shut, and leaned against it, panting to Johnson's sister, "The—Lieutenant's changing his pants!"

Marian laughed, and called to Sullivan, "Hello, darling, Carl gone?"

Neither Sullivan nor any of the others could speak.

But Ames could. "Yes, he's gone," he said.

"Gone home?" lightly. "I told him you and I had a date."

Ames nodded. "Yes, I guess he went home. I told him I'd take you—"

"Well, then, come on, Funny!" she laughed. "Are you through for tonight?"

"Sure." Ames grinned. He picked up his hat and coat and led Johnson's sister out.

I doubt if the thought of his office or of the sensational story he had still to report ever entered his head after the girl entered the room.

Then the flivver squad due in at midnight returned with a prisoner, handcuffed, and the prisoner was the man who had killed Johnson fifteen minutes before.

"Maguire claimed he'd heard a yell from the station just before this bird came down the steps," the sergeant in charge reported, "an' so we went after 'em. They got stopped at Eighty-sixth and Halsted at the railroad crossin' by a freight, and took to the prairie—the other guy tryin' to jump the freight and this one runnin' for them woods out by Beverly Hills. Schmidt pegged the guy goin' after the freight—they got the body downstairs."

McQuigg's eyes were pinched almost shut once more as he peered into the prisoner's face. But he was grinning.

"Hello, Nick," he said. Act II . . .

McQuigg was in luck. He had Nick Scarsi for murder, cold. He had Nick's overcoat through the pocket of which the bullet for Johnson had burned a hole. He had an unprejudiced eye-witness in Ames. But no case against highly protected gangsters is cut-and-dried in Iroquois, the protective machinery operating as it does; and McQuigg knew it.

McQuigg made a decision. Johnson's murderer had of course been reported to headquarters. But Scarsi's capture had not been reported as yet, and the Captain decided, would not be, until after the primaries. He would report to the Chief privately—the Chief was square [Continued on page 86]

# LOUIS GEORGE EARNS \$10,000 a year in this great field-



Louis George—Illinois

The field of Fire Prevention!—And no wonder! Never before has the nation been so wide awake to the urgent need for protection against fire. Large insurance companies, Federal, State and City governments are cooperating in the fight against fire which last year took a toll of 15,000 lives and \$570,000,000 in property.

For their service in this field, L. D. Payne, Iowa, earns from \$350 to \$500 a monthly. Swisher, Arizona, averages \$600 a month. Frank Dupree, Ohio, earns \$2,500 a year. The earnings of our men have gained for the Fyr-Fyter Company the reputation as having one of the highest paid sales organizations in the world. Our men count among their customers such nationally known users as the Diamond Match Co., Ford Motor Co., Chicago School Board, Eastman Kodak Company, General Motors Corporation, Bethlehem Steel Corp., and over 200,000 others. The United States Government alone has purchased 260,000 Fyr-Fyters for use in the Navy, Air Service and other departments.

## Startling discovery opens Unusual OPPORTUNITY FOR 100 MEN

Now Fyr-Fyter chemists have again startled the world of science with the discovery of an amazing new fire fighting liquid, Karbaloy, that puts out fire in one-third less time than any other known extinguisher. It is approved by Underwriters' Laboratories for both wood and oil fires . . . operates at 40 degrees below zero.

### Permanent Position—Steady Income

The sudden flood of inquiries from prospective customers forces us to make an immediate addition of 100 reliable men to our sales force. The successful applicants will be assigned immediately to open territory—income to start at once. **No experience necessary.** We will give you a full training as a Fire Prevention Expert—show you how to inspect and recommend equipment for stores, garages, hospitals, schools, factories and homes.

### FYR-FYTER CO.

8-C Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, Ohio

Our national advertising will furnish you with leads in your territory. We will set you up in a permanent business under conditions that will allow you to sell all classes of equipment on open account . . . we will handle the credit. Territories are going fast, send coupon at once for full details of representatives' plan.

### MAIL for APPLICATION

Ray C. Hahn, Director of Sales,  
FYR-FYTER COMPANY,  
8-C Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.  
Send full details of your representatives' plan and application for territory.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

## Cut Tire Cost in Half With This Simple Strip of Rubber



Just a simple strip of seamless rubber—yet it makes any tire give double mileage, 20,000 miles instead of 10,000. Or 30,000 instead of 12 or 15,000. And more! You get this wonderful mileage without punctures or blowouts. Besides cutting your tire bill in half, it eliminates 95% of all tire trouble. And still more! This amazing device is guaranteed for 3 years!

### Salesmen Make \$7 to \$14 on Every Sale

Is it any wonder that the Coffield Tire Protector is making big incomes for salesmen and representatives! This device is all pure rubber. No seams, no metal to cut, pinch or cause friction. Fits between tube and casing. Doubles the thickness of the tire without robbing it of any flexibility. You simply wear tires down to the last ply of fabric. Blowouts are practically impossible. Nails are bent between casing and protector. Forget tire trouble! Think of going a whole year without ever changing a tire!

All this has been proved over and over again. Yellow Cab reports 20,000 to 30,000 miles on every tire. Albert Pick, Lyon and Healy, Monarch Laundry and hundreds of others report mileage records that are amazing.

### GET FREE SAMPLE

Start making big money with the greatest auto specialty in history. Simply show this simple strip of rubber and make \$7 and more on every sale. Quantity sales to fleet owners, taxi companies, etc. often make a week's pay in one day. \$75 a week is easy. \$75 a day is possible. Find out everything free. Simply send name for free sample, and business-building plan. No deposit—No C. O. D.

COFFIELD TIRE PROTECTOR CO.  
803 N. E. Harshman Street  
Dayton, Ohio





**Reduce That Bulge 4 to 6 inches NOW and Feel Better! Others do why not YOU?**

**OVERWHELMING EVIDENCE**, that "The Little Corporal" for men does all we claim, is afforded by letters from actual users, on file in our office. Here are samples:

"Please send me another of your belts, 37 1/2 or 38. The last was 39 and the first was 42. I find the new belt much superior—and would not think of doing without that."

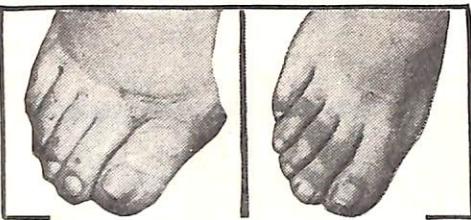
Another writes: "Please mail me at once size 37 in. Little Corporal Elastex Belt. My last order was size 42, so you see it is doing its work O. K."

**Little Corporal "Elastex" Belt**

is now made of the new patented ELASTEX webbing. This marvelous fabric adjusts itself to your size at all times without the aid of clasp, laces or buckles. It's simple! On and off in a jiffy! Launder perfectly. Guaranteed for one year.

**Illustrated Booklet—"THE TRUTH"—FREE!** Packed with proof. Gives facts on improved appearance, personality and efficiency which every man should know. Write for it today. Women! Write for full particulars about our new creation—the "Else" Reducer.

**The Little Corporal Company,**  
Dept. 3-X, 1215 W. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.



**BUNIONS GONE IN 15 DAYS**

**Clip This and Prove It FREE!**

The pedodyne solvent treatment is a boon to those whose bunion joints cause constant foot trouble and an ugly bulge to the shoes. Pain stops almost instantly; actual reduction of enlarged parts begins within a few days. Your next pair of shoes can be a size smaller—often two sizes smaller. Prove it free. Send coupon today and the full treatment guaranteed to bring complete results may be yours to try.

**SIGN AND MAIL THIS COUPON**

KAY LABORATORIES, Dept. F525, 180 N. Wacker Dr., Chicago. Please arrange for me to try your pedodyne process, which is guaranteed to dissolve bunion formation and restore ease to affected joints.

Name.....

Address.....

This is not an order, ship nothing C. O. D.



**SHRINE RADIO LAMP**

Just the lamp for your Radio Desk, Den, Newel Post, etc. Be one of the delighted nobles along with hundreds of other satisfied Shriners throughout North America. Made up in the original Shrine colors. Fez shade made up in red, black tassel and gold letters.

PRICE COMPLETE  
Including Parcel Post, \$6.00  
West of Mississippi, Canada & Islands, \$6.50

Send Check or Money Order

**WADEFRED SPECIALTY COMPANY**  
2633 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

**MURDER IN 3 ACTS**  
[Continued from page 87]

"York Dispatch," he said. "You know when I got back to the Tenth that morning, well, McQuigg told me about their nabbing Scars, only telling me how things were and to keep it dark, and I got to thinking what a story the whole thing was, and how a story like that ought to interest New York—they're always running stories about what a wild town Iroquois is, you know. So I borrowed Sullivan's typewriter and wrote the whole thing out and wired it to the Dispatch and put at the bottom who I was and how I'd like to work for them if they could use a good writer, and I got this wire back that same day. They certainly must have liked the story to grab me fast like that."

The wire said, "Come ahead if seventy-five a week acceptable to start."

"We can live on that, to start," said Ames. "Gee, I was only getting forty a week here. But of course I got a lot of experience."

"W-We?" I inquired.

"Well, we—Marian and I—we're both sort of alone, now, so we thought we might as well be alone together."

"But—stay here!" I managed. "This is the best newspaper town—"

"I want to be a newspaper man," Ames said. "Reporting here is like working in a shooting gallery!"

That was the Johnson-Scars story. It is dead, forgotten, now. Eight days is an impossible time to keep any murder alive in Iroquois.

## Most Amazing INVENTION in 25 years "Cleans Up" for Agents

FREE MACHINE FOR AGENTS

**\$90**

WEEKLY IN SPARE TIME!

Men, here is a wonder—the most sensational invention of the age! If you're looking for a rapid fire seller—an item that nets you 100% profit—an item that sells itself to 7 out of 10 men on demonstration—I've got it in Ve-Po-Ad, the amazing new vest pocket adding machine!

**Sells for \$2.95—You Make \$1.65**

This most remarkable invention does all the work of a \$300 adding machine, yet fits the vest pocket and sells for only \$2.95! It sells on sight to storekeepers, business men, and everyone who uses figures—and makes you over 100% profit on every sale! Ve-Po-Ad does any kind of figuring in a jiffy, yet weighs but 4 oz. Counts up to a billion! Shows totals visible at all times. Perfectly accurate. Lightning fast. Never makes a mistake or gets out of order. Over 100,000 in daily use!

**Get Your Machine FREE**

Live wire salesmen are dropping everything else and flocking to Ve-Po-Ad. Ve-Po-Ad brings them quick money and pleasure. It's a Shampoo out in California made \$475 in one week! You can earn up to \$1000.00 a day in a day in spare time will bring YOU over \$95.00 a week! You need no previous sales experience—Ve-Po-Ad sells itself! If you are really interested in earning a steady, substantial income, write at once for full details of my MONEY-MAKING PLAN and FREE VE-PO-AD given to new Agents. Do it NOW—TODAY!

**C. M. CLEARY, Dept. 683  
184 W. WASHINGTON ST. CHICAGO, ILL.**

## FREE TRIAL Grows Hair

AMAZING NEW ELECTRICAL DISCOVERY

A noted surgeon has discovered an amazing way to grow hair, called Dermo-Ray. In 30 days no more dandruff. Scalp tissues are given new life. Then within a few weeks, luxuriant new hair! The startling discovery of the almost magic effect of Intra-Red Rays on the hair-growing tissues was made by a leading surgeon. Two years ago he was himself bald. Today his hair is full and thick.

**FAMOUS SURGEON'S DISCOVERY**

Here is his own personal, home treatment, called Dermo-Ray. At last a home method endorsed by science. Guaranteed to bring you these same results in 30 days—or you pay nothing. You can use Dermo-Ray in any home with electricity. The warm, soothing Intra-Red Rays vitalize the scalp while you rest—a few minutes each day is all the time required.

**SEND NO MONEY** Complete facts about this astounding new scientific discovery, opinions of authorities, incontrovertible evidence and details of special trial offer sent free, if you mail the coupon below. To end your scalp and hair troubles, act at once. Print your name and address plainly—and mail the coupon NOW!

**FREE TRIAL OFFER**

The Larson Institute  
216 North Wabash Ave., Dept. 220 Chicago, Ill.  
Send me at once, without obligation, full particulars—in plain envelope—of your 30-day Free Trial of DERMORAY.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....

## OLD COINS

Bought and Sold  
Rare Coin Book 65c. 700 Illustrations  
Money refunded if not satisfactory  
Guttag Bros., 16 Exchange Place, N. Y.

THERE'S A NEW TOUCH OF GAYETY IN TOPCOATS



The spirit of Spring—of color and gayety—is expressed in these new Adler Collegian Top Coats.

There's grace and beauty in the long sweeping lines, and dashing brilliance in the new color combinations. Arab Grays and Sand-dune Tans are here in profusion. Rich

foundation tones in plain or variegated effects, with here and there a flash of vivid color in contrasting elegance.

Youthful ideas prevail this season both in topcoats and suits. You sense a new freedom in the designs, weaves and colors, an absence of restraint resulting in distinct style achievement.

Your Adler Collegian dealer is a style authority on men's clothing. He invites you to inspect the Spring models. Ask to see the new Wedgeback suits and the latest box coat styles now on display at his store.

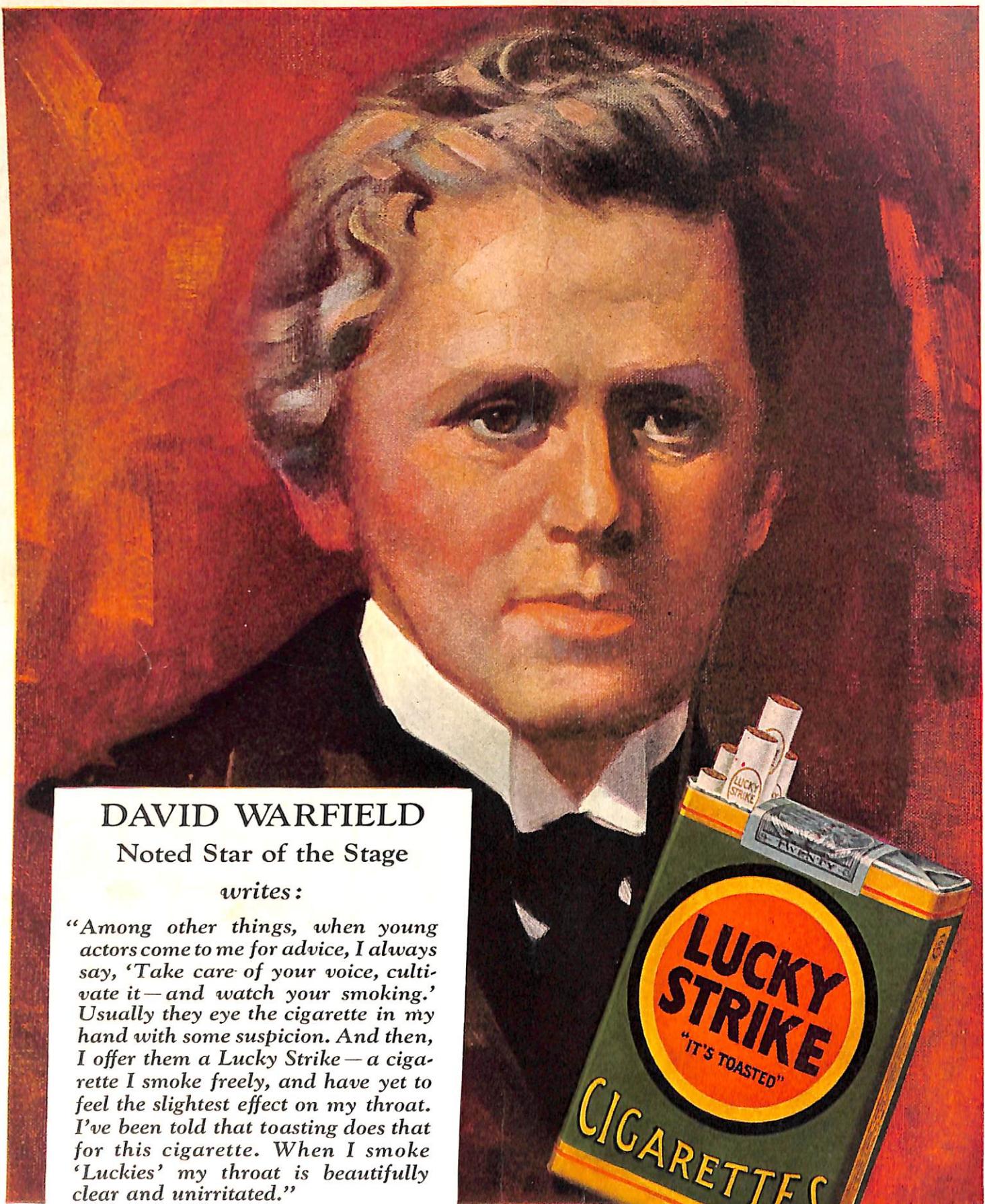
DAVID ADLER & SONS CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

## ADLER COLLEGIAN CLOTHES

they Keep you looking your best



© D. A. & S. Co., 1928



### DAVID WARFIELD

Noted Star of the Stage  
writes:

"Among other things, when young actors come to me for advice, I always say, 'Take care of your voice, cultivate it—and watch your smoking.' Usually they eye the cigarette in my hand with some suspicion. And then, I offer them a Lucky Strike—a cigarette I smoke freely, and have yet to feel the slightest effect on my throat. I've been told that toasting does that for this cigarette. When I smoke 'Luckies' my throat is beautifully clear and unirritated."

*David Warfield*

# "It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation No Cough.

*The Cream  
of the Tobacco  
Crop.*